

October 25, 1961

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The Australian

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# WOMEN'S WEEKLY

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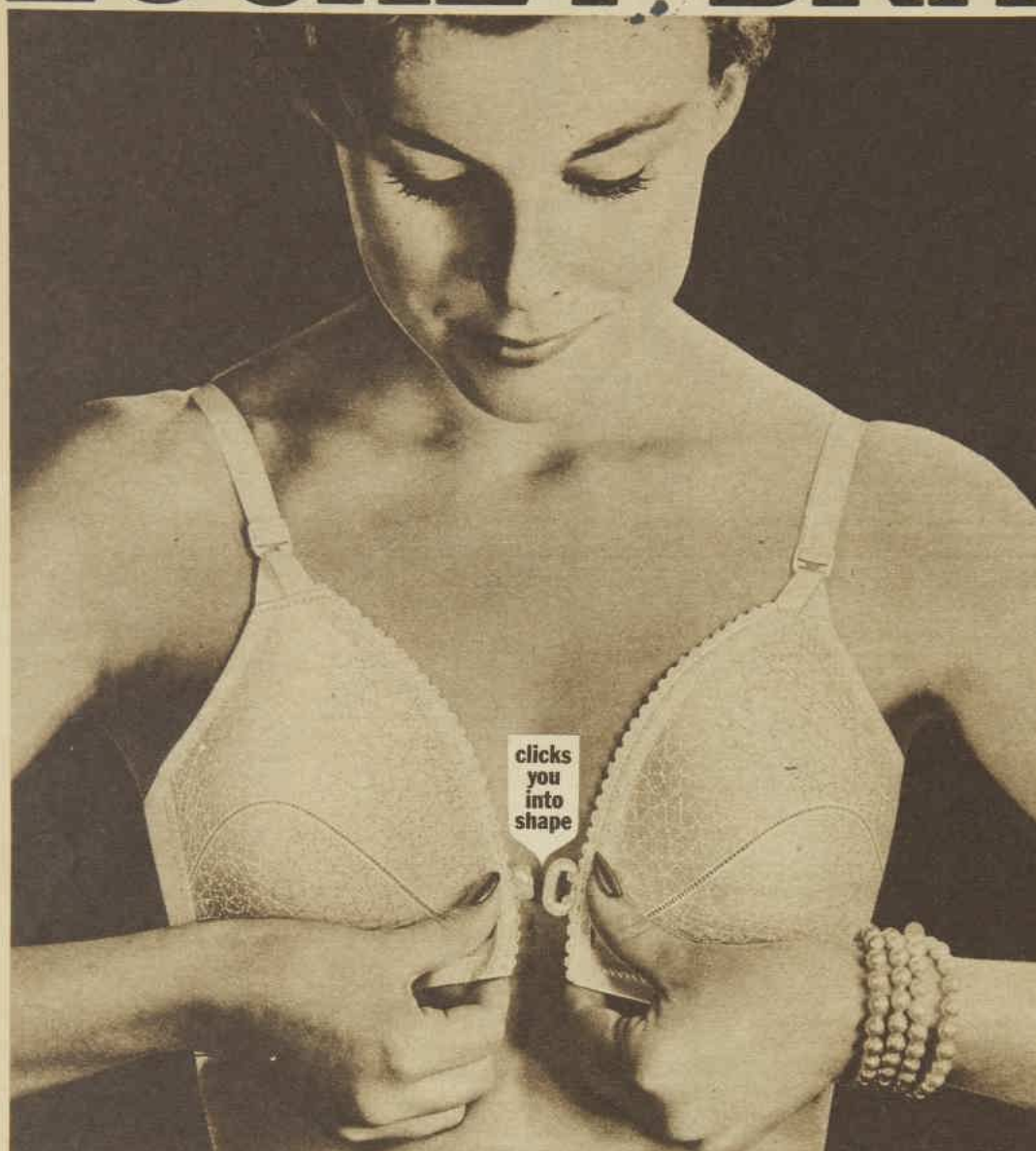
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Pages 47-57

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## THE WEEKLY ROUND

● Austrian-born Joy Adamson, who wrote "Living Free," the fascinating story of Elsa and her cubs, which begins on page 23, has lived in Kenya for 24 years.

HER husband, George Adamson, is a former Senior Game Warden.

As well as her love and knowledge of wild animals, Mrs. Adamson is interested in music, botany, and painting.

Her paintings of Kenya's tribesmen and wildflowers and of fish in the Indian Ocean off the African coast hang in museums in Nairobi and Mombasa.

#### Our cover

● Elsa, the Kenya lioness, whose extraordinary friendship with Joy Adamson and her husband, George, made Mrs. Adamson's first book, "Born Free," a world best-seller. On page 23 we begin "Living Free," Mrs. Adamson's second book, which tells the story of Elsa and her cubs.

★ ★ ★  
AUTHOR Jon Cleary told our Fiction Editor, Betty Nesbit, that the idea for his short story "Friendly Enemies" (page 37) is based on reality.

"I got the plot from a story I heard in a bar in Lourenco Marques, in Portuguese East Africa," he said. "My wife, Joy, and I spent a few days in the city on our way from South Africa to Cairo."

The travelling Clearys are now at their Avalon (Sydney) home. Soon they leave for Burma, where Jon plans to collect material for another novel.

His latest book, "Country of Marriage," will be published soon in London.

BARBARA JEFFERIS, author of our new serial "Solo For Several Players" (pages 30, 31) — the exciting story of a girl in a pilotless plane — first flew in small planes about a year ago.

She said she got the idea for her novel when she idly imagined what she would do if she were alone in a plane, knowing nothing about flying.

She went to flying schools at Bankstown, N.S.W., and, with an instructor, put a plane through all the manoeuvres her panic-stricken heroine carries out. Staff artist John Mills, who illustrates the serial, also went to Bankstown to sketch the plane.

**NEXT WEEK:** Christmas cakes and puddings — four designs for decorating a Christmas cake, with basic icing recipes. Also recipes — rich and economical — for Christmas puddings.

# The millinery stakes



PUBLIC IMAGE  
7 OCT 1961  
NEW SOUTH WALES

## 1. THE BRETON:

This emerged as the hat of the season from the fashions worn by Sydney racegoers at the Randwick meeting. From left: Mrs. Richard Christian, of Point Piper; Miss Jill Chapman, Edgecliff; Mrs. Neil Smith, Woollahra; Mrs. Bruce Cuttle, Beauty Point.



## 2. THE SOU'WESTER:

A close second in fashion popularity, the sou'wester appeared in every imaginable fabric. From left: Mrs. Norman Jacobs, of Elizabeth Bay; Mrs. Jack Farrington, of Randwick; Miss Judy Ann Sands, of Mosman; Mrs. James McKeon, of Manly.



## 3. THE HIGH HAT:

The high hatty hat, third in a field of colorful favorites, was particularly favored by younger racegoers. From left: Miss Denise Arrand, of Northbridge; Miss Sue Hammond, Edgecliff; Miss Gillian Garland, Double Bay; Mrs. Edward Esdaile, of Mosman.

Pictures by staff photographer Ernie Nutt.

# Shirley's ready for hospital...

● Three weeks ago 31-year-old Shirley Jarvis, of Campsie, N.S.W., who is expecting her first baby about the same time as Princess Margaret, announced that she hated being pestered to have her hospital suitcase packed and intended to be a "zero-hour packer."

**T**HIS thought startled a reader who wrote urging her to pack immediately. And the warning really alarmed her husband, Keith.

The result is that now, on Keith's insistence, the suitcase (a spanking new red leather one) is on top of a loughboy, where he can get it the moment it's needed.

Alongside it is "the baby's port."

This is the smartest blue leather affair you could ever hope to see. The circular lid zips around the case, Paris hatbox fashion, to display, in all its glory, the baby's "going home from hospital outfit."

The outfit has been crocheted by Shirley's mother, Mrs. Harriett Guest, of Camperdown, N.S.W.

Was this packing Keith's idea, too?

"No, it was mine," said Shirley. "I thought I'd be ahead this time. And it was something to do in these last endless days."

What has she been doing?

Well, she is doing a great deal. For all the things she has in common with Princess Margaret — the same age, married about the same time, and also expecting a first baby soon — Shirley wouldn't be described by her doctor, as

Margaret was, as "a frail little thing."

She rests for just one hour in the morning, one hour watching TV in the afternoon, and two hours lying down.

While Margaret was having meals on trays while resting on a couch, Shirley Jarvis was driving to visit friends and the pre-natal clinic, and to do shopping.

Shirley sympathised with Margaret, who was having to move often from sitting to standing in order to ease awkwardness and aches.

It's not weather or chairs that bother Shirley.

"I've tried every bed in the house in search of a decent night's sleep," she said, "but none is custom-built for me."

"Keith looks at me and says



Mr. and Mrs. Keith Jarvis (pictured at left) are eagerly awaiting the arrival of their first child. Three weeks ago we told how Shirley Jarvis envied Princess Margaret only two things: 1. No one pestered her about having her case packed. 2. A possible gun salute for her baby.

She has been gardening (vegetables and flowers), doing housework, making frocks for relatives and friends, painting the nursery equipment.

And she's just had a wonderful time at a cocktail party and ball for the opening of a new golf clubhouse at Camden. To this she wore a pretty new spring maternity frock she made, a copy of one of Princess Margaret's.

And stiletto heels? (Margaret wore these recently to a church service.)

"No. On Keith's orders I stick to cubans. He says he hasn't gone this distance to have me trip in stilettos."

Grateful for her good health,

I'm asking a bit much. But I'll invent a bed for when I'm having my next baby."

This is planned for 15 months hence, with another baby 15 months after that.

Is Shirley, like Margaret, now rating a breakfast in bed?

"At weekends," Shirley said with a smile. "But I haven't sighted anything like the posy of flowers that Tony is supposed to leave each morning on Margaret's dressing-table."

She thought it "sweet" of Tony to leave his job for six weeks to be with Margaret constantly, but said it wasn't for her. "I wouldn't know what to do with Keith under my feet all day," she said.

**STILL BUSY with housework, Shirley Jarvis returns from shopping.**



**READY FOR HOSPITAL, Mrs. Jarvis, of Campsie, N.S.W., shows the "baby's port" neatly packed. Aged 31, Mrs. Jarvis is expecting her first baby about the same time as Princess Margaret.**

## The Royal birthplace

● Clarence House, where Margaret's baby will be born, is her favorite among all the Royal residences as well as being her mother's home.

A big, light, spacious mansion opposite St. James' Park, it has many memories for Margaret. Here, on the second floor, was her "bachelor flat" with kitchen, lift, and private entrance, where, after her father's death, she began to make her own life. The house was the setting for the love story of Margaret and Peter Townsend.

In the near-century since it was merely part of the stable yard to St. James' Palace, Clarence House was the bridal home of Queen Victoria's son, Prince Alfred, whose daughter, Marie, grew up to become Queen of Rumania.

### Room of memories

After Prince Alfred's death in 1900 it became the home of the Duke and Duchess of Connaught. But the Duchess died and the Duke was in-

consolable, refusing to change anything in her room.

He used to lock himself in the room for hours. It became known as the Memory Room.

After the Duke's death in 1942, King George VI gave it as the headquarters of the Red Cross and St. John Ambulance Brigade.

In 1949, £55,000 was spent making it the matrimonial home for the then Princess Elizabeth and Prince Philip.

Bathrooms, central heating, an ultra-modern kitchen, a private cinema, and nurseries were installed. Both Prince Charles and Princess Anne were born there.

To Elizabeth, the house was a paradise. It was uncluttered by heavy antique treasures. There was scarcely one dark old portrait to be seen.

When the weight of the Crown descended, Elizabeth left Clarence House sadly to return to the vast, draughty, inconvenient grandeur of Buckingham Palace.

Much as Elizabeth disliked the Palace, her mother loved it, and had long since adapted herself to its damp and gloomy splendor.

Although £8000 was spent re-decorating Clarence House for her, she kept delaying her departure from the Palace.

### Envy over home

Only Margaret was delighted. She had long envied her sister her lovely home.

The nursery suite on the second floor became a self-contained flat. For the first time, Margaret had her own front door, her own kitchen. She could choose her own furniture, could invite people to dinner and after-theatre supper parties.

Both Margaret's old suite of rooms on the second floor and the nursery on the first floor where Princess Anne was born face over the gardens and tree-tops towards the Mall. The first-floor nursery is near the Queen Mother's rooms.

# and Margaret is going home

From ANNE MATHESON, of our London office.

● Clarence House, its white walls glowing in the soft autumn sunshine, has been a focus of attention for Londoners as they stroll through St. James Park opposite or drive slowly down the Mall.

THE last of the season's tourists joined them in fascinated study of the place where Princess Margaret's baby will be born.

There has been a flurry of clusters and a scurry of housemaids in the Royal residence, home of the Queen Mother.

The hustle and bustle was to prepare the house for her return from a holiday with Tony and Margaret at Birkhall, her home on the Balmoral estates, and for the birth of Margaret's baby.

At the back entrance opening off St. James' there has been a positive cavalcade of white ambulances bringing hospital equipment to set up an efficient and up-to-date hospital ward.

One of the Queen Mother's ladies-in-waiting said: "Queen Elizabeth" (that is how she is spoken of by her household) "is so looking forward to having Princess Margaret home again."

When Margaret moves into Clarence House for the birth of her baby a fleet of cars will take her advance luggage with the layette and her maternity wardrobe for afternoon and evening wear.

She has had palest pink and white nightdress-and-bed-jacket sets made for after the baby's birth.

In advance, too, will go her personal maid, Ruby Gordon,

to unpack her wardrobe and all the baby clothes so everything will be spick and span.

As well, there will be the little personal things that Margaret will want to have around her.

Princess Margaret has as yet done little if any shopping for her baby.

A close friend said: "I think the only new thing about will be the baby. Everything else so far seems to be lends, borrowings, or presents."

## No new pram

Margaret certainly hasn't yet bought a new pram.

And because of this there are howls from the British baby carriage manufacturers.

They sadly lament the British upper-class habit of passing on cots and prams as damaging to their trade.

Two recent items of gossip suggest that either Tony has designed a super new space-age pram of pink plastic, completely weatherproofed with tiny sliding windows, or that he is supervising the remodeling of an old pram.

The more likely answer, however, is that the Queen, having bought a new pram for Prince Andrew, is lending her sister the old one they both used. It was remodelled for Charles and Anne after a chase for old spare parts.

Some wonderful old baby dresses, trimmed with price-

less Irish lace, will be brought by Tony's mother, the Countess of Rosse, from Ireland for Margaret to make a choice before her baby arrives.

During her recent holiday at Birkhall—the Queen Mother's Balmoral home, set in 30,000 acres of lochs and mountains, moors and tall pines—Princess Margaret had daily doctor's visits.

She spent most mornings in bed or round her bedroom, often not appearing till lunchtime; sometimes not till tea-time.

Several of the pretty and practical maternity clothes she bought before leaving London remained unworn, as she took little part in outside social life.

House-guests say the unseasonably warm autumn weather had affected her.

One visitor reported seeing Margaret transferring herself slowly from a chair to a standing position with an audible sigh only to subside in the chair again a minute or two later with more sighs.

Members of the Royal family, especially the Queen, watched with understanding.

This seems to have been a particularly trying day, for later in the evening the same visitor saw more restless changing of position from the chair where it was uncomfortable to a sofa where it was apparently even more uncomfortable.



BACK IN LONDON. Princess Margaret, who is expecting her first baby late this month or early next month, pictured with her husband, the Earl of Snowdon, at King's Cross Station, London, on their return from a holiday at Birkhall, the Queen Mother's home at Balmoral.

Then there were more sighs, more looks of discomfort—and a poorly concealed look of irritation at her husband as he moved over to say something to her.

Later a member of the Royal family was heard to say softly to Margaret: "Cheer up; it's not so long now."

At that time Princess Margaret was finding almost everything and every effort extremely tiring, and was always ready for bed early.

At Birkhall, Margaret had meals off trays, and ate "often and little," in order to counteract any additional discomfort that might have arisen after eating an enormous meal.

## Prettier now

A young mother who lives near Balmoral said: "Princess Margaret looked absolutely lovely, and prettier than any of us up here have seen her look for many years."

"Her complexion, always wonderful, is now simply marvellous. She is a little fuller in the face, but she looks so peaceful and happy."

"And the fact she is using much less make-up suits her. Her hairstyle is simpler and that also suits her."

Meanwhile, the Earl of Snowdon, who has been revelling in the role of expectant father—doing up the nursery, ordering the furniture, etc.—found something to take his mind off the jitters that beset most husbands in the last weeks of waiting for the baby.

At Birkhall he began painting a picture of his wife.

Although his portrait of the Royal mother-to-be is still in the sketching stages, I'm told it might easily provoke controversy should it be shown.

For there is no record of a Royal lady since before Victorian times giving sittings to an artist while in the last stages of pregnancy.

After the baby is born, Clarence House will again become a gay centre of Royal life. Many friends are expected to call as soon as Sir John Peel allows Margaret to have visitors.

With the Queen in Ghana and Princess Alexandra in

Hongkong, Margaret's baby will be the only Royal interest in the fog and gloom of Britain's autumn.

Some time ago I was told that Margaret was looking forward to following the routine of most upper-class mothers-to-be and had told her friends they would be welcome to drop in.

Whether she can see all her friends at the series of "baby teas," which are traditional in England, depends on the punctuality or not of the baby.

Baby teas are a great device for passing the last long days of waiting.

Girl-friends are asked to tea to see the baby clothes and keep the prospective mother company.

One of Princess Margaret's friends told me:

"I've had nine baby teas, because my Susan was a fortnight late. They were the greatest fun."

"I spent most of the morning in bed and most afternoons one or two girl-friends would come round."

"I got dozens of little knitted and loads of good advice."

One secret being kept by Lord Snowdon is the traditional "Thank you, darling" gift of jewellery from husband to wife after the birth of their child.

So far no hint of what this present may be has reached any member of either the Royal or Tony's family.



A SIDE VIEW of Clarence House. Margaret's old suite of rooms looked over these tree tops toward the Mall.



AN IRISH MOSES BASKET, which the Earl of Snowdon's mother, the Countess of Rosse, bought for Princess Margaret's baby. It cost £4 sterling (£A5) at the National Workshops for the Blind in Dublin. The Irish willow basket was made by Peter O'Reilly, who has been blind for 28 years.

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● The small silver plane was cruising a few thousand feet above the blue Pacific. It turned in a tight circle, then suddenly dived low over the beach with its siren screaming.

Surfers scurried from the water. A surfboat put out from the beach, and its crew, with oars splashing madly, drove a shark out to sea.

The plane flew on up the coast. Another shark warning had been given; possibly a life had been saved.



## SHARK PATROL

THIS kind of thing happened on the Illawarra (N.S.W.) coast last summer, and it will be happening again this season.

The City of Greater Wollongong Aerial Patrol has aroused keen interest in Australia and overseas.

Although backed now by the Wollongong City Council, the Surf Life Saving Association, a petrol company, and other organisations, the patrol is mainly the "baby" of one man, Anthony Frank Bevan.

Tony Bevan—a 26-year-old real estate executive and bachelor—is the owner and pilot of a £7000 Cessna which has the words "Aerial Patrol" on the underside of its wings.

### Any emergency

He started the patrol unofficially seven years ago as a weekend shark-spotting service.

Since then, despite a crash in which he was almost killed, the patrol has developed into a highly efficient, well-equipped, multi-purpose service.

It has gear worth more than £20,000 at its base at Wollongong Airstrip.

The patrol is now on call for any emergency—bush-fires, police manhunt, searches, sea rescues, and even for rushing urgently needed blood from Sydney to Wollongong.

And everything about it is voluntary.

The story of the aerial patrol from its small beginnings is one of courage and

determination. The men behind it overcame many difficulties.

The story started in 1954 when Tony Bevan, after obtaining his flying licence and buying an old Aeronca Chief, "got fed up with flying about for no reason"—it was, he says, "like going around and around a lake in a motorboat."

On his jaunts up and down the coast he often spotted sharks close inshore, so he started unofficial patrols, using rolls of toilet paper hurled in streamer fashion from the cockpit of the tiny plane to warn surfers.

In 1956 the Illawarra branch of the Surf Life Saving Association recognised the patrols and two radios were installed—one at Wollongong Surf Club and the other at Tony's parents' home on Smith's Hill, Wollongong.

During those early years his mother, Mrs. Jessie Bevan, had an important role.

When Tony saw a shark near a surfing beach he'd call his mother on the radio and she would telephone the particular surf club.

Tony Bevan, still paying all the costs himself, continued the patrols until April 12, 1958, when tragedy struck.

The plane's engine stalled

**GUARD DUTY.** Tony Bevan's £7000 Cessna patrolling the Illawarra coast.

and he had to make a pancake landing in the surf off Windang Beach.

He and his passenger, 17-year-old Noel Webster, were knocked unconscious and sat helpless, strapped in their seats, as the plane filled with water.

Rescuers reached them 20

minutes later and dragged them from the half-submerged cockpit.

### Costly hobby is a public service

Young Webster, whose father, Mr. Dave Webster, is now a trustee of the patrol, died in Wollongong Hospital three days later.

The pilot himself was close to death several times during the two months that he was in hospital, and again when he suffered a relapse.

People feared the service would never be resumed, so aldermen, politicians, police, Maritime Service Board offi-

cers, and others formed a patrol committee.

With this backing Tony Bevan, undaunted by the crash, bought a Cessna plane and provided it for patrols.

Wollongong Council agreed to give an annual £520 (the wage of a permanent lifesaver) and a petrol company gave the fuel, but costs were high and the committee had to work hard for funds.

They gradually beat the financial odds.

One by one they fitted other surf clubs with radios, so that now 15 of the 18 patrolled beaches in the 50-mile strip of coast have radio contact with the plane and the patrol base.

Two winters ago the patrol bought two old jeeps from the Department of Supply and equipped them with radio gear.

The brilliant-red jeeps have many uses. They patrol unmanned beaches; they serve as the ground radio link with the patrol plane during searches in rough country; they carry injured people over ground impassable for ambulances; and they pull boats from the water with their powerful winches.

Shortly before the start of last season Tony bought a new Cessna, which he placed at the patrol's disposal. Extra radio gear and a siren were installed.

The siren amplifies during a dive. But unless a shark is perilously close to surfers he prefers not to cause panic and calls the surf club on the radio.

Most often the sharks are driven out to sea by surfboat crews, with the surfers unaware of what is going on.

Last season he used the siren on eight occasions.

Late last year the patrol obtained radio equipment worth £15,000 from the Federal Government at a nominal price and installed this at the airstrip in a new control tower, built, of course, by voluntary labor.



**ALTRUIST.** Real-estate executive Bevan became tired of flying without a purpose.

The powerful transmitters and receivers enable the base to keep in touch with the patrol plane, the roving jeeps, the surf clubs, the Maritime Services Board, and Mascot Aerodrome.

The patrol has 60 radios for weekend fishermen, who, if in distress at sea, can switch them on to enable the patrol base to gain a "fix" of their position.

### Crashboat next

Also available for use during searches are two dozen walkie-talkies.

With all this equipment the patrol is capable of handling almost any emergency, and is now on call seven days a week.

National president of the Surf Life Saving Association, Judge Adrian Curlew, commented: "The Air Patrol's

work is appreciated by the whole of the lifesaving movement.

"There can be no doubt that Tony has done a magnificent job."

The credit is not completely Tony Bevan's, but the greater part of it is.

In the seven years since he got his licence he has flown about 3000 hours, and half this time has been clocked on patrol work. He has also spent a lot of time organising at the headquarters.

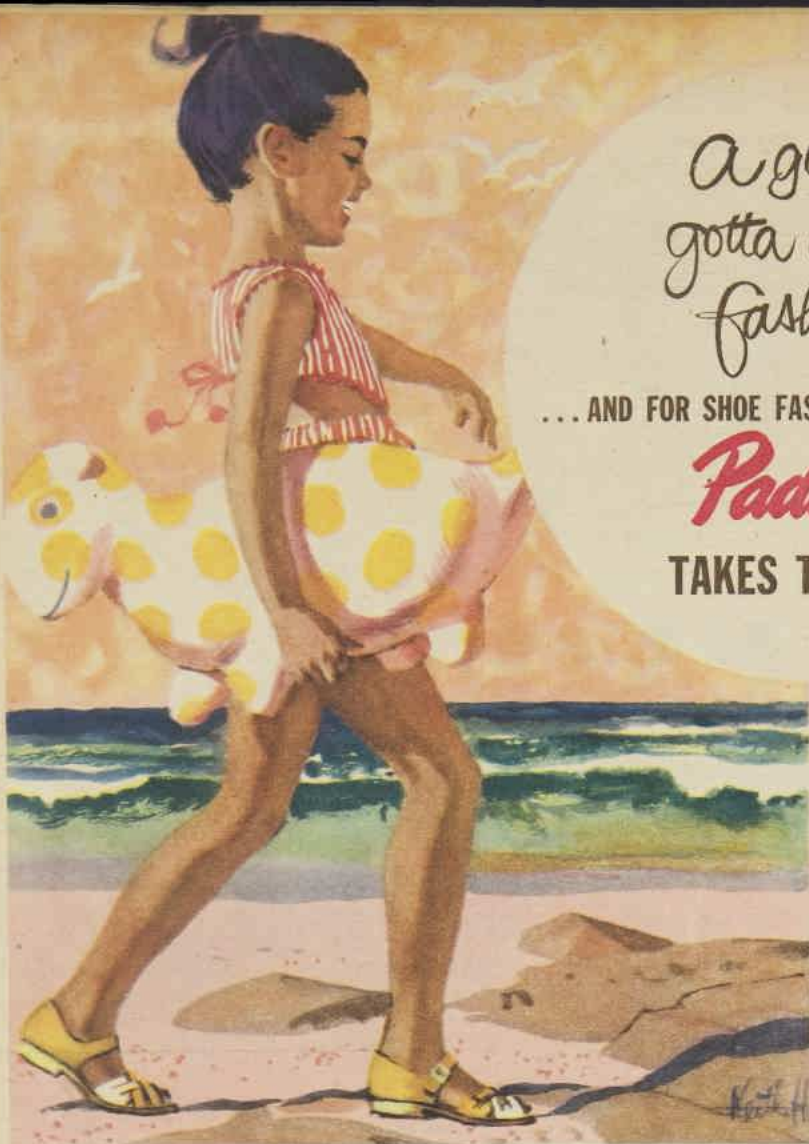
Tony Bevan says one thing is missing from the network—a crashboat that would complete the patrol's air, land, and sea coverage. He has hopes of one this season.

He'd also like to see the whole of Australia's inhabited coastline covered by similar aerial patrols.

—Trevor Murrell



**GROUND LINK.** Jim Pass, one of the many volunteer helpers, uses a radio jeep. The two jeeps operate within 40 miles of base.



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gotta be in  
fashion*

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# Billy Graham wanted to be a baseball star

By MARJORIE STAPLETON, staff reporter

● Jean Ford, the pretty, blond, 29-year-old sister of Billy Graham, told me that if her brother had not become an evangelist he'd have liked to be a professional baseball player.

"BUT I don't think he had the skill," laughed Jean, who is married to Billy Graham's right-hand man, the Rev. Leighton Ford, now in Australia for three months to conduct 23 crusades in Queensland, New South Wales, and Victoria.

I met Jean, her husband, and their three-year-old daughter Debbie Jean in their hotel suite in Brisbane, where Debbie was trying to lean out a fifth-storey window to watch the traffic.

Debbie's mother—who looks so arrestingly like her famous brother, with the same deep-set eyes—eventually persuaded Debbie to ride a tricycle round and round the carpeted suite.

Debbie varied this routine by playing with a heap of Australian coins, "looking for the kangaroos."

Mr. and Mrs. Ford have left their 11-month-old son Sandy (he's really Leighton, jun.) at home in Charlotte, North Carolina. Mr. Ford's secretary and her mother have moved into the Ford home to take care of him.

Jean Ford—whom you immediately feel you have known for years—told me homely little details about 43-year-old Billy Graham.

How his family have always called him Billy-Frank.

How he becomes upset and irritated if people admire him.

"He didn't get much peace when he lived in town," she said. "Busloads of people would pile out and peep in his windows."

"So two years ago Billy-Frank moved up to Montreat, the hill behind Charlotte. About 500 people live up there."

## Log house

"He has a private road and a couple of tame but noisy dogs. No, there's no sentry or visiting-book or anything like that. Billy-Frank lives very quietly in a big log house which was once a Presbyterian retreat."

"Is it a lovely house?" I asked.

"I don't think it's lovely," replied his truthful sister.

"Billy's wife, Ruth, is very fond of antiques and I guess I just don't go for antiques. Ruth will search every junk

shop she finds, come home with a piece of old furniture, scrub and polish it. Her house is full of it."

"I think Ruth tries to recreate her parents' home in China. She's the daughter of Dr. and Mrs. Nelson Bell. Her father was a medical missionary to China."

"Ruth is dark and very pretty and, of course, very nice. People say she and Billy look alike, although Billy is fair."

"They have five children—Gigi, 16, Anne, 13, Bunny (a girl), 11, Franklin, 9, and Ned, 4."

## Out of sight

"Gigi and Anne are at a private high school in Florida. Ruth keeps them right away from the public eye."

Jean and Ruth both prefer to stay behind the scenes. They play no part whatever in their husbands' crusades. Ruth's reasons are threefold:

"I'm a mother. I'm a wife. And I have no calling along that line. I was raised a Presbyterian and in my part of the world we didn't have women preachers."

Jean and Billy are the children of Mr. and Mrs. W. Frank Graham, North Carolina dairy farmers. They were an "average strict" Presbyterian family who went to church regularly.

Jean said that according to family tales Billy was always good-natured and kind and used to bring home field flowers for his mother—but he was no angel.

"As I'm 14 years younger, my memories don't begin until Billy-Frank was almost grown up," she said.

"In his teens he divided his time between baseball, studying, and going to church. At 17 he attended a crusade like my husband's present one."

"He made a decision for Christ, and soon he decided to be a minister of religion, and chose the Baptist Church."

"Billy has no immediate plans to revisit Australia, but he liked Australia very much and wants to come back some time. He talked of the friendliness he found here."

Mr. Ford (6ft. 4in., 13st. 3lb., dark and good-looking, and 29 years old) said he works for a salary, as does his brother-in-law Billy Graham, and has a lovely home in a middle-class neighborhood.

He is not rich and not poor and could not become rich under the non-profit system of the organisation.

"Years ago evangelists used to take up 'love offerings' for themselves," he said, "but we felt at the beginning that this was not the right thing to do."

The present crusade, which has attracted good attendances in Queensland, goes also to Sydney, Melbourne, and country towns.

Mr. Ford and his supporters will be in Australia until mid-December. Early in 1962 he will accompany Billy Graham on a South American crusade.



MRS. LEIGHTON FORD — Billy Graham's sister — with her evangelist husband and three-year-old daughter Debbie Jean.

## Around Tahiti on a scooter-for-two

● An Australian couple reckon proudly that they know every bump on the 90-mile road encircling glamorous Tahiti.

AFTER Mrs. Isabel Jordan, of Dalby, Qld., won our Maize Cornflour Recipe Contest with her golden staircase pie and was flown with her husband to Tahiti as part of the prize, a new-found friend there advised them to hire a motor-scooter and join in the island fun.

This they did, for about £1 a day, and after riding 300 miles under the

hot Tahitian sun they have returned entranced by an island on which "nearly everyone is beautiful."

"Scooters are the success symbols in Tahiti," Mr. Jordan said. "Nobody walks. They start with a motorised bicycle and then graduate to a scooter."

"Island mothers go shopping on them with babes perched on the back. Thank goodness I took my Australian driving licence, because I had to produce it."

"The roads are narrow and not too smooth. When you see something interesting you want to be able to pull up, and a car would be hard to park."

Isabel Jordan said that at first she clung tightly to her husband, but soon she was strictly of the "no hands" type, waving to everyone as they scooted along.

They lived for a week in a thatched guesthouse at Papeete — pronounced "Pa-pa-aytay." They brushed up their school French and "got along like a house on fire."

Their idea of a perfect lunch was a yard of French bread, a 3/- bottle of red wine from France, and a shady beach. They would laze on the sand and look across to the isles of Moorea and Bora Bora.

They'd scoot home later through the poultry, pigs, and goats which rambled everywhere.

Mrs. Jordan has had several letters from Women's Weekly readers who made and enjoyed her golden staircase pie. She and her husband have

now "gone mad" over banana flam-beau, which is a favorite dessert in Tahiti.

You take large bananas, cut them in half, cover with cornflour sauce, add a few dots of butter, brown them in the oven, sprinkle with sugar, then cover with rum, carry to the table, and light. Burn it until the rum caramelises into sauce. Serve.

Other notes in Mrs. Jordan's memory book:

"No mosquito nets needed in Tahiti. The sea so blue that you expect to be dyed blue when you swim. Captain Cook's memorial — where he landed to watch the transit of Venus. Avenues of hibiscus, men wearing flowers behind their ears. Satin-skinned babies. Intense cleanliness, with someone always sweeping the streets and washing in the creeks."

"Papeete appears to be about half the size of Cairns. Frank 'falling for' the Mexican girl playing in 'Mutiny on the Bounty'. Parts of the beach cordoned off for the filming. James Mason looking just like he looks in the films."

"Fish served with prawn sauce. Millionaire's salad (coconut - tree shoots). Great use made of water-cress. A lot of pork eaten. Plenty of cattle about and fresh cream."

The Jordans flew to Tahiti by TEAL via Fiji and Samoa.

In their absence their 14-year-old daughter Lyn stayed with friends in Dalby and 11-year-old son Neil stayed at Redcliffe, also with friends.



The Jordans wear, and show, holiday souvenirs.



## NELL

THE KING CHARLES SPANIEL relaxes luxuriously in the arms of her mistress, the Honorable Anne Sidney, at Government House, Canberra. The two dogs had recently been released after 60 days' compulsory quarantine. Staff photographer Ron Berg found some stiff competition on this assignment: When the dogs ran across the lawn towards the girls, the Governor-General got out his own camera and took picture by picture with him. The Honorable Lucy Sidney, the youngest daughter, was unable to bring out her cat, Puddy-Tat, or her donkey, Simon, from the family home in England.

## FU FU

THE PEKINGESE is greeted by the Honorable Catherine Sidney. A few days later, when the Governor-General made his first official visit to Sydney, his daughters brought the dogs with them. Among the family pets which have had to be left in England are eight tortoises. These live in a special "tortoise terrace" adjoining the family home and each is branded with the initials of its owner in nailpolish.



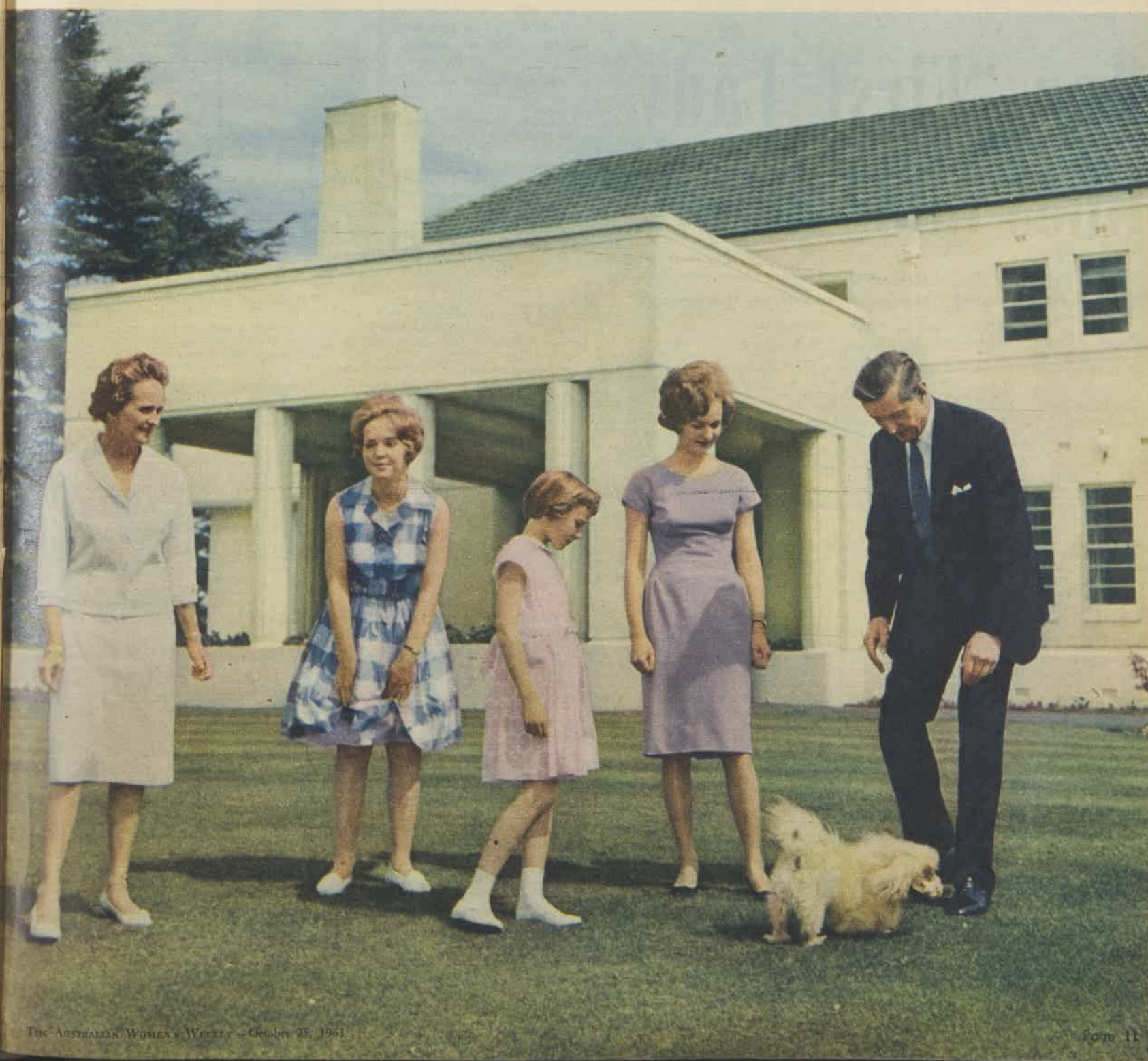
# VICE-REGAL REUNION

● The Governor-General, Lord De L'Isle, Lady De L'Isle, and their three daughters, the Honorable Catherine Sidney, Anne Sidney, and Lucy Sidney, have had a joyous reunion with their pet dogs, which were put in quarantine on arrival in Australia.

Kate's dog, Fu Fu the pekingese, has grown a new coat of long blond fur since she was shorn in the Red Sea on the trip to Australia. Fu Fu had collapsed from the heat and had to be packed in ice.

Fifteen-year-old Anne's dog is Nell, a lovable spaniel, who enjoyed having her picture taken although she was scolded by her mistress for putting on weight while in quarantine. Fu Fu and Nell looked quite at home in their new surroundings, and according to their mistresses are having a wonderful time exploring the grounds of Government House.

*LORD AND LADY DE L'ISLE with Anne, Lucy, and Catherine on the lawn outside the main entrance to Government House, Canberra. Catherine's pekingese, Fu Fu, is the centre of attraction.*





MRS. JANET MEYRICK, our First Lady of Fine Cooking, enjoys a cup of tea with Mr. J. A. Ferguson, N.S.W. Milk Board chairman.

# Our "First Lady" finds fame and fun

● Fame for our First Lady of Fine Cooking, Mrs. Janet Meyrick, of Glasshouse Mountains, Queensland, has had a chain reaction.

SINCE news of her £2000 Grand Champion Prize for her Dinner Party Menu in our recent Dairy Foods Contest has spread round Australia Mrs. Meyrick says she isn't sure WHAT will next come out of the blue.

In her Sydney hotel on the first leg of her month-long tour of Australia — which is part of the prize — she told how:

● An American mining engineer on the same plane to Sydney asked her to solve a slight marital tiff over his wife's shocking pastry-making. (Mrs. Meyrick advised using more butter.)

● A former Australian Women's Weekly cookery prize winner had written inviting her to stay in Melbourne, as did two other strangers travelling on the plane to Sydney.

● An old beau she hadn't seen for twenty years called on her in Sydney, bringing his wife, and within minutes they'd all become good friends.

● A Bush Brother on the same TV show for Sydney's Channel 9 asked her how he could raise £4000 for a plane for the Brotherhood. (Mrs. Meyrick suggested a snowballing party system for which members pay a subscription.)

● She found Uncle Ernest, her grandfather's brother, who'd disappeared from the family circle a great many years ago. "You see," explained Mrs. Meyrick, "with this publicity I suddenly got a letter from

an old school friend I hadn't heard from for 40 years. "She said she had married a relative of mine. One who MUST be a descendant of our mysterious Uncle Ernest."

Mrs. Meyrick is being besieged with requests for cooking demonstrations.

"I'm refusing point-blank to cook during this month," she said firmly.

"I've won my prize. And I'm enjoying the change from cooking and life on the farm — 500 acres of timber and pineapple country. I'm having fun."

By CAROL TATTERSFIELD, staff reporter

Meeting people represents most fun for Mrs. Meyrick, so she's handling her month's tour of radio, TV, and newspaper interviews and meetings with Dairy Board officials with gusto.

She intends to write her own impressions of the tour in the weekly column she writes for the local newspaper at Narrabri, 30 miles and the nearest town from her husband's farm.

"I'm also collecting names of all the nice people I've met to embroider on a dinner cloth, so that I'll never forget this tour," she said.

Mrs. Meyrick has travelled round Australia quite a bit.

But, having lived on the Queensland farm since her marriage 18 years ago, she's far from blasé about her visit

to Sydney, likening her wonder to that of "a kid going to an exhibition."

"I was in Sydney briefly a couple of years ago," she said, "but this was the first time I'd seen the city at night from the air. It's such a sight. Everybody should save to see it."

And what about restaurant food after all her magnificent home cooking?

"I'm at last beginning to realise why there is so much criticism of Australian cooking," she said.

"Sometimes there's no imagination in the choice of restaurant food, and the service is often despondent."

Mrs. Meyrick's birthday coincided with her last day in Sydney.

"My birthday began at midnight," she said, "and till then I had a lovely time watching TV — we don't have it at home — in bed."

"After that I took stock of the past year, as I do every birthday, and sent a special wish to Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt, who also has her birthday on October 11."

And, having stayed up nearly all night thinking, and writing letters to her two daughters and husband ("Life's too short to spend slumbering"), Mrs. Meyrick was up bright and early for more newspaper interviews and a phone call home.

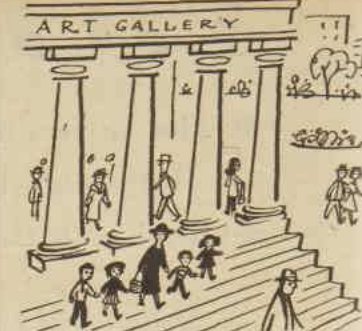
Virginia, 13, who's in charge of the cooking in her mother's absence, answered the call with: "Happy birthday, Mum. But did you HAVE to ring when I have a cake in the oven."

FATHER



"I'm enlarging my cellar."

MOTHER



"But can't you remember ANYTHING except the picture of the men whose heads were cut off?"

## It seems to me

THE fuss about the Bondi bikinis, which has enlivened Sydney's October, gives me that old feeling "This is where I came in."

The first summer I worked on a daily newspaper I had to ring up dignitaries and fashionable girls to ask what they thought of the new bathing suits.

When the same job stuck to me the next summer I realised that it was an assignment commonly given to juniors because older reporters pulled a sour face and said, "Oh, heavens, not again."

Those were the years when low backs and bare midriffs first made their appearance. The midriffs displayed skin only. The navel had not yet become acceptable in public.

Backs were often bare to well below the waist, but it took a good figure to carry off these models. Manufacturers had not then devised the clever engineering tricks which combine a low back with an uplift brassiere.

Comments boiled down to the same mixture as nowadays. Some dignitaries said they didn't know what had become of the old virtue of modesty; the others took the line of "To the pure all things are pure."

The girls, as now, maintained that they merely wanted to be comfortable and that displaying a pretty figure was the last thought in their heads.

I was puzzled then, as I am still, at the indignation expressed by some people. I can understand parents, husbands, and boy-friends who fuss about the degree of covering worn by their womenfolk.

But as for perfect strangers—if they don't throw sand or orange peel or tune their transistors full belt, why should anyone care?

AS Tony Armstrong-Jones' title didn't cost the British taxpayers any money, nobody was stirred very much one way or the other.

But if the new Earl of Snowdon was stung by the criticism expressed in some sections of the British Press he could console himself with the thought that the new banqueting manager of the Savoy Hotel has also had a change of name—from Brian Evans to Evangelo Brioni.

"The Savoy is deeply concerned with tradition and it is traditional that the banqueting manager is an Italian," said Mr. Brioni somewhat stiffly.

The circles are different but the principle is the same.

CHILDREN often watch unsuitable TV programmes because the choice lies with the parents, according to a Sydney woman who has made a study of children's tastes in TV.

That could be true, but I'd bet there are as many homes where the parents watch what the children choose. Or, at least, that's the excuse some parents give for their choice.



A MACHINE that tells you what to give people for Christmas goes into action this week at the Neiman-Marcus store at Dallas, Texas.

The store—which must spend a fortune in postage on its circulars to newspapers all over the world—tells how it works:

The shopper fills out a form describing the proposed receiver of the gift, giving age, sex, interests, occupation, hobbies, and so on. An attendant feeds this information into the computer, which within a minute lists ten suitable items.

"To do the same thing as this machine," says a store executive, "a shopper would have to examine personally every item in our store and have the phenomenal memory capacity to relate the suitability of one to the other before making a purchase for a single person."

The shoppers are going to have a lovely time playing with that machine. I'd enjoy it myself. But I doubt that it will solve the problems.

For instance, I know a studious-looking woman of uncertain age for whom the machine would undoubtedly choose a book. I happen to know she would prefer French perfume.

Perfume is what the gadget would probably recommend for a frivolous-looking blonde. How could it work out that the blonde wants a book on "How to play chess"? She is well supplied with scent by a battalion of admirers. It just happens that the man she likes plays chess.

As for men, I know what they will do. The attendant will hand them a huge form to fill in. They will look at it helplessly and say, "She's about your size."

And get away with it, too!

AN American education expert, Dr. John Gilliland, says that air-conditioning in universities will help stop students from falling into daydreams during the hot summer months.

It's true that scents of summer can disturb

The concentration on a foreign verb. The body fixed, the mind can wander free,

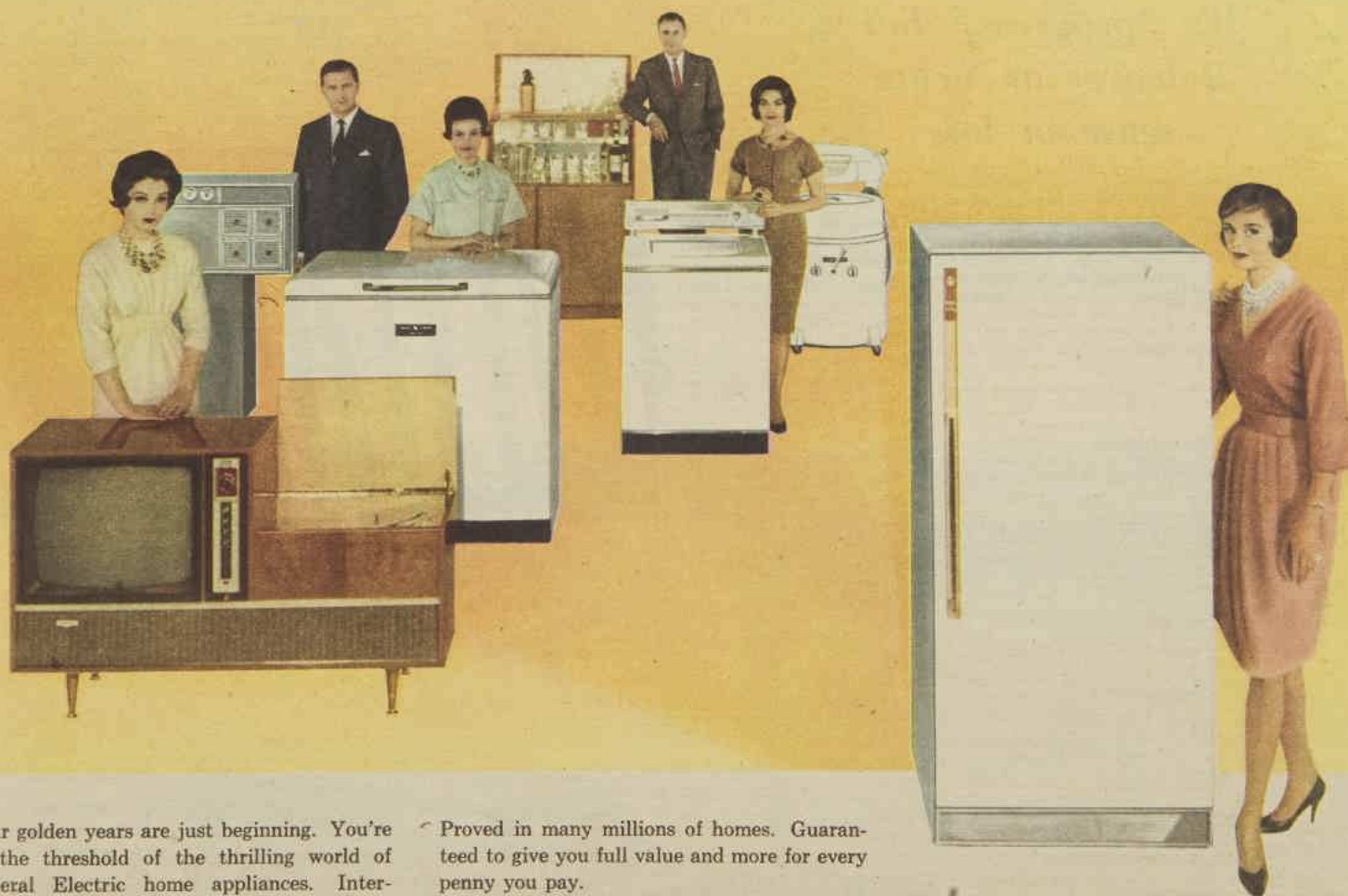
Led by a wind that blows from off the sea.

The lecturer drones on. What did he say? Some memory of a halcyon holiday, Or vision of a future, edges blurred, Make nonsense of each measured, careful word.

And this the good professor hopes to fix By air-conditioning? Oh, fiddlesticks! Such fantasy—his own—is proof enough That daydreams' webs are made of stronger stuff.

Can he, a dreamer, be so unaware That they'll survive upon the filtered air?

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - October 25, 1961

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# THE CHANGING

From LARRY BOYS, in London

● Paris is Paris. Rome is Rome. New York gets more like New York every day. But London! It's changing so swiftly that soon the old skyline will be just a memory.

THE picture postcards you buy at Piccadilly are already out of date, it seems, by centuries. They still show a sunset silhouette that is dominated by St. Paul's, the Tower, the Abbey, the Houses of Parliament, the Tower Bridge.

It's not like that any more. The old landmarks are sinking out of sight behind a petrified forest of new buildings that is sprouting all over central London.

If the ghost of Christopher Wren still lingers around St. Paul's Cathedral he must be sick with claustrophobia as gaunt, sightless city-blocks crowd closer and closer to his masterpiece. The famous dome no longer dominates. City typists in their air-conditioned eyries look down on it from their desks.

There's hardly any part of London that hasn't been bitten by the building bug.

In some places whole streets are coming down, and the leafy squares that were part of the charm of inner residential London are being replaced by modern office blocks, banks, showrooms, and hotels.

The winding gaslit alleyways that veined the old city are disappearing in a heap of rubble. More office blocks. Edwardian Charing Cross Station looks positively ancient in a transfigured Strand now tizzied up with the new juke-box architecture that seems to be all metal and glass.

London was never beautiful in the sense that Paris is, or Venice is, or Cologne was.

Something (why look farther than the climate?) has moved seven centuries of London architects to build solidly and respectably. But age lent dignity to the stolid city and a touch of gilt here and there added gentle authority to the railings and wrought-iron gates.

And a royal crest or two over the sagging shopfronts made every other street a quality street.

A cosy place, too old to be ugly, too self-effacing to scare an Australian going "home" for the first time.

Why the change? Why the facelift?

The answer lies in property speculation. Demand for

office and business space in the city is insatiable. Property speculators are buying up old buildings, demolishing them, and building as high as they can go on the sites.

Millions of pounds are changing hands every week in big deals that are transforming Leicester Square, Piccadilly, Mayfair, Soho, Bloomsbury, Westminster, Victoria, Kensington, Knightsbridge, and "The City."

Berkeley Square, where the nightingales sang under the

Sunset Boulevard with its new glass-faced American-style hotels.

And the lights of Piccadilly Circus, which have magnetised millions of tourists by their vivid vulgarity, are to vanish soon in a new demolish-and-abolish deal.

It's a favorite saying of Australians exiled in London that: "I live here only because it's so near the Continent."

But it's not nearly as bad as that, so don't be too discouraged. Once inside St.

Paul's the buildings outside are forgotten. Once inside Westminster Abbey all the history and mystery of nine centuries seem to ruminate in the old stones. (And once inside a West End nightclub you'll

wonder what you've done with all your money.)

That's the secret: See London from the inside and let the outside look after itself.

Resisting all moves to push it out into the suburbs, colorful Covent Garden is still there, tugging at the skirts of the Opera House.

The East End, largely (and this time sensibly) rebuilt after the bombing, still nurtures a few gregarious old Cockney taverns.

Petticoat Lane is thriving.

And there are more antiques in Portobello Lane than ever came out of it.

*It's "progress," but it leaves an acute sense of loss*

bombers' moon, is now mainly motor-car showrooms, banks, restaurants, nightclubs.

One whole flank of Grosvenor Square is occupied by the brand-new American Embassy, a monolithic structure topped by a bronze eagle so huge it would make the legendary roc look like a willie wagtail.

Hyde Park Corner, where the artists had their Sunday shows, has vanished under the earthmovers making tunnels, turnabouts, and flyaway by-passes in a desperate attempt to ease London's traffic problems.

Park Lane is glittering like a



OLD AND NEW. The view from a corner of Love Lane, in the city's ancient heart.



LEFT: Skyscrapers are even crowding Buckingham Palace. Recently Prince Philip complained that the cranes were interfering with his TV reception. The roof-garden of a high new hotel nearby has a bird's-eye-view of the grounds of the palace, hitherto sacrosanct.

# FACE OF LONDON



**LEFT:** Hyde Park Corner, a landmark for generations of tourists, is being transformed by elaborate roadworks. Arch is a park entrance.

**ABOVE:** "New London" on the old road between Bishopsgate and Moorgate. The architecture is international, efficient-looking, and featureless.

**BELOW:** Somewhere in this tangle of old and new is St. Paul's Cathedral, once so dominating. Dome at left is on the Old Bailey courthouse.



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The advertisement features a central collage of German-themed elements. On the left is a bottle of Kaiser Brewery beer. Above it is a large, ornate beer mug with a handle and a bell. To the right is the Mercedes-Benz logo. Below the logo is a French horn. At the bottom center is a modern building with a curved roof. In the foreground on the right is a pack of Peter Stuyvesant cigarettes, labeled 'FILTER 20' and 'RICH CHOICE TOBACCOS KING SIZE'. The background is a scenic view of a German town with a castle on a hill.

**Peter Stuyvesant**  
**FILTER 20**  
1592 1672  
RICH CHOICE TOBACCOS  
KING SIZE

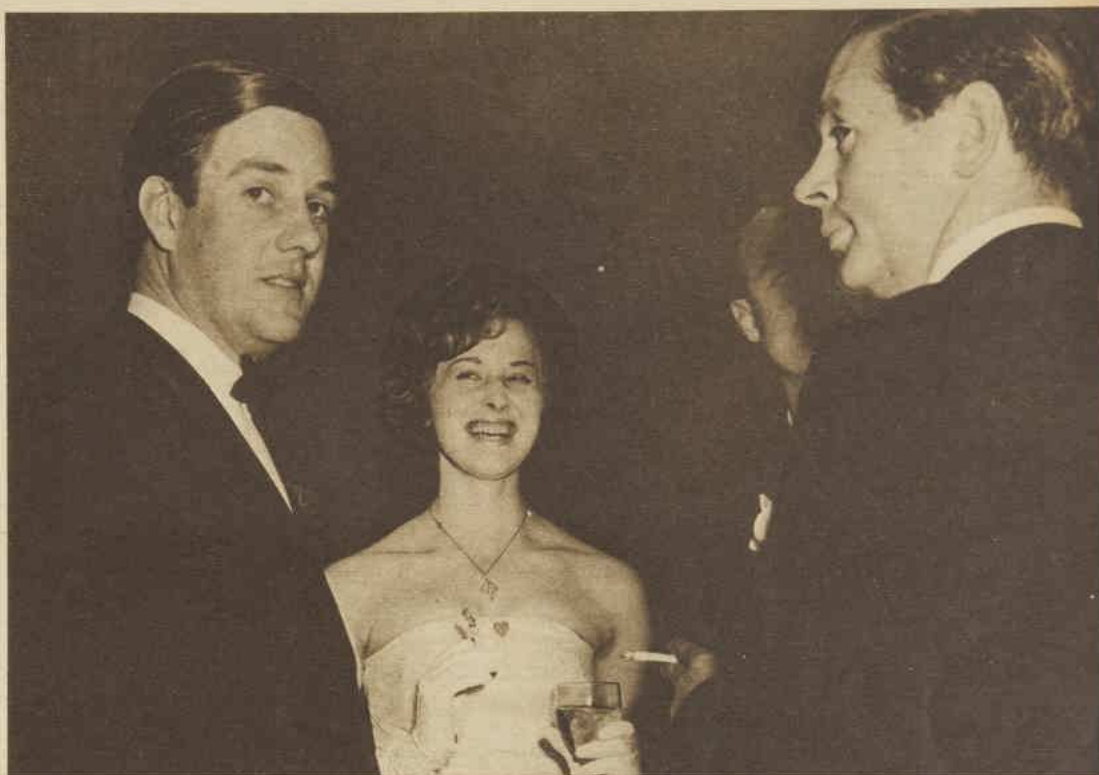
**THE INTERNATIONAL PASSPORT TO SMOKING PLEASURE**

# SOCIAL ROUNDABOUT

● The Governor-General, Lord De L'Isle, and Lady De L'Isle attended a round of brilliant functions when they paid their first official visit to Sydney from Canberra. They were accompanied by their daughters, the Hon. Catherine Sidney, the Hon. Anne Sidney, and the Hon. Lucy Sidney, and were in residence for a week at Admiralty House, Kirribilli.



AT THE TOWN HALL. The Governor-General, Lord De L'Isle, with the Lady Mayoress, Mrs. H. F. Jensen, at a noon reception and buffet luncheon welcoming the Vice-Regal couple on their first official visit to Sydney. More than 1000 guests attended the function.



BOUFFANT white organdie gown was worn by the Hon. Catherine Sidney at the Bachelors' Ball at Princes. She is pictured chatting with the president of the ball committee, Mr. Tony Pratten (left), and Mr. John Remington. The ball was for Torch Bearers for Legacy.

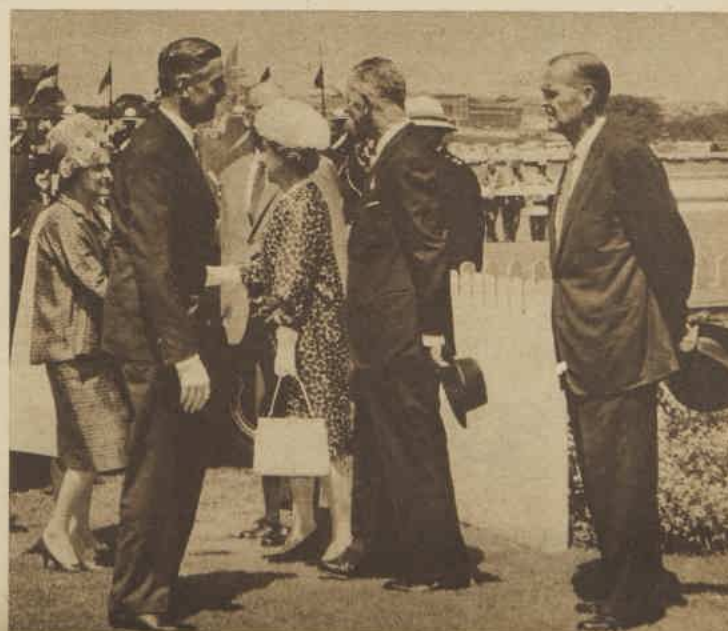


LATE-AFTERNOON PARTY. From left, Mrs. George Colvin, Lady De L'Isle, and Mrs. Harold Farnecomb at the reception given by the Council of Commonwealth Societies and the English Speaking Union in honor of Lord and Lady De L'Isle.



ARRIVING at Admiralty House. The Archbishop of Sydney, Dr. Hugh Gough, and the Hon. Mrs. Gough were among guests at a dinner party given by Lord and Lady De L'Isle. Mrs. Gough wore a black velvet gown.

RACING ENTHUSIASTS. The Governor-General, Lord De L'Isle, and Lady De L'Isle (at left) were greeted by Lady Potter, wife of the chairman of the A.J.C., Mr. B. H. Crowley, and Mr. D. D. Glasgow (at right) on their arrival at Randwick for the City Tattersall's Gold Cup Meeting. Lady De L'Isle wore a teal-blue and black silk frock and jacket and a turquoise scathed chiffon hat.



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**2/11**



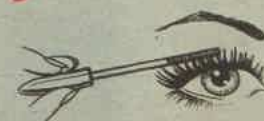
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Robert Hardy as  
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Terry Scully as  
Henry VI.



Julian Glover as  
Edward IV.



Hugh Jones as  
Edward V.

# TV epic of kings

By NAN MUSGROVE

• "An Age of Kings," A.B.C.-TV's new Sunday night programme, is truly an epic production — 15 weeks of Shakespeare serialised.

THE programme takes five of Shakespeare's plays that, grouped together, cover 86 years of history.

It starts in 1399 with Richard II and goes on through the reigns of Henry IV, V, and VI and Edward IV and V to Richard III, ending in 1485 with Richard's death on Bosworth Field and the beginning of the Tudor dynasty.

Some London critics who have seen the whole 15 episodes of "An Age of Kings" say it is the finest TV ever produced by the B.B.C.

Whether or not this is true remains to be seen. I find it hard to believe this is possible, remembering some of the remarkably fine TV we have already seen from the B.B.C.

It will do me if it equals "Jesus of Nazareth," "The Diary of Samuel Pepys," "Pride and Prejudice," "Life," "Little Women," and John Freeman's "Face to Face" interviews, to mention but a few.

The first episode, called "The Hollow Crown," and the second one, called "The Deposing of a King," was a two-part adaptation of Richard II. I liked it, but I preferred the Raymond Menmuir interpretation of Richard II done by the A.B.C. live last year.

I thought Menmuir's principal actors were better than the B.B.C. principals, although the B.B.C., with its tremendous resources of competent actors, scored vastly over the A.B.C. production with the casting of the remaining roles.

The B.B.C. production had an evenness of acting that the A.B.C. production lacked. The unfamiliar faces of the entire cast were refreshing, too. After five years of TV, you get to know the faces of the local actors so well.

Of the two episodes I preferred the first one, "The Hollow Crown." In the second I could see no reason for the producer, Peter Dews, making Richard (David William), who behaved so vilely in "The Hollow Crown," alternating weakness and the temperament of a neurotic woman

with kingship, into such a Christ-like figure.

I thought Dews went altogether too far in his deification of Richard. It made me feel uncomfortable and irritated.

But, whether or not you agree entirely with Dews' interpretation of Shakespeare, "An Age of Kings" is magnificent TV.

Last Sunday night's performance introduced fat Falstaff, splendidly portrayed by Frank Pettingell, and Henry V (Robert Hardy), then the fun-loving Prince of Wales.

I enjoyed it and look forward to the next, "The Road to Shrewsbury," the continuation of Henry IV, said to be one of the best of the series.

## Television Parade

In the "Deposing of a King" I was fascinated to see live mice cavorting round the deserted banquet table. (You may remember seeing them just before the garden scene when the Queen and her ladies overheard the gardeners discussing Richard.)

The mice presented a problem to the B.B.C. A girl assistant floor manager, whose job it was to care for and place the mice on the set, refused point-blank to do so.

The B.B.C. says about it:

"The male assistant floor manager had to take over the mice. The girl A.F.M. would not touch them. But the mice acted splendidly."

They did, too.

★ ★ ★  
"THE FLINTSTONES" romps on its merry, mad way on Channel 9. I enjoy it, but I was surprised this week when I was asked for a pin-up of that rough-hewn character Fred Flintstone. The fan who wanted it is eight years old, blond, blue-eyed, and beautiful and has a special dispensation to stay up and watch Fred on Tuesdays. I wonder what his wife Wilma would think?

## Peter Graves on Broadway

PETER GRAVES, Chris Cobb of Channel 7's recently finished and unlamented "Whiplash" and brother of one of my favorite men, James Arness of "Gunsmoke" (Channel 9, 7.30, Thursdays), has deserted TV temporarily to star in a Broadway play.

Graves will play the role of an atomic submarine commander in "The Captains and the Kings" with co-stars Dana Andrews and Charles Ruggles.

"For the past eight years I've been involved in the busyness of grinding out the 'Fury' and 'Whiplash' TV series," Graves said, "so I figured it's high time to take a change of pace. It is a great feeling."

## Two fine shows back

TALKING of favorite men, I have been really well treated lately. Two of my top favorites have returned to A.B.C.-TV: Bernard Archard as Colonel Oreste Pinto of "Spy Catcher" and Michael Denison as Boyd, Q.C.

When Boyd says urbanely to his opposing counsel about to cross-examine: "Do lead, I know I can trust you," he describes exactly how I feel about this show.

I turn "Boyd, Q.C." on and know I can trust Boyd to give me a half-hour of good entertainment, and so does Bernard Archard in "Spy Catcher."

## Mike Nelson in person

BIG excitement in the TV world at present is the projected visit of TV and movie star Lloyd Bridges, better known as Mike Nelson of "Sea Hunt" (Channel 7, Tuesdays, 7 p.m.).

If everything goes according to plan, Mike Nelson in person will open the 1961 National Boating and Water Sports Show at Rose Bay Flying Boat Base on November 3 and spend the following week here.

The plan, I hear, is for Bridges, got up as Mike Nelson in his famous wet suit and flippers, to approach Rose Bay by boat, dive overboard from way out, and swim ashore, arriving, no doubt, to the cheerings of thousands of fans.

This gives me an uneasy feeling in the pit of my stomach, as I am always inclined to worry about the man-eating habits of sharks.

Mr. Bridges, I know, is not. He often struggles with them.

He was interviewed recently when he came up out of a huge tank filled with man-eating sharks at "Marineland of the Pacific," Santa Monica, California.

He came up in his wet suit, weighted heavily with a waistband of lead, flippers, aqua-



Paul Daneman as  
Richard III.



Jerome Willis as  
Henry VII.

lung, and all, after shooting an episode of "Sea Hunt."

"I feel much more like 26 than my real age of 47," said Bridges. "Actually, these sharks are well fed and want no part of me. But, then, they don't want to be TV actors, either. Cantankerous critters they are."

Bridges said that the real truth about the sharks at Marineland is that, kept in

captivity, they're so unhappy they don't much feel like eating anything.

"I think they're all suffering from nervous breakdowns," he said. "They're very sensitive."

Lloyd Bridges should be warned that Australian sharks have a very happy, healthy outlook. There's not a neurosis among them. He'd better be careful if he tries to struggle with one of them.

## Film Reviews: Movie News

### ★ ★ HAPPY ANNIVERSARY

Some genuinely funny lines and human situations centred on TV, in-laws, and precocious children save this from being just another high-vener domestic comedy. David Niven is exceptionally appealing as the husband who, in celebrating his 13th wedding anniversary, nearly wrecks his marriage. Mitzi Gaynor is sprightly and pleasing as his wife. It's a show that most people — especially the married ones — will enjoy. —Century, Sydney.

In a word . . . BRIGHT.

### ★ ★ THE SINGER NOT THE SONG

An irritatingly uneven screen version of the Audrey Erskine Lindop novel about an Irish priest (John Mills) who sets out to free a Mexican town of its boss bandit (Dirk Bogarde) and save the bandit's soul. It begins with a promising air of suspense, then collapses. Mylene Demongeot plays a rich landowner's daughter. Many of the exterior scenes, photo-

### With AINSIE BAKER

graphed in Spain, are striking and colorful, but it's hard to believe that Nigel Balchin, who did the screenplay, let so much feeble dialogue get by. —State, Sydney.

In a word . . . UNCONVINCING.

### ★ ★ THE SHADOW OF THE CAT

Class B British thriller with an unusual twist and a period setting. A cat, anxious to avenge the murder of its owner, tries to bring about the death of the murderer. The murderer, in turn, is obsessed with a fancied need to kill the cat, who saw the murder being done. Players are Andre Morell, Barbara Shelley, and William Lucas. —Capitol, Sydney.

In a word . . . DIFFERENT.

★ ★ "Never On Sunday" team of actress Melina Mercouri and director Jules Dassin is currently on location on Greece's isle of Hydra making a modern version of the Greek tragedy

"Phaedra." The two male stars of the film are Tony Perkins and Raf Vallone. Tony also loved an older woman (Ingrid Bergman) in his last picture, "Goodbye Again."

★ ★ NEW name for Shirley MacLaine in Hollywood is "Prince Valiant." Her husband, Steve Parker, began it when Shirley grew her hair to a shoulder-length bob.

★ ★ NEXT film for immensely rich, fair, and fortyish Lana Turner is to be called "Who's Got the Action?" Dean Martin is her co-star.

★ ★ HAVING successfully made the transition from European film-making to both British and Hollywood productions, interesting young German actor Horst Buchholz is now back where he started — making a film in Munich. It's "One, Two, Three," a comedy with a political background, and co-stars veteran James Cagney and Swiss actress Lilo Pulver. Billy Wilder is directing for Hollywood's Mirisch Company.



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## SHOW BUSINESS



**DIGBY WOLFE**, right and left, one of the most popular stars of Australian TV, relaxes at home. Digby is unmarried, but believes he is making the bachelor's "regular progression" towards the married state.

# HEALTHY, WEALTHY, AND WISE

● Digby Wolfe, at first sight, looks the most unlikely person to succeed in Australian entertainment. His blond, well-brushed hair, blue eyes, big teeth, expansive manner, and the well-cut dinner jacket he favors on TV all combine to make him look terribly pukka.

**B**UT succeed Digby has. Australians love him; he loves Australians.

He has chosen a perfect way to prove his affection. He plans to become a naturalised citizen—which is surely the greatest compliment he can pay Australia.

"I can't go on enjoying all the success I have had here and just accept it without doing something in return," he said. "I want to be an Australian."

Digby's first step is feverish house-hunting. At present he lives in Sydney in a flat at Bellevue Hill, which he has furnished.

As soon as he finds a house, his mother is coming to housekeep and help him with his next project, a hotel—old English-inn style.

He considers running a pub is one way an entertainer can cash in on his popularity, for Digby is conscious of the fact that time does march on for popular entertainers.

At the moment he's on the crest of the wave. At 31, he's happy, healthy, and wealthy.

How wealthy? He is embarrassed



● *Out-of-this-world judo picture of Digby.*

by such questions, and doesn't like to say.

I explained that I'd like to compare his earnings with those of TV star Graham Kennedy, who told me earlier this year that he makes "in the vicinity of £500 a week."

Digby talked.

"Oh, I make more than Graham Kennedy," he said, "quite a bit more. But I'm not prepared to say how much more."

I asked how his success here compared with his success in England.

"My success here is much bigger, but it's completely different," he said. "I'd say I was probably known all over the British Isles, but I was a TV comedian and satirist."

"I had never done personality compering as I do in 'Revue 61' until I came to Australia."

Digby Wolfe has a sharp, bright mind. He's interested in everything that goes on. Apart from his work he plays squash and tennis each week, is a keen judo man (see inset picture), loves the beach.

His enthusiasm is one of his nice qualities. He likes sport, women, fast cars, Australia, and Australians — and helping people.

He proves this, too, in the nicest way. He does something for a different charity every day of the week.

— NAIN MUSGROVE

**LEFT:** Digby writes many of his own scripts in this office corner of his kitchen.





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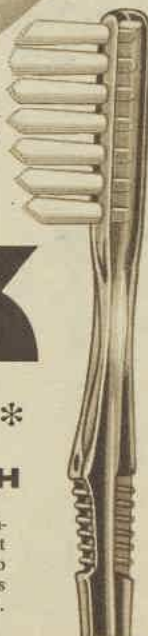


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## FILM GOSSIP

# The new Elvis: he's power-happy

● Is Elvis Presley falling victim to the evils of having too much money and power, just as Frank Sinatra did, and many more before him?

**T**HERE are people in Hollywood who believe that he is.

In the past six years Elvis has sold more than 30 million dollars' (£A15 million) worth of records. In addition, his movie commitments promise to add at least 2,500,000 dollars to his bank account during the next five years.

And Colonel Tom Parker, the man behind Elvis' success, turns down "a couple of million" a year in personal appearances because "my boy is too busy."

With such wealth and prestige, it is no wonder that the one-time share farmer's son is getting a bit of a swelled head.

In the past, for all his flamboyant spending—three Cadillacs, a Rolls-Royce, 250-dollar suits, renting entire hotel floors—Elvis was a really nice guy.

Not any more. Elvis is really beginning to throw his weight around.

The most recent evidence of his change of character was his conduct on the Hollywood set during the filming of "What a Wonderful Life."

Said a film company executive: "Anne Helm found out that Elvis can be demanding and arrogant."

"On one occasion when Anne was supposed to have a love scene with Elvis his behaviour to her so humiliated her that Anne was in tears."

"A lot of people learned something from this episode. Elvis, still a nice fellow, is letting his star status get the best of him. It's too bad."

### Fans rebuffed

Elvis has also taken to shunning autograph-seeking fans. He waves them off, according to some reports, "with a sneer on his handsome face."

Bellhops at the hotels where he stays say he isn't the smiling young man they once knew, and waiters swear he doesn't even bother to say "Thank you" when they bring him huge platters of sandwiches late at night.

Said one waiter: "I answered Elvis' call to bring him six bottles of soft drink at 2 a.m., and he waved me off with something that sounded like 'Humm.'"

Elvis' changed attitude is disturbing his friends, who like to think it is only temporary—brought on by overwork.

Juliet Prowse still says he was "a perfect gentleman" when she worked in a film with him. Dorothy Harmony, who was once Elvis' semi-steady girl, claims he is "the most well-mannered young man I have ever known."

That was then. Today is a different question.



FILM and recording star Elvis Presley signing a new contract in Hollywood recently.

**H**OLLYWOOD is quick to cash in on every subject powerful enough to make newspaper headlines. The latest example is the announced plan of William Perlberg and George Seaton to shoot "Night Without End," which deals with the matter of a hi-jacked airliner. The moviemakers hope to get the Alistair MacLean suspense story on film and into theatres by January.

**H**AMMER FILMS thought up the right gimmick to introduce their new shocker—"Terror Of The Tongs"—to London's West End. At the premiere they held open house for drama students from all the leading schools of dramatic art, inviting them to attend in the most macabre costumes they could find! The winner didn't get a prize but a job—a part in the new horror epic which begins shooting at Bray soon, "Phantom Of The Opera," a remake of the Nelson Eddy oldie.

**A**LTHOUGH Sandra Dee and her attractive 38-year-old mother had hardly spoken to each other since Sandra married Bobby Darin, the approaching birth of Sandra's baby has healed the estrangement. Mother and daughter now see each other constantly, and moody Bobby does his best to look like a dutiful son-in-law.

**H**ER contract calls for Marilyn Monroe to make one more film for 20th Century-Fox, but so far she has rejected all the scripts that have been submitted to her. The studio isn't pressing the

**A**CCORDING to Marlon Brando, who plans a two-month holiday in Tahiti before beginning "The Ugly American," while he's there he's going to decide on a house which he will make his future home, leaving it only for film commitments.

**S**LAPSTICK comedy is on its way back in Hollywood, with plans announced for the remake of several of the old Laurel and Hardy and Abbott and Costello films. Mickey Rooney and TV comic Milton Berle are to be the new team. Either "Frozen Stiffs" or "Ghost To Ghost," two old Abbott and Costello comedies, will be the first.

**A**USTRALIAN actor George Mikell, who made a sizeable impact as the sadistic German officer in "The Guns Of Navarone," is currently proving that he's not tied down to impersonating Germans.

Recently he played a Swede in "Million Dollar Ransom," a Turk in "The Gentle Terror," and is currently warming up for the part of a Belgian in a television series.

**A**NOTHER movie star romance that has foundered is that of Glenn Ford and Hope Lange. Joan Fontaine is said to be the reason, though she's quite a number of years older than Hope.

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## The story of *ELSA*

● The extraordinary friendship between Elsa, a Kenya lioness born wild, and the humans who raised her from infancy makes one of the world's noblest and most touching animal stories. Elsa was never the "pet" of author Joy Adamson and her gamekeeper husband, George — rather she was their comrade. Between her and them grew up a mutual deep affection, great respect, and trust. In her first book, "Born Free," Joy told how Elsa nevertheless retained contact with wild life. Today, we begin the serialisation of Joy's second book, "Living Free," which continues Elsa's story from her mating with a wild lion until her cubs were a year old. Scientist Sir Julian Huxley finds the story not only remarkable but also of value to science.

... and her cubs

CUBS, left to right, are Jeshpah—bold, mischievous, protective of his mother; Little Elsa, the wildest of the three; and Gopa, who was rather cautious and jealous. Top right, Elsa herself.



## Introduction

By JULIAN HUXLEY

LAST September my wife and I had an unforgettable experience. We saw Elsa, followed by her three cubs, burst into the clearing in the Kenya bush where the Adamsons periodically camped. The cubs sat themselves down to look and watch, interested but aloof, while Elsa sprang toward Joy Adamson as toward an intimate friend, putting her great paws on Joy's shoulders and almost knocking her over with the vigor of her greeting.

So it was really true . . . True that a full-grown lioness, after she had established a strong emotional attachment to Mrs. Adamson and her husband, had been deliberately left in the wild bush, had found a wild mate, had produced those wild-born cubs, and yet retained this personal involvement with her human friends.

You may quarrel with that word *personal* as applied to a mere animal. But, after having seen Elsa with the Adamsons as well as having read Mrs. Adamson's two books, I insist that it is the right one. By a passionate patience and an understanding love, Joy Adamson succeeded in eliciting something in

the nature of an organised personality out of an animal's individuality, set of its instincts strung on the simple thread of its memory.

Of course, something of the sort can happen with dogs or with chimpanzees. But in such cases the emergent animal personalities are elicited in domesticated or captive creatures, unable to escape from their captivity into full natural freedom. But Elsa was fully integrated with the life of the wild.

I find this not only interesting but moving. The story of Elsa, set forth in detail in this and Mrs. Adamson's previous book, demonstrates the wealth of potentialities in higher mammals, waiting to be drawn out and elicited into actuality. And it shows that the best and perhaps the only method of eliciting those hidden potentialities in any fullness is through emotional but intelligent involvement, by way of what I have called understanding love.

This, I think, is important. It is important for

the progress of science. It means that in the young science of Animal Behaviour (or Ethology, as it is now called), the investigator will only obtain his most valuable results by supplementing his scientific objectivity with an understanding and even affectionate approach to the animals with which he is working.

The main interest of the book lies in its account of the psychological development of Elsa and her family.

Again, I expect that purists will quarrel with the word *psychological*: *behavioural* is now the orthodox term. But again I insist that it is correct.

Higher vertebrates, and especially the higher mammals, have brains and behaviours similar to ours in many essential ways. Why deny them psychological experiences similar to ours?

All in all, *Living Free* is a remarkable story, as extraordinary as *Born Free*, and in many ways more interesting.

— JULIAN HUXLEY

See overleaf

## Story of Elsa and her cubs

# LIVING

● When Joy and George Adamson learned that Elsa had mated with a wild lion there began a long period of suspense and fears for Elsa's safety during pregnancy. But finally Elsa brought her cubs out of their hiding place in the bush to see Joy.



It was between August 29 and September 4, 1959, that my husband, George, actually saw Elsa and her lion courting. Quickly he made a calculation—108 days gestation—this meant that cubs might arrive between the 15th and 21st December.

When on his return to our home at Isiolo he told me what he had seen I could hardly bear not to start off for camp alone, for I was afraid that Elsa might now follow her mate into a world beyond our reach.

But when we arrived she was there waiting for us by the big rock close to the car track.

She was very affectionate and also very hungry.

As our tents were being pitched, her lion started calling and during the night he circled round the camp, while she remained with George, eating heartily and quite uninterested in her mate's appeal.

For two days she remained in camp eating so enormously that she was too sleepy to move till the afternoon, when she went out fishing with George.

During the third night she ate so much that we were quite worried about her; yet in the morning, in spite of her bulging belly, she trotted into the bush with us and first stalked two jackals and then a flock of guinea fowl. Of course, each time she closed in on them they flew off, whereupon she sat down and licked her paws.

On our walk home Elsa, full of high spirits and affection, rolled me over several times in the sand, while I listened to the trumpeting of elephants which were much too close for my liking.

That night she slept in front of my tent, but just before dawn her lion started calling and she went off in his direction.

Their calls were easy to distinguish; Elsa has a very deep guttural voice, but after her initial roar only gives two or three whuffing grunts, whereas her lion's voice is less deep and after his roar he always gives at least ten or twelve grunts.

During Elsa's absence we broke camp and left for Isiolo hoping that she was in the company of her mate. We were able to return to the camp on October 10.

It was three weeks since we had left Elsa;

an hour after our arrival we saw her swimming across the river to greet us, but instead of the exuberant welcome she usually gave us, she walked slowly up to me. She did not seem to be hungry and was exceptionally gentle and quiet.

Patting her, I noticed that her skin had become extremely soft and her coat unusually glossy. I saw, too, that four of her five nipples were very large.

She was pregnant. There was no doubt about it. She must have conceived a month ago.

It is widely believed that a pregnant lioness, who is handicapped in hunting by her condition, is helped by one or two other lionesses who act as "aunts." They are also supposed to assist in looking after the new-born cubs, for the male is not of much practical use on such occasions and, indeed, is often not allowed near the young lions for some weeks.

Since poor Elsa had no "aunts," it would be our job to replace them. George and I talked over plans to help to feed her and avoid any risk of her injuring herself during her pregnancy.

I was to stay in camp as much as I could and at the nearest Game Scout Post, some twenty-five miles away, we would establish a herd of goats from which I could collect a few in my truck at regular intervals.

Of the Africans working with us, Nuru would remain with me to help with Elsa, and Makedde would guard us with his rifle, Ibrahim could drive, and I would keep one boy, the Toto (the word "Toto" means "child" in Swahili), to act as personal servant.

George would visit us as often as his work allowed. As though she had understood our conversation, Elsa hopped on to my camp bed as soon as it was made ready and looked as if she thought it the only suitable place for someone in her condition.

From now on she took possession of it, and when, next morning, as I did not feel well, I had it carried down to the studio, she came to share it with me. This was uncomfortable, so after a time I tipped it over and rolled her off.

This indignity caused her to retire, offended, into the river reeds till the late afternoon, when it was time for our walk.

When I called her she stared at me intently, advanced determinedly up to my bed, stepped on to it, squatted, lifted her tail, and

did something she had never before done in so unsuitable a place.

Then, with a very self-satisfied expression, she jumped down and took the lead on our walk.

Apparently, now that she had had her revenge, everything was again all right between us.

### "Hungry, wounded"

I observed that her movements were very slow and that even the noise of elephants close by only made her cock her ears. That night she rested in George's tent, unresponsive to the call of a lion who seemed to be very near the camp.

As in the early morning the lion was still calling, we took Elsa for a walk in his direction. There, to our surprise, we found the spoor of two lions.

When she began to show an interest in these pug marks we left her and returned home. She did not come back that night, so we were surprised to hear a lion grunting extremely close to the camp. (Indeed, in the morning his pug marks proved that he had been within ten yards of our tent.) The next day Elsa again stayed away. Hoping to make the lions kindly disposed toward her, George shot a buck and left it as a farewell gift; then we returned to Isiolo for two weeks.

On our return it was dark when we reached camp, but Elsa appeared within a few moments. She was extremely thin, very hungry, and had deep, bleeding gashes and

bites on her neck and also the claw marks of a lion on her back.

While she gnawed the meat we had brought and I dressed her wounds, she responded by licking me and rubbing her head against mine.

During the night we heard her dragging the carcass down to the river and splashing across with it, and later we heard her returning. Shortly afterwards some baboons gave an alarm and were answered by a lion across the river. Elsa replied from our side with soft moans.

Very early in the morning she tried to force her way through the wicker door of the thorn enclosure which surrounds my tent. She pushed her head half through, but then got stuck. Her attempt to free herself caused the door to give way, and she finally entered wearing the gate round her neck like a collar. I freed her at once, but she seemed restless and in need of reassurance, for she sucked my thumb frantically.

Though she was hungry she made no attempt to recover or to guard her "kill" as she usually does. All she did was to listen intently when any sound came from the direction of the carcass. We were puzzled by this odd behaviour, so George went to investigate what had happened to the "kill." He discovered that Elsa had taken it across the river, but the spoor he found on the far side suggested that another lioness had then dragged it about four hundred yards, eaten part of it, and afterwards taken the remains toward some nearby rocks.

Assuming that this lioness had cubs concealed in the rocks, George did not go on with his search. He observed, however, that beside the spoor of the strange lioness were the pug marks of a lion—and that they were not those of Elsa's husband. The evidence suggested that this lion had not touched the meat but had followed the lioness at some distance and left the "kill" to her.

Does this mean that, though lions are not of much use to a lioness who is in cub or nursing and therefore handicapped for hunting, they do make sacrifices for their mate?

Had Elsa, though she was hungry, suffering from still unhealed wounds, and herself in need of an "aunt" on account of her pregnancy, gone to the help of a nursing lioness? This was something we could only wonder about.

She was now rather heavy and all exercise had become an effort to her.

Now, when she came with me to the

● One cub dangled from her mouth.



● Another miaowed on the far bank.



● Finally, the whole family crossed.



# FREE

by Joy Adamson



studio, she often lay on the table. I was puzzled about this, for though the table is perhaps a cooler place, it was certainly a lot harder than my bed or the soft sand below.

During the following day Elsa shared her time between her mate and me. On our last night in camp, Elsa made a terrific meal of goat and then, very heavy in the belly, went to join her lion, who had been calling for her for many hours. Her absence gave us an excellent opportunity to leave for Isilo.

It was the hottest time of the year and there was a severe drought. The tribesmen, who in general avoided the region round Elsa's camp because it is infested with a type of tsetse fly which is fatal to domestic stock, now offered to pay in order to be allowed to bring their flocks into the reserve.

The District Commissioner and George had several meetings with them and did their best to provide a solution to their problem, but, in spite of this, trespassing and poaching increased.

In the second week of November on our way back we got near Elsa's lie-up to find the spoor of many sheep and goats and the camp site itself patterned with hoof marks. I trembled to think what might have happened to her should she have killed one of the goats which had been grazing so provocatively in what she regarded as her private domain.

George sent a patrol of Game Scouts to deal with the poachers while he and I went out to look for Elsa.

For some hours we walked through the bush, calling to her and at intervals shooting into the air, but there was no response. After dark a lion began to call from the direction of the Big Rock, but we listened in vain for Elsa's voice.

We had run out of thunder flashes, so when it became dark all we could do to let her know that we were there was to turn on the penetrating howl of the air-raid siren, a relic of Mau-Mau days. In the past it had often brought her into camp.

## "Wild paradise"

It was answered by the lion; we sounded it again, and again he replied, and this strange conversation went on until it was interrupted by Elsa's arrival. She knocked us all over; as her body was wet, we realised that she must have swum across the river and had come from the opposite direction to that from which the lion was calling.

She seemed very fit and was not hungry. She left at dawn, but returned at tea-time when we were setting out for our walk. We climbed up the Big Rock and sat there watching the sun sink like a fireball behind the indigo hills.

At first Elsa blended into the warm red-

dish color of the rock as if she were part of it, then she was silhouetted against the fading sky in which a full moon was rising. It seemed as though we were all on a giant ship anchored in a purple-grey sea of bush out of which a few islands of granite outcrop rose. It was so vast a view, so utterly peaceful and timeless, that I felt as though I were on a "magic ship" gliding away from reality into a world where man-created values crumble to nothing.

Instinctively I stretched my hand toward Elsa, who sat close to me; she belonged to this world and only through her were we allowed to glance into a paradise which we had lost. I imagined Elsa in the future playing with her happy little cubs on this rock, cubs whose father was a wild lion: and at this very moment he might be waiting nearby.

She rolled on her back and hugged me close to her. Carefully I laid my hand below her ribs to feel whether any life were moving within her, but she pushed it away, making me feel as though I had committed an indiscretion. Certainly her nipples were already very large.

Soon we had to return to camp, to the safety of our thorn enclosure, and the lamps and rifles with which we armed ourselves against those dark hours in which Elsa's real life began.

This was the moment at which we parted, each to return to our own world.

A few days later the evening was lit by lightning, a sure sign that the rain would start soon. Never had I greeted the first downpour with such a sense of relief. For this drenching meant the tribesmen would return to their pastures and temptation and danger would be removed from Elsa's path.

Daily now the parched ground was soaked by showers. The transformation which always results from the onset of the rains is something which cannot be imagined by anyone who has not actually witnessed it.

A few days before we had been surrounded by grey, dry, crackling bush, in which long white thorns provided the only variation in color. Now on every side there was lush tropical vegetation decked with myriads of multi-colored flowers, and the air was heavy with their scent.

In camp, evening is the time that I like best, for it is then that one becomes aware of the monotonous vibrations of the crickets and the rumble of the elephants, the hum of the bush, pierced occasionally by the cry of some nocturnal animal.

It is then, too, that one sees the great belt of light, some ten feet wide, formed by thousands upon thousands of fireflies whose green phosphorescence bridges the shoulder-high grass. The fluorescent band composed of these tiny organisms lights up and goes out with a precision which is perfectly syn-

chronised, as though controlled by a mechanical device.

I had spent many rainy seasons in camp, but never before had I seen such a brilliant display.

When George returned, he brought a zebra for Elsa. This was a special treat. As soon as she heard the vibrations of the car she appeared, spotted the "kill," and tried to pull the carcass out of the Landrover. Then, finding it too heavy for her, she walked over to where the boys were standing and, jerking her head at the zebra, made it plain that she needed help. They hauled the heavy animal a short distance amid much laughter and then waited for Elsa to start her meal. To our astonishment, although zebra was her favorite meat, she did not eat, but stood by the river roaring in her loudest voice.

## The lion's share

We presumed that she was inviting her mate to join in the feast. This would have been good lion manners, for, according to the habit of prides, while the females do most of the killing they then have to wait to satisfy their hunger until the lion has had his fill.

The next morning, November 22, she swam across the heavily flooded river, came up to the zebra, and roared repeatedly in the direction of the rocky range which is on our side of the river.

I noticed that she had a deep gash across one of her front paws, but she refused to have it dressed, and after she had eaten as much as she could she went off toward the rocks.

That night it rained for eight hours, and the river turned into a torrent which it would have been very dangerous for Elsa to cross even though she is a powerful swimmer. I was therefore very pleased to see her in the morning returning from the Big Rock.

Her knee was very swollen and she allowed me to attend to her cut paw.

I noticed that she had great difficulty in producing her excrement, and when I inspected the faeces I was surprised to see a rolled-up piece of zebra skin which, when unfolded, was as large as a soup plate. The hair had been digested, but the hide was half an inch thick. I marvelled at the capacity of wild animals to rid themselves of such objects without suffering any internal injury.

For several days she divided her time between us and her lion.

When George returned from a patrol he brought Elsa a goat. Usually she dragged her "kill" into the tent, presumably to avoid the trouble of having to guard it, but this time she left it lying beside the car in a spot which could not be seen from the tent. During the night her mate came and had a

good feed; we wondered whether this was what she had intended.

We were now faced with a problem. We wanted to help Elsa, who was increasingly handicapped by her pregnancy, by providing her with regular food, but we did not wish to interfere with her relations with her mate by our continued presence in the camp. He had a good right to resent this, but did he in fact object to us?

On the whole, we thought that he did not, and I think we were justified in our opinion for, during the next six months, though we did not see him, we often heard his characteristic ten or twelve whuffing grunts and recognised his spoor, which proved that he remained Elsa's constant companion.

Though he still kept out of our sight, he had become bolder and bolder, but an extraordinary kind of truce seemed to have been established between us. He had come to know our routine as intimately as we had come to know his habits. He shared Elsa's company with us and we thought that in return he could fairly expect an occasional meal as compensation.

In view of his attitude we stilled our qualms of conscience and stayed on.

One afternoon, walking with Elsa through the bush, we climbed to the top of Elsa's favorite rock and took some photographs of her. She posed beautifully until she heard her lion calling from just below; then she went down the rock into a steep ravine. Watching her, I was amazed that such a heavy animal should be able to keep its balance on the almost vertical rock face.

On December 1 in the afternoon she came back and accompanied us when we walked to a rain pool; there she lay at the water's edge while I sat next to her and killed the tsetse flies which, in the failing light, were beginning to bite.

Next morning George had to leave; I stayed on, and Elsa spent three days in camp with me in spite of the continual calling of her mate.

It was now nearly mid-December, and we believed that the cubs might arrive at any moment.

Elsa was so heavy that every movement seemed to require an effort; if she had been living a normal life she would certainly have taken exercise, so I did my best to make her go for walks with me, but she kept close to the tents.

We wondered what place she would choose for her delivery, and even thought that since she had always considered our tent as her safest "den" the cubs might be born in it.

We therefore prepared a feeding-bottle and laid in some tinned milk and some glucose, and I read all the books and pamphlets I could find on animal births and possible complications.

The river was now in flood, and George and I decided to walk three miles downstream to

Continued on page 27

● From this rock Elsa disappeared into the bush just before the cubs were born.



hold  
it  
lady!



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# LIVING FREE "Christmas—but is Elsa alive?"

Continued from page 25

look at some cataracts which are very impressive when the water is high. Elsa watched our departure from the top of the Landrover. She made no attempt to join us and looked sleepy.

On our way back, as soon as I was out of earshot of the cataracts, I heard Elsa's familiar *huk-huk* and soon saw her trotting along the path as quickly as she could to join us. She was covered with tsetse flies, but she greeted us most affectionately before she flung herself on the ground and tried to rid herself of the flies by rolling.

I was very touched that she had made the effort to join us, the more so that, though her lion had roared desperately for her during the whole of the previous night and had gone on doing so until nine in the morning, she had made no attempt to join him.

This was very gratifying, but it also reminded us of our fear that her lion might get tired of sharing her with us. It had taken us a very long time to find a mate for her; it would be unforgivable if our interference now caused him to leave her. We wanted her cubs to grow up as wild lions, and to do this they needed their father.

We decided to go away for three days. It was, of course, a risk, for the cubs might be born during this time and Elsa might need us, but we thought the danger that her lion might desert her the greater of the two evils—so we left.

We returned on December 16 and found a very hungry Elsa waiting for us. For two days she remained in camp; possibly frequent thunderstorms made her reluctant to leave its shelter. She did, however, to our surprise, take a few short walks, always to the Big Rock, but returned quickly. She ate unbelievably, and we felt that she was stocking up a reserve for the days that lay ahead.

On the night of December 18 she crept in the dark through the thorn fence which surrounded my tent and spent the night close to my bed. This was something which she had very rarely done, and I took it as a sign that she felt that her time was near.

## Elsa in pain

The next day when George and I went for a walk Elsa followed us, but she had to sit down at intervals panting, and was plainly in great discomfort. When we saw this we turned back and walked very slowly. Suddenly to our astonishment she turned off into the bush in the direction of the Big Rock.

She did not return during that night, but in the morning we heard her calling in a very weak voice. We thought this meant that she had had her cubs and went out to trace her spoor. These led us close to the rock, but the grass was so high that we lost track of her. The rock range is about a mile long, and though we searched for a long time we could not discover where she was.

We set out again in the afternoon and eventually we spotted her through our field-glasses. She was standing on the Big Rock, and from her silhouette we saw that she was still pregnant.

We climbed up and found her lying close to a large boulder which stood at the top of a wide cleft in the rock; near to it there was

some grass and a small tree provided shade. This place had always been one of Elsa's favorite "lookouts," and we felt that it would make an ideal nursery, since inside the cleft was a rainproof and well-protected cave.

We left her to take the initiative, and presently she came slowly toward us, walking very carefully and obviously in pain. She greeted us very affectionately, but I noticed that her labor had started.

When I came near her she got up and moved to the edge of the rock, and remained there with her head turned away from us. It seemed to me that she chose this precipitous position to make sure that no one could follow her. At intervals she came back and rubbed her head very gently against mine, and then walked determinedly back to the boulder, making it plain that she wished to be left alone.

Since there was nothing we could do to help her, we went back to camp. After dark we heard her lion calling; there was no reply.

I lay awake most of the night thinking about her, and when, toward morning, it started to rain, my anxiety increased, and I could hardly bear to wait till it was light to go out and try to discover what had happened.

Very early George and I set out; first we followed the spoor of Elsa's lion. He had been close to the camp, had dragged off the very smelly carcass of the goat which Elsa had not touched for three days, and had eaten it in the bush. Then he had walked to the rock near to the place where we had seen Elsa disappear.

We wondered what we should do next. We did not want our curiosity to bring any risk to the cubs, and we were aware that captive lionesses who have been disturbed soon after giving birth to cubs have been known to kill their young. We also thought that her lion might be very near, so we decided to stop our search; instead, George went off and shot a large water buck to provide Elsa and her mate with plenty of food.

I, in the meantime, climbed the Big Rock and waited for an hour, listening for any sound which might give us a clue to Elsa's whereabouts. I strained my ears but all was still; finally I could bear the suspense no longer and called. There was no answer. Was Elsa dead?

IT was now four days since we had seen Elsa and six since she had eaten anything, unless she had shared the water buck with her mate.

We believed that she had given birth to the cubs on the night of the 20th December and we did not think that it could be a coincidence that her lion, who had not been about for days, had reappeared on that night and remained close to the rock ever since; which was most unusual.

On Christmas Eve George went to get a goat while I continued the fruitless search and called to Elsa without getting any answer.

It was with a heavy heart that I prepared our little Christmas tree. In the past I had always improvised one; sometimes I took a small candelabra euphorbia, from whose symmetrical branches I hung tinsel chains and into whose fleshy fibre I stuck candles; sometimes I used an aloe with its wide-spreading sprays of flowers, sometimes a seedling of the

thorny balanitis tree, which is very ornamental and has splendid spikes on which to hang decorations.

When I could find nothing else I filled a dish with sand, stuck candles into it and decorated it with whatever plants I could pick in our semi-desert surroundings.

But tonight I had a real little tree complete with glittering tinsel branches, sparkling decorations, and candles. I placed it on a table outside the tents, which I had covered with flowers and greenery. Then I collected the presents which I had brought for George, Makedde, Nuru, Ibrahim, the Toto, and the cook, and the sealed envelopes containing money for the boys, on which I had painted a Christmas tree branch. There were also packets of cigarettes and dates and tins of milk for them.

I changed quickly into a frock and by then it was dark enough to light the candles. I called the men, who came dressed up for the occasion, grinning but a little shy, for never before had they seen a Christmas tree of this kind.

I must admit to having been myself deeply moved when I saw the little silver tree sparkling in the vast darkness of the surrounding bush, bringing the message of the birth of Christ.

On Christmas Eve I always feel like a small child. To break the tension, I told the men about the European custom of celebrating Christmas Eve with a tree. After I had given them their presents, we all gave three cheers for "Elsa—Elsa, Elsa."

The sound seemed to hang on the air and I felt a lump rise in my throat—was she alive?

Quickly I told the cook to bring in the plum pudding which he had brought from Isiolo and then to pour brandy over it and light it. But no bluish flame arose, for our Christmas pudding was a soggy mass which had a distinct smell of Worcestershire sauce.

Certainly the cook had never before been in charge of such a ritual; he had paid no attention to my instructions, and had remained fixed in his belief that George so loved his sauce that it must be appropriate to souse even the plum pudding with it.

Early on Christmas morning we went in search of Elsa. We followed the lion's spoor across the river, and again screened the bush all round the spot to which he had dragged the water buck. After hours of fruitless tracking we came back for breakfast. During the morning George shot at an aggressive cobra which we found close to the camp.

Later we set out once more for the rocky range; something seemed to tell us that if Elsa were still alive that was where she was. We wriggled through dense bush, and I crept hopefully into every crevice trying to prevent myself from expecting to find Elsa dead but hidden from the vultures by the impenetrable thorn thickets.

When we were all tired out we sat down to rest in the shade of an overhanging rock and discussed every possible fate which might have overtaken Elsa. We were very depressed, and even Nuru and Makedde spoke in subdued voices.

At midday we returned to camp and began a very gloomy and silent Christmas meal.

Suddenly there was a swift movement, and before I could take in what was happening

Elsa was between us sweeping everything off the table, knocking us to the ground, sitting on us, and overwhelming us with joy and affection.

While this was going on the boys appeared and Elsa gave them, too, a full share of her greetings.

Her figure was normal again, she looked superbly fit, but her teats were very small and apparently dry; round each was a dark-red circle some two inches wide. Cautiously I squeezed a teat; it produced no milk.

We gave her some meat which she immediately ate. Meanwhile, we discussed many questions.

Why had she come to visit us during the hottest part of the day, a time when normally she would never move?

Could it be that she had chosen it deliberately because it was the safest time to leave the cubs, since few predators would be on the prowl in such heat; or had she heard the shot which George had fired at the cobra and she had taken it as a signal to her?

Why were her teats small and dry? Had she just suckled the cubs? But this would not seem to explain why her milk glands which had been so big during her pregnancy had now shrunk to their normal size.

Had the cubs died? And whatever had happened, why had she waited for five days before coming to us for food?

After she had had a good meal and drunk some water she rubbed her head affectionately against us, walked about thirty yards down the river, lay down and had a doze. We left her alone, so that she should feel at ease. When I looked for her at tea-time she had gone.

We followed her spoor for a short way; it led toward the rock range, but we soon lost it and returned none the wiser about her cubs. However, now that we were reassured about Elsa our morale was restored.

During the night we heard her lion calling from the other side of the river, but she did not answer him.

Next day we began to worry about the cubs. If they were alive was their mother able to suckle them from those dry teats? We tried to comfort ourselves by saying that the red rings round them were probably due to blood-vessels being broken by sucking, but we were very anxious because we had been warned by zoo authorities that hand-reared lionesses often produce abnormal cubs which do not live, and indeed one of Elsa's sisters had suffered such a misfortune.

We felt we just must know about the cubs and rescue them if necessary. So the next morning we searched for five hours, but we did not find so much as a dropping or a crushed leaf, let alone any spoor to show where Elsa's nursery was.

We carried on equally unsuccessfully in the afternoon. While plodding through the bush George nearly stepped on an exceptionally large puff adder and was lucky to be able to shoot it just before it could strike.

Half an hour later we heard Ibrahim popping off a gun, a signal that Elsa had arrived in camp.

Obviously she had responded to the shot with which George had dispatched the puff adder.

## Angry lioness

She was most affectionate to us when we got back, but we were alarmed to observe that her teats were still small and dry. Ibrahim, however, assured us that when she had arrived they and her milk glands had been enormous, hanging low and swinging from side to side.

He also told us that her behaviour had been very unusual. When he fetched the gun from the kitchen which was in the direction from which she had come she dashed angrily at him. Possibly she thought he was going to her cubs.

Later when he went to the studio to collect her meat which was hanging there in the shade, she had prevented him from touching her "kill."

After this she had settled on the Landrover and it was then that Ibrahim noticed that her teats and glands had shrunk to their normal size.

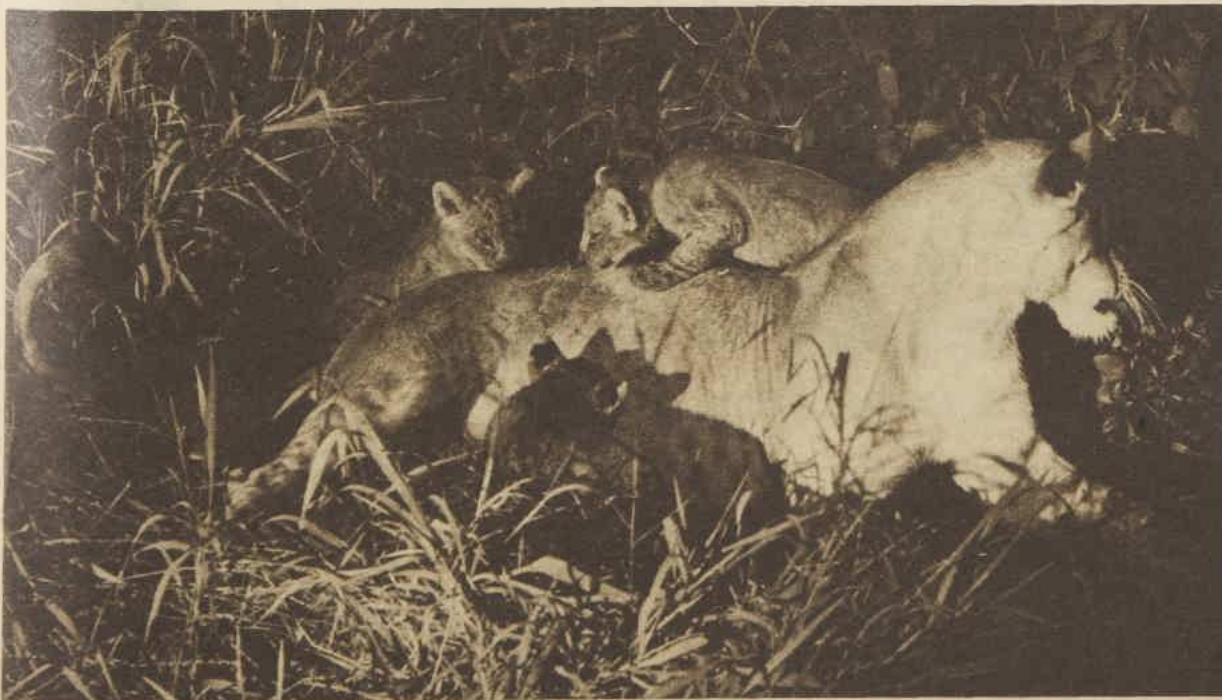
She had, he said, "tucked them up," and he told us that camels and cattle can withhold their milk by retracting their teats.

If then their owner insists on getting milk he is obliged to tie the animal to a tree and apply several tourniquets; these have the effect of raising the pressure of the blood in the muscles until it reaches a point when they automatically relax and it becomes possible to start milking.

We wondered whether such a retraction explained the peculiar state of Elsa's teats. Was it not possible that a lioness might be

Continued on page 29

● "The cubs began to climb on their mother's back and to play with her switching tail."





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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — October 25, 1961

# LIVING FREE

## "A stern rebuke from Elsa"

Continued from page 27

capable of a similar reaction and would contract her teats when hunting?

Certainly if she could not do this she would be greatly handicapped by her heavy undercarriage, and besides this her teats might be injured by the thorny bush.

While we were asking ourselves these questions Elsa, having eaten enormously, had settled down and showed no intention of returning to her cubs.

This alarmed me because it was getting dark, and the worst moment to leave them alone.

We tried to induce her to return to them by walking along the path down which she had come.

She followed us reluctantly, listening alertly in the direction of the rock, but soon returned to camp. We wondered whether she might be afraid that we would follow her and find her cubs. Meanwhile she went back to her meal and it was only after she had methodically cleaned up every scrap of it that, much to our relief, she disappeared into the dark. Very likely she had waited till there was no light to make sure we could not follow her.

We were now convinced that she was looking after her cubs. But after the warnings we had had from the zoo experts we could not be happy until we had seen for ourselves that they were normal.

We made one more unsuccessful search before our return to Isiolo where we spent the last three days of December. On our way back we hooted several times before we reached camp to let Elsa know we were arriving and found her waiting for us on top of a large boulder at the point at which the track passes the end of the Big Rock.

She hopped in among the boys at the back of the Landrover, then she went to the trailer in which there was a dead goat. I had rarely seen her so hungry.

I noticed at once that her teats were still small and dry; I squeezed them, but no milk came. We thought this a bad sign and after she had spent seven hours in camp, eating and hopping on and off the Landrover, we began to be afraid that she no longer had any cubs to look after. She only left us at two in the morning.

Very early we set out and followed her spoor which led towards the Big Rock. Close to it was what seemed to us an ideal home for a lioness and her family. Very large boulders gave complete shelter and they were surrounded by bush that was almost impenetrable. We made straight for the topmost boulder and from it tried to look down into the centre of the "den." We saw no pug marks but there were signs that some animal had used it as a lie-up.

Nearby we observed some old blood spoor. This was very close to the place where we had seen Elsa in labor, so we thought that she had perhaps given birth to the cubs there. On the other hand, we had been within three feet of it on one of our previous searches and it seemed almost impossible that Elsa should have been there hiding her cubs and not made us aware of her presence.

As though to prove that we were wrong in thinking this, after we had called loudly for half an hour, she suddenly appeared out of a cluster of bush only twenty yards away. She seemed rather shocked at seeing us, stared and kept silent and very still as though hoping we would not come nearer.

Perhaps we were so close to her nursery that she thought it better to appear and so prevent us from finding it. After a few moments, she walked up to us and was very affectionate to George, myself, Makedde, and the Toto, but never uttered a sound. To my relief I saw that her teats were twice their normal length and that the hair around them was still wet from suckling.

Soon she went slowly back towards the bush and stood, for about five minutes, with her back turned towards us listening intently for any sound from the thicket. Then she sat down, still with her back turned to us. It was as though she wanted to say to us: "Here my private world begins and you must not trespass."

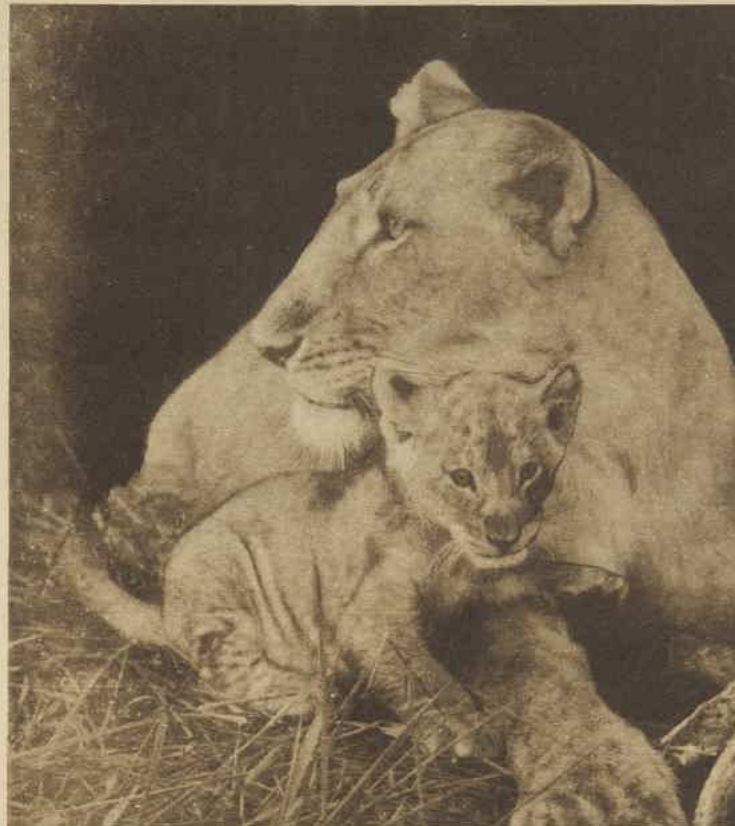
It was a dignified demonstration and no words could have conveyed her wishes more clearly.

We sneaked away as quietly as we could, making a detour in order to climb to the top of the Big Rock. From it we looked down and saw her sitting just as we had left her.

Obviously she had got our scent, knew just what we were doing, and did not intend to let us discover her lie-up.

This made me realise how unaware we had been, in spite of our intimacy with Elsa, of the reactions of wild animals. It amused me to remember how we had prepared ourselves against the possibility of the cubs being born in our tent and how we had flattered ourselves that Elsa regarded it as the place in which she felt safest.

Although the spoor we had recently found had all led towards the lower rock, we thought



● "I noticed immediately that the cub with the lightest coat always cuddled up under her chin if possible."

it possible that the cubs had been born in the boulder hideout and that later Elsa had moved them about thirty yards to where they now were.

If this were the case she had probably made the move after the rains stopped — for while the boulder lie-up was rainproof, the new one was not, though otherwise it was an ideal nursery.

We decided that we must respect Elsa's wishes and not try to see the cubs until she brought them to us, which we felt sure she would do one day. I determined to stay on in camp in order to provide her with food so that she would have no need to leave her family unguarded for long periods while she went out hunting for them. We also decided to take her meals to her, so as to reduce the time during which she had to desert the cubs.

### "You're spying!"

We put our plan into immediate operation and that afternoon went by car close to her lie-up. We knew that Elsa would associate the vibrations of the engine with us and with food.

As we neared the place where we had last seen her we started to call out — "Maji, Chakula, Nyama" — Swahili words, meaning water, food, meat, with which Elsa was familiar.

Soon she came, was as affectionate as usual, and ate a lot. While she had her head in a basin, which we had sunk in the ground to keep it steady, and was busy drinking, we went off. She looked round when she heard the engine start but made no move to follow us.

Two days later, George went off to Isiolo. Elsa stayed in camp with me till the late afternoon, then I saw her sneak into the bush upstream and followed her. Obviously she did not wish to be observed, for when she caught my scent she pretended to sharpen her claws on a tree.

Then, as soon as I turned my back on her, she jumped at me and knocked me over, as though to say, "That's for spying on me!"

Now it was my turn to pretend that I had only come to bring more meat to her. She accepted my excuse, followed me, and began eating again. After this nothing would induce her to return to the cubs until long after night had fallen and I was reading in my tent and she felt certain that I would not be likely to follow her.

During the following days I went on taking food to the spot near to which we believed the cubs to be. Whenever I met Elsa on these occasions, she took great pains to conceal the whereabouts of her lie-up, often doubling back on her tracks, no doubt to puzzle me.

One afternoon when I was passing the Big Rock I saw a very strange animal standing

on it. In the dim light it looked like a cross between a hyena and a small lion. When it saw me it sneaked off with the gait of a cat. It had obviously spotted the cubs and I was much alarmed.

If I continued to leave food close to Elsa's nursery, would it not attract predators? Alternatively, if I kept the meat in camp and Elsa had to desert her cubs to come and fetch it, might they not be killed while she was absent? Faced with these two unsatisfactory choices, I decided, on balance, to go on providing food near to her lie-up.

When I did so on the following evening, I heard the growls of several lions close to me and Elsa appeared to be both very nervous and very thirsty.

After this I made up my mind that in spite of her disapproval I had better find out how many cubs there were and whether they were all right. I might then, be able to help in an emergency.

On the 11th of January I did an unpardonable thing. I left a Game Scout (Makedde was ill) with the rifle on the road below and, accompanied by the Toto, whom Elsa knew well, I climbed the rock-face calling repeatedly to warn her of our approach.

She did not answer. I told the Toto to take off his sandals so as not to make any noise.

When we had reached the top we stood on the edge of the cliff and raked the bush below with our field-glasses. Immediately under us was the place from which Elsa had emerged the first time, when we had surprised her and she had stood on guard.

Now there was no sign of her, but the place looked like a well-used nursery and was ideal for the purpose.

Although I was concentrating very hard on my examination of the bush below us I suddenly had a strange feeling, dropped my field-glasses, turned, and saw Elsa creeping up behind the Toto. I had just time to shout a warning to him before she knocked him down. She had crept up the rock behind us quite silently and the Toto only missed toppling over the cliff by a hair's breadth and that mainly because his feet were bare which gave him the chance of getting a grip on the rock.

Next Elsa walked over to me and knocked me over in a friendly way, but it was very obvious that she was expressing annoyance at finding us so close to her cubs.

After this demonstration, she walked slowly along the crest of the rock, from time to time looking back over her shoulder to make sure that we were following her. Silently she led us to the far end of the ridge. There we climbed down into the bush. As soon as we were on level ground she rushed ahead, repeatedly turning her head back to confirm that we were coming.

In this way, she took us back to the road, but she made a wide detour, presumably to avoid passing near the cubs. I interpreted her

complete silence as a wish not to alarm them or to prevent them from emerging and following us.

When we walk together I usually pat Elsa occasionally and she likes it, but today she would not allow me to touch her and made it clear that I was in disgrace. Even when she was eating her dinner on the roof of the car back in camp, whenever I came near her she turned away from me.

She did not go to the cubs until it was dark.

Now George came up from Isiolo and we changed guard. Elsa had made me feel that I could do no more spying on her; George had not had the same experience, so he had fewer inhibitions. My curiosity was immense and I felt that it would be a happy compromise if he did "the wrong thing" and I were to profit by his misdeed.

ONE afternoon, while I was at our home in Isiolo a hundred miles away, George crept very quietly up Elsa's Big Rock and peered over the top.

Below he saw her suckling two cubs, and as her head was hidden by an overhanging rock he felt sure that she had not seen him.

Having seen the family, George went back to camp and collected a carcass. This he deposited near the nursery and waited to see what would happen. Elsa did not come to fetch the meat. This made him feel guilty. The meat we had put near to where we imagined her to be had always been eaten.

Did the fact that on this day she refused to go near the "kill" indicate that she was aware that George had spied on her? When, during the following day, she failed to come to camp, George feared that this might be the case.

However, at nightfall she arrived and was so ravenously hungry that she even condescended to eat a Dik Dik, which she usually despises. It was all he had been able to find for her, and I did not return from Isiolo till a few days later, having picked up a new supply of goats en route.

How thrilled I was upon arrival to hear the good news!

George left for Isiolo the next day and I took on the task of supplying Elsa with the vast quantity of food she needed while suckling the cubs.

I noticed very soon that while she was as affectionate as ever to me, even allowing me to hold bones while she gnawed at them, and equally affectionate to George when he was there, she had become much more reserved in her attitude towards Africans, and even her old friends Nuru and Makedde, who had known her since she was a cub, were not allowed to be as familiar with her as they had been before the arrival of her family.

One day Elsa caused me a lot of anxiety by arriving in camp soon after lunch and showing no sign of returning to her family after she had had her meal. When it got dark I tried to induce her to go back to them by walking in their direction accompanied by the Toto.

She began by following us, but after some time turned into the bush, went forward a hundred yards and then sat down with her back towards us blocking our way.

Nothing would budge her, so we took the hint and retired hoping that once we were out of sight she would rejoin her cubs.

The brief sight George had had of the two suckling cubs had not given him time to discover whether they were normal or not and of course he could not tell whether there might be others hidden from his view. So on the afternoon of the 14th January, when Elsa was in camp feeding, he crept off to the Zom rocks, while I kept her company.

For two days she had been constantly in this area, so we supposed that she had changed the place of the nursery.

George climbed up to the top of the centre rock and inside a cleft saw three cubs; two were asleep, but the third was chewing at some sansevieria; it looked up at him, but as its eyes were still blurred and bluish he did not think that it could focus well enough to see him.

### "Unsuspecting"

He took four photographs but did not expect to get good prints, for the cleft in which the cubs lay was rather dark. While he was doing this the two cubs who had been sleeping woke up and crawled about. It seemed to him that they were perfectly healthy.

When he came back to camp and told me the excellent news Elsa was still there and quite unsuspecting.

At dusk we drove her near to the Zom rocks. But only after we had tactfully walked away and she was reassured by hearing our voices fading into the distance did she jump off the Landrover and, presumably, rejoin the cubs.

George now went back to Isiolo.

A few days later—it was 2nd February—

Continued on page 78

# SOLO FOR SEVERAL PLAYERS

She was alone—and aloft in a plane . . . beginning a serial

BY BARBARA JEFFERIS

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN MILLS

**B**ECAUSE the take-off was always a torture to be endured with closed eyes, the plane was a hundred feet or more in the air this day before she knew that anything was wrong.

She opened her eyes as the plane began to bank, saw the sheds and the stockyards rising gently over a wing-tip in their familiar way, turned her head toward Dick to smile the smile that always amused him because it was so obviously relief at still being alive, and screamed so that the sound hurt her own ears when she saw the empty seat.

The plane climbed steadily, its dropped left wing turning it in a slow circle over the great homestead paddocks of the station.

She put a tentative hand toward the control yoke and then withdrew it, all her long fear of flying rushing upon her in one paralysing cloud of panic which stopped her from thinking, stopped her even from being able to focus things properly with her eyes. Her fear seemed to move within her in convulsive waves which ran, again and again, from her throat, through her body and down to her hands and feet as though her veins were drenched with a poison.

With rigid hands she fought the safety-catch of the seat-belt, her one idea to get out, to get out, to get out. But when it opened, freeing her, she was afraid to move in the seat, afraid that a movement would unbalance the plane and send it plummeting down. Again she put out her hands toward the yoke and again withdrew them, and when she looked forward and out the homestead was gone and the plane was still climbing gently, and turning, over anonymous timber.


On the ground Dick Garnett had got up and started to run as the slipstream hit him, shouting instructions that he knew she would never hear. Three horses, the three that had been the indirect cause of

To page 81

As Janet clung to the control yoke she heard a reassuring voice calling her on the radio.







# RICH PEOPLE

*With her magnetic charm  
and worldly sophistication  
Mrs. Bogden cast a spell  
around her . . . a story*

**By NANCY HALE**

ILLUSTRATED BY HOLLAND

**A**FTER the shock of seeing that face in San Francisco, it is no wonder my recurrent, dreamlike memory of Clam Harbor, and the days when I was growing up there, enveloped me once more as I lay last night in my narrow bed, awakened by the ghastly laughter of coyotes out in the Arizona desert. But this time it seemed to come out differently . . . I lay there, worrying about the ailing children in my charge, and gradually, instead of them, I seemed to see the old dock, of silvery, splintered boards supported at the corners by the weathered posts called dolphins.

Remnants of last night's fog drift across the dock in gauzy streamers; it is the middle of the morning and everybody has gone sailing except me. But I am nineteen and I would rather be caught dead than out in a boat with those great hearty brutes in their blue jeans, laughing at their wholesome jokes.

I am sitting on the edge of the dock with my feet hanging over the edge and beside me sits the idol of my life, dressed in a Chanel sweater and tweed skirt, with a long rope of beads around her neck. Mrs. Bogden! She is gazing out to where vignettes of brilliantly blue ocean are framed in the garlands of the mist and telling me about Paris, Saint-Moritz, and Brioni.

Suddenly—as always in this remembered half-dream—she remarks, “The way to be happy is to be always in love, don't you think?”

I nod, and swallow hard, thrilled. Mrs. Bogden lights another of her Turkish cigarettes and turns, toward me, her face with its delightful nose and lips, bordered by exquisitely arranged brown hair. “Don't you?” she repeats. She seems actually to want to know what I think. “Don't you think it is?”

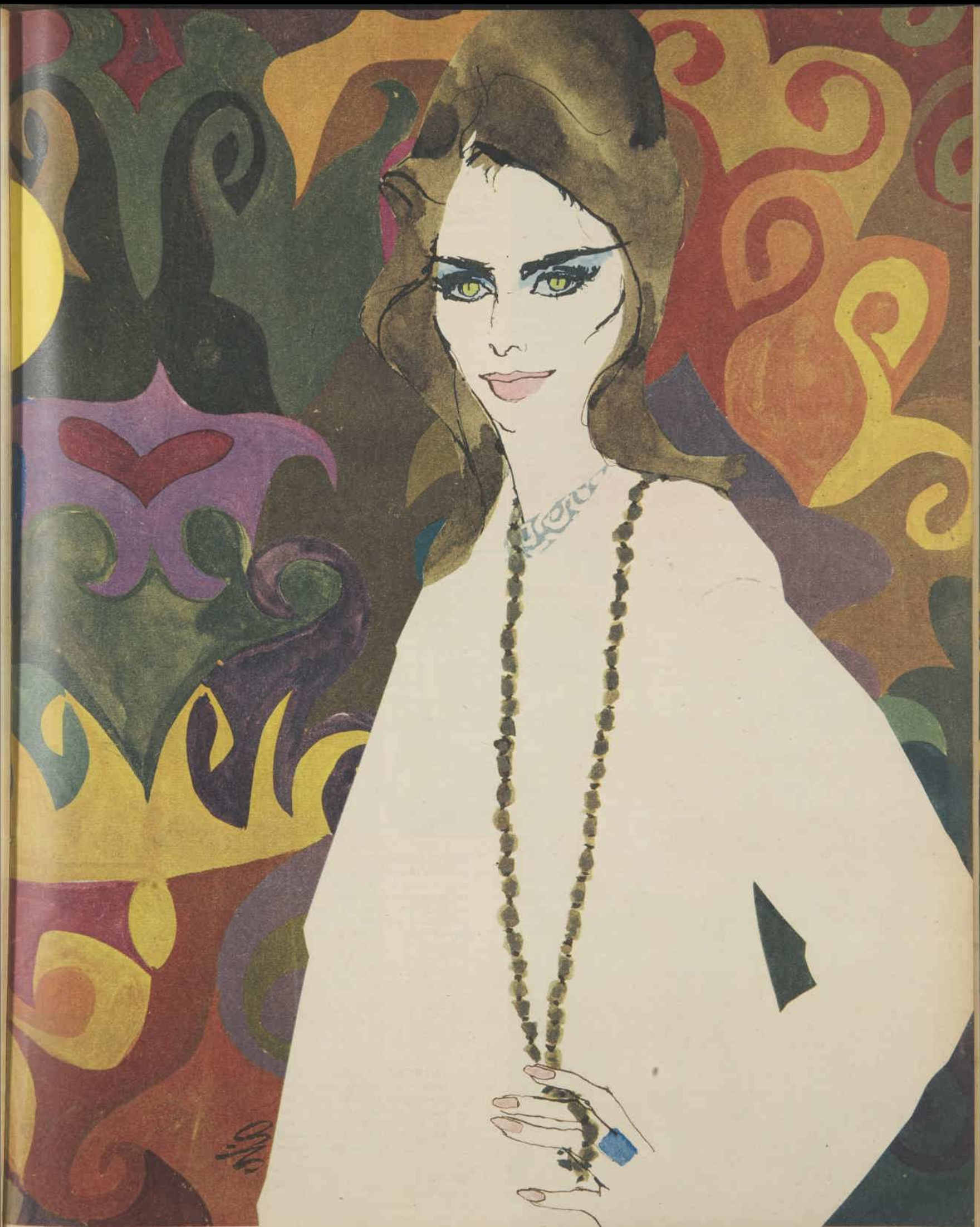
I could never, before last night, reply; either in real life or in the memory. What could such as I tell Mrs. Bogden about anything? Mrs. Bogden, on the other hand, had everything to tell me. I was, at that period, desperately in love myself; and while the condition was making me anything but happy, this present seemed, for me, perpetually on the point of breaking forth into radiant heaven complete with Vionnet angel-wings and harps that played “That Certain Feeling.”

I had fallen in love with a Harvard boy from New York, whose family owned a house in London and a chateau in Newport, who had presented me with a bottle of Guerlain's L'Heure Bleue. Glamor was what I needed to cope with my situation. Glamor was what Mrs. Bogden was compact of.

She was exactly what I wanted—what I needed—to be; down to her long fingertips. Sitting within her aura I thought how wonderful it would seem to be my old Winsor schoolmate Carola Bogden and have such a stepmother who could with easy grace lead the way along the paths of the great world and into the courts of sophistication. My own family seemed to me unsophisticated to the point of imbecility.

A person who never visited Boston in the old days cannot imagine the degree to which simplicity could be cultivated in families like ours. And the sightseer from South

*To page 90*



# VARIATIONS

**SLEEVELESS BLOUSE** of white guipure lace, worn (at left) over a slim pink silk skirt, is an elegant fashion for formal daytime wear. Pink with white is summer news.

**TOWN DRESS** for a hot day is made of pale orange, yellow, and white organza and is worn (at right) with a self-material hat and a self-covered belt. The neck and hemline are points of interest.

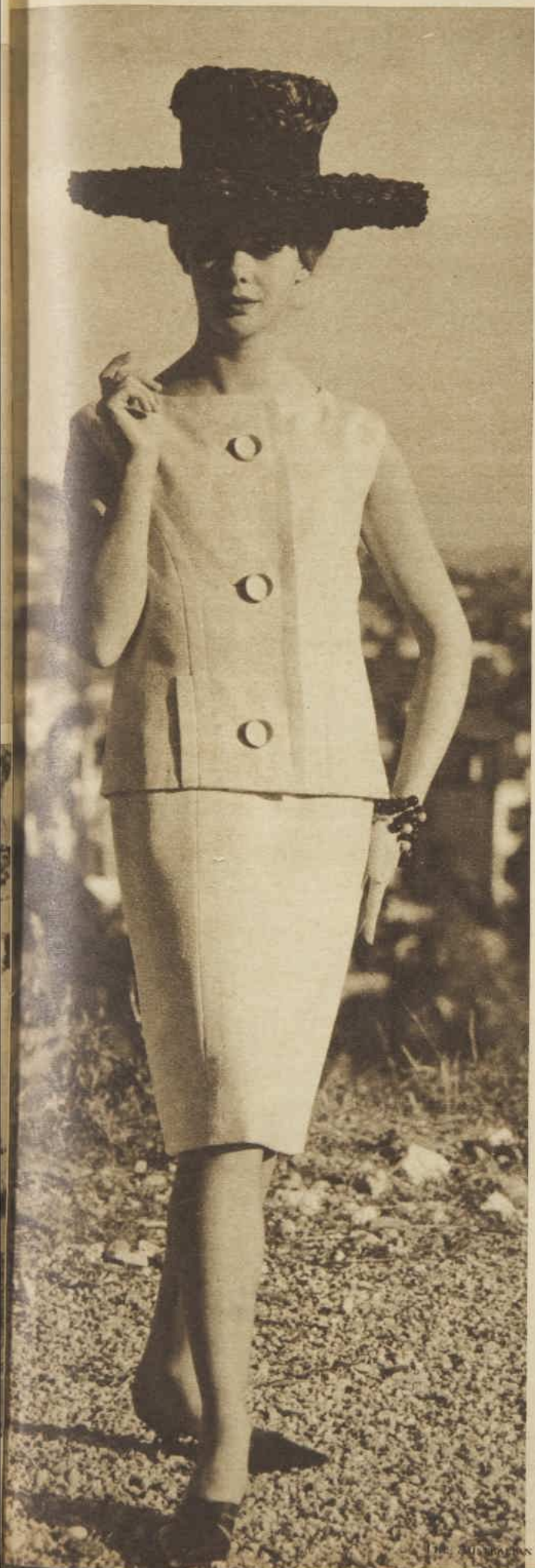


**DOUBLE - SKIRTED** look is given to this dress (above) by an arresting reversal of stripes at the skirt front. The dark stripe, used at waist, hem, and on the skirt, is purely trim. Waist is fitted.

**FLOWERED** white cotton voile (at right) has deep moss-green bands on the loosely fitting cross-over bodice and at the hem of the bouffant skirt. The cartwheel hat is chalk-white straw.



# ON A NO-SLEEVE THEME



● *The cool, carefree cut of these sleeveless fashions solves the dilemma of how to look chic when the temperature soars. Graduating into top fashion items are sheer fabrics, the sparkle of mixed colors, and the cool look of a wide-brimmed straw hat.*

—Betty Keep.

**ELONGATED LINE** and subtle flare of the linen sleeveless and collarless suit-jacket (at left) give it an air of cool distinction. It is worn above a slender straight-cut skirt. Note bulky-crowned hat.

**UTTER RELAXATION** of line is the characteristic of the navy linen jumper-suit with orange trim (at right). The jumper is slit at the hipline and finished with two buttons matched to bodice trim.



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Meeting on neutral ground, a truce was called . . . a short story

# Friendly Enemies

BY JON CLEARY

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN MILLS

I WALKED into the bar out of the eye-cracking glare of the Lourenco Marques Street, and Gerhardt was sitting there at the counter. I blinked, wondering if he were only an illusion, something conjured up out of the past by this return visit to Ruiz' bar; then I became accustomed to the near gloom, saw the bouquet of flags in the bottle on the shelf, and knew that Gerhardt was real. Real enough to kill.

"Hello, Hun." He looked up from the newspaper he was reading. The big hook-nosed face, like that of an old and sated eagle, was abruptly squared off as the heavy jaw came forward. "Remember me?"

He said something in rough Portuguese, and a young girl came out of the shadows at the back of the bar. She looked very young, about eighteen, shy, and pretty; but I saw her with only half an eye, concentrating on Gerhardt. I had trusted him once and had almost died because of it.

Then his face opened up, losing its sullen menace, and he let out a roar, half-laughter, half-surprise, and stood up, even more huge than I had remembered him. "The Australian! Bluey—ja, Bluey! Why—!" He slapped the newspaper open on the counter, laughing aloud now. He was not afraid of me, he was welcoming me back. "Why, I am reading the lottery results! The lottery—remember?"

"I remember, all right," I said, wondering if the Portuguese recognised such a thing as justifiable homicide. "I never had any luck in lotteries. And neither did Sparks. Especially that one."

The bright lights of Lourenco Marques were like a memory of home, of home as it used to be before the war. Portuguese East Africa was not all that far from Australia, but in those days of 1943 one thought in time, between past and present, and not in terms of distance.

"If I survive this war," said Sparks, "I'm going to vote for neutrality in the next."

"Don't be cynical," I said. "Not at your age."

He shook his twenty-year-old head, blinking at me through the glasses he was always mislaying. He came from Coventry and had helped dig his dead parents out of the vast grave of that city. All he had ever known was struggle and tragedy, and he was entitled to the badge of bitterness. He didn't wear it, and that was why I liked him so much.

"No, I mean it, Bluey. I'm a pacifist now."

"What are you doing in this war, then?" I said, and knew again the treachery of a loose tongue. He carried a photo of his parents in a locket round his neck, a plain poor couple defeated but with no look of defeat on their faces. But he

had either missed my slip or had ignored it, and I took his arm and said, "Come on, I'll buy you a neutral beer, then," and steered him into a bar.

We turned into the bar, but the beer wasn't neutral; it was German.

"Just like I used to drink at home in Hamburg," said the man on the stool next to me, and then I saw that he and the two men with him were German naval officers. The bar seemed to be a meeting place for seamen of all nations; scraps of a dozen languages brushed against the ear and a universal gallery of faces looked back at us from the huge wall mirror. I sipped my beer cautiously, not yet ready to relax.

"Hello, Hun," I said, but the German smiled at me, taking no insult.

"There are no nationalities here," he said, raising his glass toward the jumble of flags stuck in the wine bottle on a shelf at the back of the bar. "Not for forty-eight hours. Enjoy the privileges of being stateless."

We were allowed forty-eight hours in the Portuguese ports; after that you were interned or kicked out, depending on how full the gaols were. It was a respite from the war that every sailor in the Indian Ocean looked forward to; it was one of the few compensations for being on the submarine-infested run from Durban to Aden and Bombay.

The bartender approached Ruiz, who owned the place. He had once been handsome, but the loss of an eye had given a dead look to his face. "Welcome, gentlemen," he said, but his voice was too dry and his face too much a mask to make the welcome sound sincere. "Before the war I could have asked where you have come from, where you are bound. Now," his one eye turned, looking along the bar at the enemies sitting together, "now the door of my bar is the ends of the earth."

A girl came down the bar and placed a bowl of nuts before us. One day she might be too plump, but now she was just right. In another time and another place I might not have called her beautiful; but that night there was a warmth and freshness about her that passed for beauty. In a world of men a woman has often only to be a woman to be beautiful.

"Isabella," the big German said. "I want to buy a lottery ticket. I am feeling lucky."

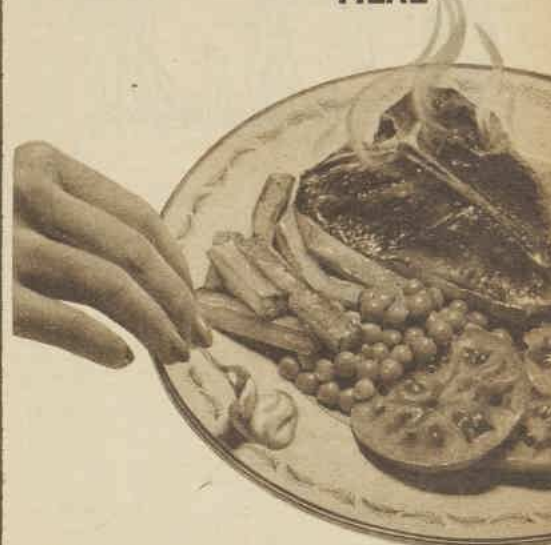
"So am I," said Sparks suddenly, stammering a little as he did when excited. "I'd like a lottery ticket, too."

I looked at him, caught by the note in his voice. He was

To page 100

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## A short short story

By CATHARINE  
BOYD

SOME women stay young longer than others, and most women try to prove they're younger than they are; but not very many women decide they want to have another baby when they're forty-four years old.

Martha Britton went down to breakfast one winter morning wearing a pale blue negligee and a faraway look in her eyes. She drifted into the dining-room with her mind made up.

Sam was reading the stock quotations over his coffee. He reached for the percolator to pour her a cup. "You didn't have to get up this morning, honey," he said.

"You know I always get up," Martha answered warmly, and touched his shoulder. Twenty-three years? Impossible! But it was true; and still whenever she touched him her hand lingered, and when their eyes met a little glow flamed up.

Of course it was twenty-three years, and Sam had filled them all. She could not imagine anyone else beside her, ever. "You look so clean and shining in the mornings," she said, "I hate to miss it."

She sat down across the table from him. Oh, the house was so quiet! A thin crust of snow soundproofed the world outside and thick carpets muffled the sounds within.

"Not a chick nor a child," she murmured sadly. "And all this room."

"What's that, dear?" Sam asked.

"Ever since Ruthie moved to New York after college, and Sandy went in the Navy, and Doris left for boarding school, it's been so quiet."

"Yes, I've noticed. Strangely peaceful," Sam smiled and caught her hand. "What have you got on your mind? Something shows in your eyes, but it doesn't quite come through."

"I want another baby," Martha said.

Sam didn't even blink. He swallowed the rest of his coffee, observing her over his cup, and patted his mouth with his napkin. He leaned back and lighted a cigarette, thinking the matter over. And then he said a most remarkable thing. "All right, sweetheart," he said. "I'm willing. Anything you want is all right with me." He stood up and bent to kiss her, bringing to bloom on her face a wide, loving smile.

"Sam, you're wonderful," she said.

Later that morning, when Irma, her next-door neighbor, stopped by, Martha decided to waste no time confiding her plans, but she wasn't prepared for Irma's shocked amazement.

"Martha, at your age!" Irma gasped. "You're out of your mind! What does your doctor say?"

"I didn't ask him," Martha answered stiffly. "I only asked Sam."

"But you've just got your freedom back!" Irma protested. "You've raised three youngsters and sent them off, and now you can do as you please."

"I don't want to do as I please. I want a baby," Martha said. "I've got the time and the money. Why shouldn't I have one?"

"I think you're deranged," Irma stated flatly. "And so will everyone else. How will Sandy feel, now he's in the Navy? What about Ruthie? After all, she's twenty-two!"

# Without invitation



"I don't know why it should bother them," Martha said. "They're not even here. Doris will be home only a month next summer."

"But, Martha, think of the child," her friend begged. "You'll be sixty-five when he graduates from college!"

"That's right, I will," Martha answered calmly. "Or sixty-six."

The neighborhood telephones buzzed that day, but Martha didn't say another word. She wasn't going to confide in everybody. She didn't have to, now that Irma had been informed.

The next few weeks Martha noticed that women she scarcely knew were regarding her with interest—some with curiosity, some with amusement—waiting to see what happened. "Why?" they were asking one another with some indignation. "There are more suitable things for a woman her age. She'll be forty-five!"

In her bridge club there was a hostile feeling that she was stepping a little out of line. They all knew she touched up her soft brown hair and had to wear reading glasses and she should be satisfied now to be a grandmother.

But Martha went serenely on her way, as content as a bride, and after a few months it was evident to all that she had accomplished what she had intended. She didn't attempt to assume an ingenue role; she dressed and moved and walked with dignity, and if she sometimes examined her face in the bathroom mirror with slight misgivings nobody guessed. She bought maternity dresses in quiet colors and sensible shoes she wouldn't have worn twenty years before, even for comfort.

And she had lots of time, these days, to shop and choose, buying the prettiest baby things she could find. Silk carriage covers and homespun blankets and hand-knitted sweaters, a bassinet fit for a princess, all the things she couldn't afford for the others. (She knew it would be a girl, of course.)

She had time, too, to pay a visit to the daughter of Mrs. Collins, a friend who lived nearby. The daughter had just had her first child, a baby girl. As Martha sat beside the bed, watching the new mother with her first-born in her arms, she remembered how it had been when she herself had held her first child—a girl, too, Ruthie. Twenty-two years ago. A long time ago. Too long.

"I don't suppose you'll be doing much swimming this summer?" Irma said.

"I'll lie in the sun."

"I don't suppose you'll be able to head that charity drive."

"No, thank goodness," Martha replied. "I was chairman for seven years. I've got other things to think about now." She was knitting pink-

and-white booties, and she rested her needles a minute. "Irma, why don't you try it again? It's not like being twenty—it's so much nicer. People are so good to me this time. They open doors and bring me pillows and make me cups of tea. This is the easiest baby I ever had!"

Irma looked at her thoughtfully, discovering that the lines in Martha's face were relaxed and softened, her eyes glowing.

"Maybe Martha knows what she is doing, after all," Irma admitted to her friends. "She has a maid this time to help with the work; she doesn't have other toddlers to wear her out; she isn't ashamed to sleep in the afternoons. And she says this is the only time she hasn't been worried sick about hospital bills. Even Sam's enchanted."

Gradually Martha's friends began to reflect her cheer, and a pink cloud of enthusiasm rose to enfold her. Everyone felt a little bit younger because of Martha, and loved her for it, and she was now looked upon with respect and a certain degree of envy.

By October everything was in order. The hospital room was reserved, the doctor alerted.

"Sam, you've been so good to me," Martha murmured one night in bed beside him. "I really do thank you."

"How much longer before we start on our final lap?"

"Three weeks or four, I guess," she said, and while she was saying it she felt the first rumble of pain. "Of course, she could come a little early."

Indeed, the baby was born at quarter to two that morning. It was an easy delivery, the doctor said, although it left Martha much more tired than she remembered being before. The baby was a girl.

"Got what you wanted, sweetheart?" Sam asked, close by her bed.

"Exactly," Martha smiled and clasped his hand. "Let the other children know and be sure to tell Irma."

After he'd gone, the nurse sailed in with the snugly wrapped bundle and laid it softly in Martha's arms. "Going to feed her, Mrs. Britton?" she asked. "Remember what to do?"

"Yes, I remember," Martha said, with just a touch of a sigh.

Martha drew the baby close, the old familiar motions swiftly renewed. "Well, we fooled everybody, darling," she whispered, and kissed the baby's velvety head. "Maybe I didn't invite you here—but I gave you a great reception!"

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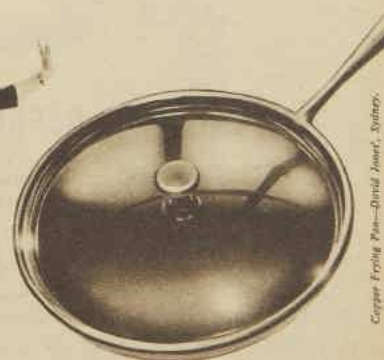


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MOTHER and chick, here photographed at night in their burrow. The Little or Fairy Penguin (*Eudiptula minor*) is found along southern and eastern coasts. It is a speedy swimmer and chases fish.

## AUSTRALIAN NATURE

# Fairy penguins and their ways

Pictures and story by ANNE SCOLLAN

● If your household should ever include a foot-high fairy penguin, don't expect a moment's privacy. That penguin will follow you around like a conscience, and even join in family sing-songs round the piano.



**F**AIRY penguins believe in togetherness, says young zoologist Ann Phillips, of the University of Tasmania.

Ann studied the osteology (science of bones) of penguins for her B.Sc., and is working on their ecology (their food cycles, breeding habits, environment, etc.) for a higher degree in zoology.

She has been studying and banding fairy penguins in a huge island rookery near Hobart for two years, and has had a succession of 12 sick birds and orphan chicks as house guests.

"Penguins all have definite personalities," Ann told me. "We had Poplolly, Twinkletoes, and dignified Antony."

"Penguins are terribly curious. They have to investigate everything. Our two dogs and two cats had to put up with being nuzzled by inquiring beaks."

Continued on page 74

**ZOOLOGIST** Ann Phillips, of the University of Tasmania, sets out for the island rookery, where she studies penguins and their habits.

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Women everywhere are discovering blissful comfort with SUPP-HOSE — the only fashionable stockings that support your legs! Housewives, working women, mothers-to-be and those suffering from varicose veins have all found blissful relief from aching legs with SUPP-HOSE. They look and wash like any other sheer nylons — yet their gentle pressure gives wonderful support. Try them! 42/- PAIR

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Wake up and liven up safely with a couple of No-Doz Tablets.  
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RELIEVE FATIGUE quickly and SAFELY AT YOUR CHEMIST



## LETTER BOX

• We pay £1/1/- for all letters published. Letters must be original, not previously published. Preference is given to letters with signatures.

### Judo for girls

I AM sure that many other mothers, reading of teenage girls being attacked by louts, must also worry when their daughters have to go out alone at night. I would like to suggest that the basic steps of self-protection (judo or ju-jitsu) be taught in girls' schools as part of, or even instead of, normal sports. This would ensure that every girl had some chance of protecting herself and would probably deter would-be attackers.

£1/1/- to Mrs. A. Allen, Ashfield, N.S.W.

### Men like to gossip, too

WOMEN have the reputation of being greater talkers than men, but is this really true? If you work with a group of men for a while, as I have done, you will quickly change your mind. Men enjoy gossip just as frequently as women and can be just as catty about one another, too. A period of being a lone woman on a male staff has convinced me that men's tongues can be more dangerous than any woman's.

£1/1/- to "C.R." (name supplied), Taringa, Qld.

### Restricted shopping hours

WHILE not wishing to live in America, how I envy the Americans at least one of their amenities. That is being able, in the main cities, to buy anything you need at any hour of the day or night. In Sydney, if you were faced with an emergency trip late at night and simply had to have another suitcase, where could you find one? Or get food? Or petrol? They seem to have solved the problem of staggered shopping hours in America.

£1/1/- to Mrs. Peg Fowler, Captains Flat, N.S.W.

### She remembers her baby days

HOW far back can most people remember? I have a friend who can recall quite vividly incidents that occurred during the first year of her life. I can remember only a few things that happened in my third year; I have no earlier memories at all. Are there many other people who can remember their baby days?

£1/1/- to "Indecy" (name supplied), South Johnstone, Nth. Qld.

### A vanishing courtesy

HOW pleasing—and rare—it is these days to receive a written letter of thanks. Do people just scrawl their names at the foot of a paragraph of flowery words that they perhaps don't even read, because they have no time? Or does it mean that the writing of a few simple sincere lines is a dying art?

£1/1/- to Mrs. Sandra Wade, Rosanna, Vic.

### Too young for spanking

WHAT do readers think of the earliest age at which children may reasonably be smacked. I have noticed that not a few mothers frequently smack their babies at the age of three months. One such mother has no shame or hesitation in acknowledging that she has "done so since he was six weeks old." She says "he is very strong willed and must learn to behave from the cradle." I am of the opinion that he is far too young to be punished by smacking.

£1/1/- to "Shocked" (name supplied), Launceston, Tas.

## On the move

IN reply to C. Moseby, who at 17 has lived in 36 different suburbs and country towns in N.S.W. and in Adelaide, I have reached the age of 24 years and still haven't settled down. I was born at West Wyalong, N.S.W., spent 11 years at Penrith, and haven't "camped" longer than nine months in any town since. I've been in all States of Australia, except the N.T., and will be there in three weeks' time.

£1/1/- to Douglas E. Seely, Port Hedland, W.A.

MY mother's family lived in 32 different houses in 27 years, and I suppose we are carrying on the tradition. I am 16 but have lived in 12 different houses in N.S.W., six in W.A., and we are now in our second house in South Australia, though my father lived in the one house until his marriage.

£1/1/- to "Wanderer" (name supplied), Payneham, S.A.

WHEN it comes to moving, I think I must be the record-holder. I am 13, and I have lived in 14 different districts and houses in Australia and 26 in England, where we lived from the time I was eight to 11 years old. This makes a grand total of 40 different districts where our family has lived. In two months we move again—but we don't know for how long.

£1/1/- to E. Bishop, Eastwood, N.S.W.

DURING my 14 years I have been to America, Canada, and England, and in that time have lived in 19 different houses and been to 13 different schools.

£1/1/- to Susan McBratney, Tasmere, S.A.

## Ross Campbell writes...

"WOULD somebody please help me with my jigsaw puzzle?"

The request came from my daughter, aged 8, who is in bed getting better from an illness.

I volunteered to do a turn of jigsaw puzzle duty.

The part of the puzzle I had to work on was the sky, and all the pieces were the same color, which made it hard. I hate doing sky. The patient was doing a part with horses and made better progress.

Her lunch was brought in. While she ate it I took the board with the puzzle off the bed and laid it on the floor. With surprising quietness and efficiency our baby came in and pushed all the jigsaw pieces off the board.

"Never mind," the patient said. "We'll just have to start all over again."

I got to work again on the mixed-up pieces of sky, but without much enthusiasm for the job.

Looking after a child invalid takes a good deal of time and effort. I'll say one thing, pills are easier to give than they used to be now

### GETTING BETTER

that they come in fruit flavors. They should have awarded a Nobel Prize to the chap who thought of raspberry-flavored pills.

The difficulty with child patients is that if they don't feel as sick as dogs they want to get up. I heard Mrs. Donkling holding forth on this subject.

"When my husband goes to bed



sick," she said, "he won't get up even when he's better. The children are just the opposite. I can't keep them in bed even when they're sick."

They are particularly hard to manage on fine days.

On cold, wet days they feel they are not badly off in bed. The main

problem is to keep them wrapped up. "I told you to put your gown on when you go to the bathroom."

"But I don't feel cold!" But when it is sunny and other people are going to the beach, the complaints pour forth. "Everybody is having a lovely time except me," etc.

My wife, who has been through a lot of this, says the best plan is to produce a surprise. She stockpiles books, games, and ice-creams for the purpose.

Last week she checked a serious rebellion by whisking out a box of things for cutting animals out of plasticine.

"I don't like having plasticine in a bed—or beads, either," she said. "But this is an emergency."

She keeps straws on hand, too, for making drinks more interesting. In preparing drinks for invalids her rule is "the frothier the better."

Jigsaw puzzles are a reliable standby, though pieces always get lost in the bedclothes.

In case you have to help work the puzzles out, my tip is: look for the bits around the edges — the straight sides make them easier to find. And try to dodge the sky.



## Next time you 'change' baby...change to NYAL Baby Powder

Moisture-resistant powder keeps baby safe from chafe



**PINK FOR GIRLS! BLUE FOR BOYS!**

Silky-soft, moisture-resistant NYAL BABY POWDER and super-creamed, pure NYAL BABY SOAP are both now packed in this attractive colour-choice which every mother loves—pretty PINK for GIRLS, handsome BLUE for BOYS!

Because it actually *resists* moisture, NYAL BABY POWDER forms a s-o-o-t-h-i-n-g film of protection between wet nappies and baby's tender skin. It gives safe, sure protection against irritation-causing moisture. A sprinkle of NYAL BABY POWDER at "change" time keeps baby cool, comfy and contented even through hot summer weather.

**REGULAR USE STOPS CHAFING** Regular powdering with NYAL provides the important "in-between-change" protection so necessary to prevent chafing. Silky-soft NYAL BABY POWDER cannot "cake"—it *protects* and

*refreshes* throughout day and night to keep your baby comfy and contented.

**ENJOY BABY'S DAY-LONG DAINTINESS** Experience the refreshing, light, fragrant perfume of NYAL BABY POWDER . . . keeps baby's body fresh and sweet.

Made from the whitest, purest talc (specially processed and sifted through silk), NYAL BABY POWDER is beautifully fine to the touch. Two gentle antiseptics (boracic and alphozone) are carefully blended to give you a powder which is protective, too!

**FOR ADULTS, TOO,** NYAL BABY POWDER gives pleasant after-bath comfort—brings quick relief from heat rash and similar skin irritations.

Regular, 2/6; Economy, 4/9; Giant, 5/6.

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## NYAL BABY POWDER

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Pure Linen



# WORTH REPORTING

**H**OW safe is a safe-deposit box — and 6648 others — in the vaults of head office of the Commonwealth Savings Bank, Sydney?

Deep underground this week with Mr. R. H. Cox, Officer-in-Charge of the Safe Deposit vaults, we found out.

You've got the job ahead if you think you can break those vaults — even if the mystery contents of Aunt Emmy's box ARE driving you crazy.

Aunt Emmy's little box is snug inside a room (the vault) in which feet-thick concrete walls and ceiling are reinforced by thousands of horseshoes — yes, horseshoes — and tang bars (steel pipes).

A gleaming "Cyclops' eye" — a massive circular steel door — guards the vault proper; and guarding the "eye" is a set of bolted gilded steel gates.

An eyepiece for a machine-gun (a little hole set high in a marble wall) overlooks the gates. Entirely surrounding the vaults are guard-patrolled passages that can be instantly flooded "in fire or riot."

Aunt Emmy herself runs a security check each time she visits her box.

A signature "at the desk" and Officer-in-Charge Mr. R. H. Cox may demand the password (the name of her great-grandmother, her favorite flower — any word she chose when she first got her box).

"Authorised," Aunt Emmy is escorted through the steel gates, through the 27-ton circular door ("took 20 draught-horses to bring this up from Circular Quay in 1928," said Mr. Cox), and into the vault proper.

In the long room, lined with the thousands of inset steel deposit boxes, she can now retire with her box to one of 17 private cubicles.

But can she tinker with Uncle Harry's box nearby? Mr. Cox refers us to the strategically placed mirrors, the walls bristling with alarms, the guard-patrolled passages fitted with listening devices to magnify sound.

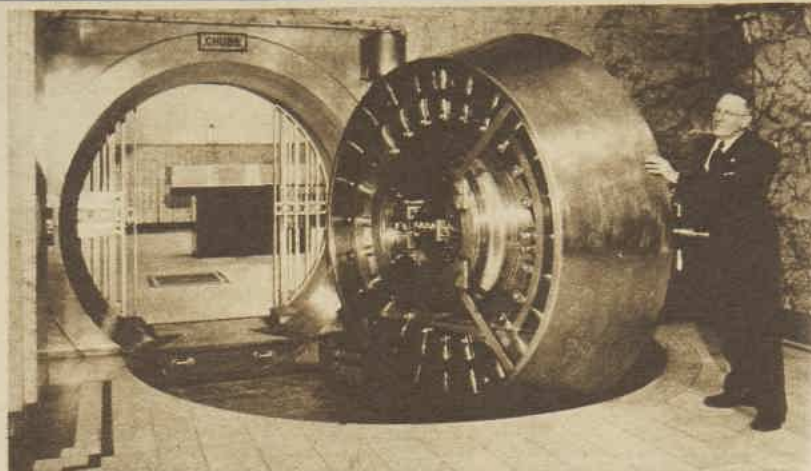
What do people keep in their boxes? . . . "anything from bonds to baby curls."

Some visit their possessions on the dot monthly, others perhaps twice in a lifetime — paying from £1/12/6 to £6 a year for the box.

P.S.: That machine-gun eyepiece? Mr. Cox states, with some justification, "It was never really found necessary to furnish it."

A LARGE London organisation which arranges educational programmes for overseas visitors recently booked lunch for a group of Continental teachers at a well-known restaurant.

It has now received the account for this, together with a covering letter: "Yesterday we executed on your behalf a party of 29 tourists for luncheon."



**MASSIVE "Cyclops' eye" (7ft. in diameter, 2½ft. thick) guarding 6649 safe-deposit boxes in the main vault at the head office of the Commonwealth Savings Bank, Sydney.**

## She beat the commandos . . .

AND everywhere that Lynette Wagg went her kayak was sure to go.

Together, Lynette and her kayak beat 14 commandos in a recent seven-mile Sydney Harbor race, and together they are off to England in February, 1962, and on to Germany for the world championships in August.

A petite 22-year-old Sydney schoolteacher, Lynette explained the defeat of the commandos (1st Battalion Royal N.S.W. Regiment):

"They had to tackle cross-winds and choppy water in heavy 'raiding-type' kayaks. Even my light little racing kayak at one stage 'stood still,' despite my furious paddling."

State champion in kayak-racing for the 500 metres and the 1000 metres, Lynette is also slalom women's champion (wild-water canoeing). She was selected for the 1960 Rome Olympics, but missed out through lack of funds.

Together, Lynette and her kayak have travelled — in training alone — the distance from Sydney to Cape York.

**TITLE** of a pamphlet issued by the French Government Tourist Office is "Ten Things for a Dog or Cat to Do in Paris."

Some of them: A visit to the Cat Club near the Rue St. Didier, a wash-up for poodles at "Au Chien Elegant," and splendid walks in the well-wooded Bois de Boulogne and the Bois de Vincennes.



**LYNETTE WAGG . . . a kayak speedster.**

## A.W.W. cup to teenager . . .

**WINNER** of The Australian Women's Weekly Cup in the N.S.W. Southern Districts Tennis Association is 19-year-old Glennis Binman, of Glenfield, N.S.W.

Glennis won the cup under the new rule awarding it to the most improved player in the association.

For the past 28 years the cup had been awarded to the most improved player in a nominated grade.

The rule was changed to give the greatest possible number of women the chance of competing for the cup, said association secretary Mr. George Paciullo.

Southern Districts, which extends from Warwick Farm to Camden, has been facing, with other tennis bodies, the loss of suburban courts to redevelopment schemes.

The association was grateful, said Mr. Paciullo, to the Liverpool Council for recently making available the site of the old Liverpool Tennis Club.

This comprises four courts, plus the clubhouse, which is being remodelled as association headquarters.

## Best for Baby's daily Vitamin C

### ALLENBURYS Medicinal ORANGE JUICE Compound



Allenburys Medicinal Orange Juice Compound contains a consistent amount of Vitamin C . . . ensures baby maintains healthy growth and provides resistance to disease.

The Vitamin C content in fresh oranges varies. Allenburys Medicinal Orange Juice Compound never varies because Vitamin C is added to the fresh orange juice to maintain a constant 84 mg of Vitamin C in each fluid ounce.

**EQUAL TO 48 ORANGES**  
You get greater economy too, because each 8 oz. bottle contains the equivalent of 48 oranges . . . yet costs only 6/9!

**EASIER TO USE**  
When you use Allenburys Medicinal Orange Juice Compound there's no messy preparation. In hot weather, guard against the possibility of dehydration, and increase baby's fluid intake. Add Allenburys Medicinal Orange Compound to cooled, boiled water. It makes an interesting, appealing and beneficial drink and provides the necessary amount of Vitamin C.

**ALLENBURYS MEDICINAL ORANGE JUICE COMPOUND**

A Product of Glaxo-Allenburys  
Obtainable from your family chemist

## YOUR BOOKSHELF with JOYCE HALSTEAD

### "Space Below My Feet"

Gwen Moffat (Hodder & Stoughton), 27/-.

It is hard to put this mountain-climbing biography down — apart from the good writing, there is something stimulating about its spirit and something attractive about the author's personality which holds and excites the attention. Rebellion against authority led her to desert from the wartime A.T.S. to the wilds of Wales, where she learnt to climb the rocky faces of Mt. Snowdon. Thenceforward, mountaineering dominated her life. Having tasted, too, the bohemian life, she found it hard to compromise with conventional living, but eventually married, and had a child. She was seeking freedom again, though, before long, climbing in Scotland, in Switzerland, and France. She graduated as a professional guide, and has since found the answer to her life in climbing mountains. "Life," she says in the last sentence, "is the sound of crampons scrunching the snow . . . the power and the glory of all the mountains I have ever climbed."

### "The Minister"

Maurice Edelman (Hamish Hamilton), 20/-.

A careless quip at a State dinner party in London almost cost Geoffrey Melville, British Cabinet Minister, his career. With one indiscretion to a woman friend, unfortunately repeated via a member of the Opposition to a popular gossip columnist, Melville completely destroyed the goodwill painstakingly built up with an African leader, plunged the relevant colony into rebellion, and split his own party. Then a chance glance at his daughter Sylvia's childhood diary threatened to wreck his marriage. Handsome, popular, ostensibly happily married to Elizabeth, a successful career politician, Melville had for long been tipped to be next Prime Minister.

The political sequences in the book — speeches in the House of Commons and the whole background of politics — are handled with skill and obvious knowledge. The story, with its theme of human errors, is warm and believable. Altogether a well-rounded, immensely readable novel.

# TEARS don't make a COWARD

● An elderly spinster cousin of mine considers the showing of any emotion immoral—to her, anyone who sheds a tear is someone spoiled from the start by overindulgent parents. She hates the thought of “crybabies.”

**S**HE made this abundantly clear to me one afternoon when she was at my house for tea and my seven-year-old daughter Consuelo burst in, flung herself down on my lap, and wept.

Naturally, I held Connie in my arms, listened to her troubles, and comforted her.

“You spoil Consuelo,” my cousin said when we were alone again.

“And you’re making a baby, a sissy out of her. Letting her cry like that over nothing.”

“Believe me, if she were mine I’d give her something real to cry over.”

“But grown-ups cry,” I protested.

“They only cry,” my cousin interrupted harshly, “if they’ve been spoiled and brought up to be spineless.”

It seemed archaic, puritanical, to hear this opinion, and yet tears are often upsetting to us as parents—we would rather not see them.

## “Baffling”

Somehow they seem to point to failure on our part.

We’d much rather see our children happy; we don’t like seeing them sad, miserable, disappointed.

Sometimes the tears of childhood baffle us.

It’s unpleasant to stand by ineffectually while a child cries; for his tears may ask of us more than we can give at the moment in patience, in time, in understanding.

So we often exclaim, in a kind of desperation, “Oh, don’t be such a crybaby!”

We heard this phrase in our own childhood, as our parents did before us.

How strongly “crybaby” shows society’s definite view that weeping is a sign of weakness.

In Australia the warning “Don’t be a crybaby” is strongly associated with pioneer days.

Parents, proud of the early independence of their children, secretly feared that the child who cried when hurt or unhappy might be unable to master hard conditions and fell scrub, farm, handle stock, or otherwise establish a successful means of livelihood.

But this attitude was quite unrealistic in view of the physical and psychological make-up of mankind.

A prominent modern psychologist says:

“When a child is hurt, he should cry.”

“When weeping is the expression of a sincere emotion, the suppression of tears can set a dangerous pattern.”

“As a child grows, he may—if he has never been allowed to cry—find it increasingly difficult to express himself emotionally in any way.”



This psychologist treated a man whose marriage was almost on the rocks for this very reason.

“The patient loved his wife and children, but he couldn’t bring himself to show them any signs of affection,” the expert explained.

“As a child he was constantly reminded that he was ‘the little man’ of the house. So he must always ‘be brave’; he must never cry.”

“And quite literally he never did cry. The man grew up with all ability to express his feelings, his emotions locked up inside.”

“The cure did not begin until at last the man could weep. He cried over the death of his father.”

It has been said that an occasional good cry may literally be a lifesaver to today’s tension-racked man.

If a person can’t cry when he or she should, a natural outlet for the tensions under which we live today is lost.

## Tensions

Some authorities feel that serious physical complications, such as ulcers, heart trouble, asthma, and even skin eruptions, may result from chronic tensions.

What happens to us physiologically when we cry is swift and simple.

An impulse from the salivary or lachrymal centre of the brain goes out immediately to the lachrymal glands of the eyes; these glands fill up and the tears spill over.

Then the censor within us usually takes command and we wipe away the fallen tears and suppress any others.

We do this because we’ve learned our lesson well that we mustn’t cry.

Yet a spontaneous flow of

tears is beneficial. Our family doctor explained it to me this way:

“When we give way to the sorrow that wells up within us and weep unashamedly, if weep we must, we are not wasting our energy in trying to control a real emotion.”

“Look what happens biologically even to a little child

when he tries to stifle his tears. He holds his breath. His throat chokes up. In this effort to strangle the feeling that’s surging up within, his throat muscles contract so he can’t speak . . . not even to get help.

“And of course nothing constructive can be done about the problem until the child can open up.”

“When people hold within themselves their feelings of pain or sorrow or any extreme emotion, the body’s muscles contract, making them tense—an uncreative activity which can leave a person exhausted.”

“If you held on to an iron rod tightly for an hour, the muscles would be stiff with fatigue.”

“In this same way, a person who has concentrated on holding back his tears has little energy left for coping with the situation which aroused his feelings in the first place.”

“On the other hand, the person who has wept . . . has done something active and creative about the situation from start to finish.”

Crying has another benefit—tears disinfect the eyes since they contain lysozyme, a powerful antiseptic capable of killing bacteria.

However, we continue to evaluate crying on moral grounds—we tell a child he is a “good boy” if he doesn’t cry.

One day a little boy of four or five with a bandaged arm came into our family doctor’s waiting-room sheltered by a nervous and chattering mother.

“When the doctor takes the stitch out today, Dennis,” she said, “you must be brave.”

“Will it hurt?” Dennis asked.

“I don’t know, dear,” his mother said, “but if it should, don’t cry and make me ashamed of you.”

As she spoke, our doctor arrived, wearing a bandage himself over his upper lip.

“You’ll have to excuse the way I talk,” he said in greeting. “I had a mole removed and the local anesthetic hasn’t worn off yet.”

Dennis stared at the doctor’s face. “Did you cry?” he asked. “Of course he didn’t—” Dennis’ mother began.

## Angry mother

“Of course I didn’t,” our doctor interrupted, “because no one had to hurt me. The doctor pricked my skin just a bit with a needle to get the anesthetic in, and then it didn’t hurt at all.”

“But, boy! If he had hurt me, I would have cried.”

Looking at Dennis’ mother, I could see her displeasure. “What are you trying to do, Doctor, make a coward out of my boy?”

“Not at all,” he answered soberly. “Tears don’t make a coward. When something hurts you, you cry—so do I. Why shouldn’t a child?”

“He has to learn about his tears, how they come, how they go, and why . . . It’s all part of learning to know about himself.”

He patted the boy’s head. “Come on, Dennis. Taking out the stitch is easy.”

With utter confidence the little boy took the doctor’s hand and left his mother and me alone in the waiting-room. Parents who worry about

their children becoming crybabies may get caught in a trap of their own setting, our family doctor warned.

“The child who has not been allowed to cry for real pain or sadness will store up such a well of tears that finally, when he does cry, he won’t stop too easily.”

“The crybabies who cry over nothing are often the ones who haven’t been allowed to cry over something.”

Another point: The whole problem is harder on boys than girls, for many parents think it’s fair enough for a little girl to cry but quite unmanly for a little boy.

But it’s best to look for the reason any child cries. Comfort a crying boy as he needs it and help solve his problem if you can.

Above all, don’t worry about his “bravery.”

Society—other children, his playmates—will help to teach him that crying over every little scratch or bump “just isn’t done.”

But even as he learns this rather harsh lesson he’ll know inside, for all his life, that spontaneously, sincerely shed tears can never make him a coward or a sissy.

As an adult, then, his capacity for living will be greater.

Those who cannot grieve cannot rejoice, and those who feel that they must hold back all their tears must, almost of necessity, tend to sacrifice sweet compassion to a uselessly stiff upper lip.

## A mother's story

# “Big families are fun”

● When my husband and I were married 10 years ago we planned to have six children in the next 12 to 14 years. We had both been “onlies,” and wanted our youngsters to have company.

**T**HINGS were going fine when I left hospital on our first anniversary with a lovely baby daughter, and when her sister was born 18½ months later.

Another 18½ months and our first son was born, followed by another three in quick succession. Number six was born when the eldest was just eight years old!

From the start our children have been taught to co-operate; even a tiny of a little over a year can be quite helpful when Mum has a new baby, particularly if a cuddle with Mum and baby is the reward.

As they get older they do more to help.

Six-year-old son has passed carting in wood down to his young brothers and is now my concrete path and verandah sweeper.

Seven-year-old daughter is an expert at washing-up, and Miss Nine can iron quite well.

They all take turns in playing with baby brother, who is now a year old. And how he waits for the older ones to come home from school to take him for his outing in his pusher!

When the children are helpful I always try to find something to praise in what they do, thus building up their self-confidence. We have some dreadful “works of art” hung on our walls, but it inspires their creators to better efforts. We treat our children the way we want them to treat us.

Their requests are given consideration as soon as possible, even if it is only finding a piece of string for one of their many games.

In return, they are usually quite willing to leave what they are doing to give me any reasonable help.

## New games

Sometimes my requests are met with: “Oh, not now; I will later,” and are forgotten. Next time the offender asks for help I say, “I’m sorry, but I can’t; you wouldn’t do so-and-so for me.” It happens a few times to each one.

When they are home on holidays I make time to go out and enjoy their fun, teaching them new games and helping them do things they could not manage on their own.

In return they are even more willing to help me when I need it.

Recently they all had mumps, then

flu, in a matter of a few weeks, and the convalescent ones found it great fun dressing up as doctors and nurses to look after the ones in bed.

They kept them amused with different toys and books and even took meals and drinks to them, much to their patients’ delight.

My one daytime outing each month is the afternoon when I go to Mothers’ Club while my mother minds my preschoolers.

I find it quite difficult to have a day out with the children, so I have what I call my “day off” at home.

The previous evening I do any preparations I can, such as puddings for the evening meal, and on my special day I do the bare essentials as quickly as possible.

If I am lucky I am gardening, knitting or sewing, or even cleaning out fowl-pens or chopping wood by ten o’clock. I only do things I really want to do.

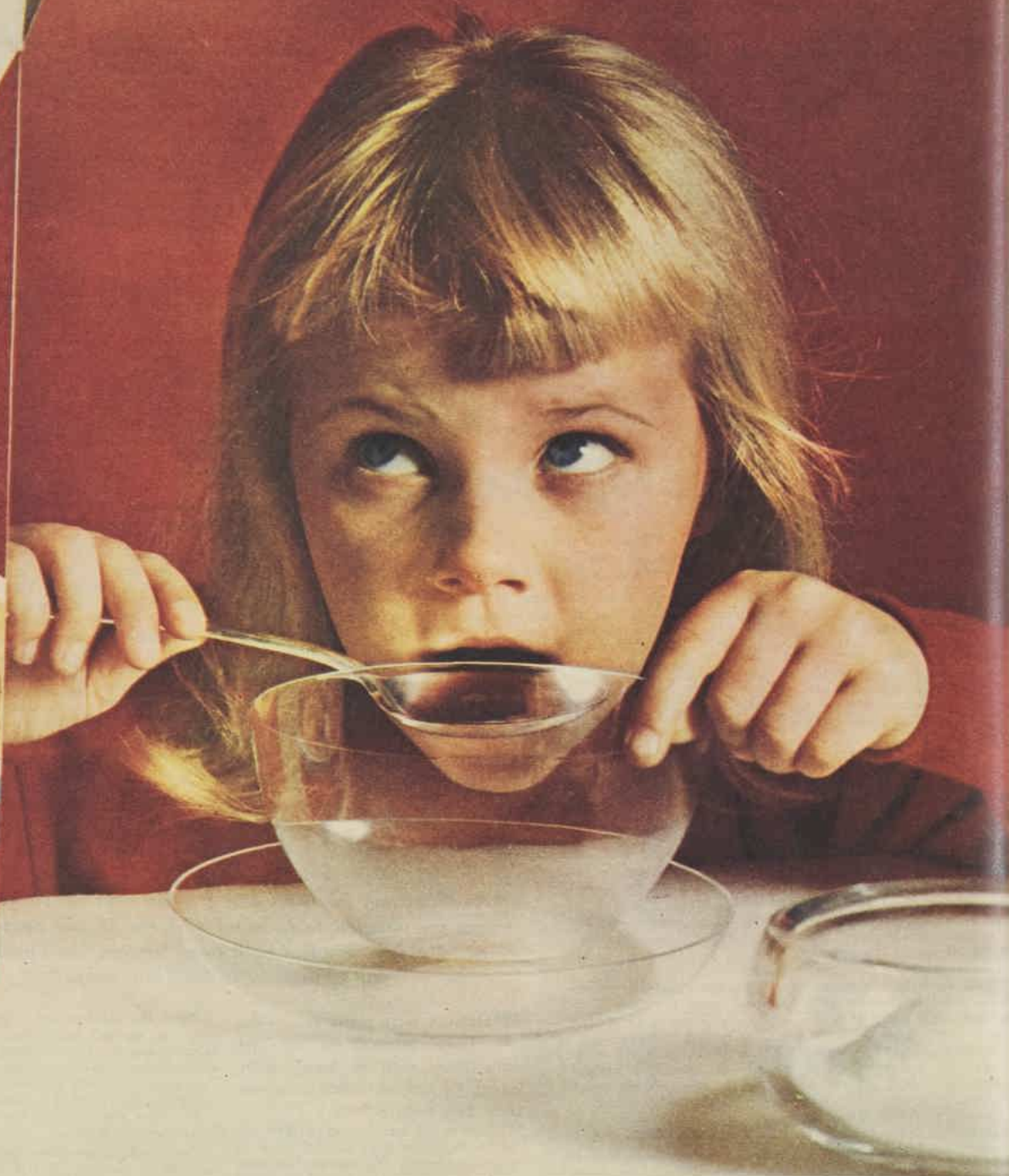
At the end of these days I’m tired, but thoroughly refreshed by the break from my chores.

Our home is full of love, laughter, and happiness, a lot of which is due to the best piece of advice I’ve ever had.

An aunt said: “Enjoy every baby you have as though it is going to be the last. You never know, it just may be.”

● The writer, who wishes to be anonymous, wins £20 for her “Home and Family” article.

"More please, Mummy!"



There ought to be a better word than "delicious" just for

These are the golden flakes of corn that say:  
"Come again!"  
Here's a very special flavour we can't describe  
and no one can copy.  
Crispness that welcomes milk!  
More vitamins than the whole-grain corn itself!  
Quite a dish these Kellogg's\* Corn Flakes  
— don't you agree?

**Kellogg's**

**CORN FLAKES**

"The best to you each morning."

K703

\*TRADE MARK REGISTERED

# SEWING

## FOR

## CHILDREN

● This is a special section which includes patterns and ready-to-makes to buy. On following pages is a comprehensive guide to making clothes for children by Lucille Rivers, the famous New York dressmaker.



5996.—A "best dress" with a full skirt and pretty sash to thrill any little girl (back view at left). Requires  $3\frac{1}{2}$  to  $4\frac{1}{2}$  yds. 36in. material;  $2\frac{1}{2}$  to 3 yds. 36in. lining; 3 yds.  $\frac{3}{4}$  in. satin ribbon; 4 yds. 1 in. lace. Sizes 4, 6, 8, 10 years. Price 3/6.



5997.—A party dress that looks charming on big and little sister. The embroidered overdress gives the skirt a delightful bouffant look (back view at left). Requires  $2\frac{3}{4}$  to 3 yds. 18in. embroidered material;  $\frac{3}{4}$  to 1 yd. 36in. matching plain material;  $1\frac{1}{2}$  to  $2\frac{3}{4}$  yds. 36in. contrasting material. Sizes 2, 4, 6, 8, and 10 years. Price 3/6. Available from Fashion Patterns Pty. Ltd., Box 4060, G.P.O., Sydney. See details of how to order on page 103.



# Quick, professional ways make home sewing easy

● This lesson in dressmaking for children covers adjusting patterns, fitting and assembling the garments, special tricks for children's clothes, and finishing details, including embroidery stitches.

**A** MOTHER of two or more children is usually eager to learn all the short-cut sewing methods.

She is interested in making a garment quickly and well — one that will stand up to hard wear.

A grandmother or doting aunt, on the other hand, is more inclined to make a stylish little dress with fine embroidery or applique and loving attention to detail.

Whether you do it the fast and easy way, or slowly, with meticulous care, sewing for children can be rewarding and lots of fun.

## Selecting a pattern

Never use age as the deciding factor in selecting a pattern for a child. Children the same age differ widely in height, weight, and build.

Choose the pattern according to the chest measurement for either a girl or a boy.

A short, chubby girl of 6 may need a size 8 pattern, while a tall, thin six-year-old may take only a size 4 pattern. Both would probably need adjustments in length, but these changes are far easier to make than altering the whole pattern.

## Measurements

After you have the right size of pattern, take the child's measurements and compare them with the chart on the back of the pattern envelope.

When taking a child's measurement, hold the tape-measure snug with a finger between the tape and body. The pattern allows all the necessary ease. Here are measurements you need.

**Chest:** Measure round the fullest part of the chest.

**Waist:** Take a snug measurement at the natural waistline.

**Hips:** Only needed for pants. Take at the fullest part of the hips.

**Back waist length:** Take from the base of the neck to the waistline.

**Garment length:** Take in back from the waistline to the finished hemline of the skirt, or from the side waist to the finished length of the pants.

Most of these measurements can be compared with the measurements on the pattern envelope. These additional ones make altering the pattern easier.

**Front waist length:** Measure from the base of the throat to the waistline.

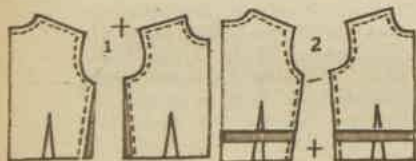
**Back and front shoulder width:** Measure from armhole seam to armhole seam, 2½ in. down from shoulder points.

**Top of shoulder:** Measure from the neckline to the point where the sleeve sets in the armhole.

The pattern can be adjusted from measurements alone. Adjustments on a child's pattern are easier than on an adult pattern. The child's pattern needs adjusting only for size, whereas the adult pattern must be adjusted for figure and posture faults.

Take out all the pattern pieces for the dress style you are making. If the pattern waist is smaller than the child's measurement, divide the extra amount you need by four. Add this amount to the side of the back and front patterns before you cut.

For instance, if the pattern has a 22 in. waist size and your child has a 24 in. waist, the difference would be two inches. This amount divided by four is ½ in. You would add this amount to the back and front pattern pieces at the side seam to increase the waistline two inches. (Diagram 1.)



Compare and adjust hip measurement the same way.

Compare all other measurements by measuring the actual pattern. The exception is the back bodice length, which is given on the measurement chart.

Compare the child's measurement to this. To lengthen, slash the pattern between the waist and chest and spread. Lengthen both front and back bodice pieces the same amount. (Diagram 2.)

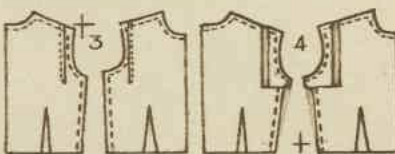
Shorten the pattern with a tuck at the same point. Compare the skirt length with the pattern. Lengthen or shorten the skirt length at the bottom of the skirt pattern piece.

Measure the back and front shoulder widths on the pattern pieces at the same points you measured on the child. Compare with child's measurements.

A slight difference is nothing to worry about. Remember the child's dress should not fit like a woman's. The child needs space for growth.

Check the top of the pattern shoulder measurement with the measurement taken on the child. If it has to be altered at the top of the shoulders as well as at the armhole seam, adjust the shoulders.

Narrow the shoulders with a tuck from the top of the shoulder toward the chest as in a woman's dress. (Diagram 3.)



To make the shoulder wider, slash the pattern across under the armhole to the centre of the shoulder. Spread the necessary amount. (Diagram 4.)

Make all the adjustments in the pattern before you cut.

Lay out the pattern according to the instructions on the layout guide. Cut out all pieces.

## Fitting the dress—

Take the cut-out pattern one piece at a time. Mark all darts, tucks, or gathers. Sew up all darts, tucks, or other details by machine. There is little danger of having to rip anything out.

Join the back and front waist. Sew up the underarm of the sleeve. If it is a puffed sleeve, sew the gathers at either end. Shirr sleeve to fit armhole. Baste it into the dress.

The other end of the sleeve can be shirred to the approximate size, but leave the shirring threads loose so the sleeve can be adjusted. (Diagram 5.)

Sew up the seams of the skirt and gather the top of the skirt as for any shirred skirt. Gather it to fit the waist size. Then baste the skirt and the waist together.

The dress is now ready to be fitted. There are no pins in the dress to stick or scratch, so the child won't mind the fitting.

Pin the dress in place. Then check the fit of garment.

Check the width of the shoulders. Make a note of how much to add or take in. Just pinch in the amount the shoulders need to be narrowed and make a note of it. If the shoulder is too narrow, rip out the sleeve basting and check how much shoulder can be let out. Correct this when dress is off.



Tie a belt round the waist to check the waist length. If it drops below the belt, the waist needs to be shortened. If it rides up over the belt, it needs to be lengthened.

Make a note of the adjustment. Sometimes the whole bodice may be too large. Pinch a tuck the length of the bodice to see how much it should be taken in. This can be altered after the dress is off. Measure the hem and turn it up for the correct length.

Now check the sleeve. If it is much too loose, shirr it to the right size with a gathering thread. Tie it to the correct size and the dress can be unpinned and removed. Make all the alterations on the pattern and recut the dress to the altered pattern.

If the bodice was too large, fold a tuck the length of the pattern the amount measured. (Diagram 6.) Recut the dress to the altered pattern.

If the bodice was too long, recut to the correct length or leave the extra length for a let-out tuck in the waistline seam for future alterations.

Don't cut away the extra fabric in the skirt length. Leave a deep hem so the skirt can be lengthened for additional wear as the child grows taller.

As you can see, there is little fitting necessary if the pattern is altered to the child's measurements before it is cut. If you buy the pattern according to chest size, it will fit the child correctly whether she is chubby or thin. Only the lengths of the garment will need any adjusting (Diagram 7). Necklines and armholes will fit the child with no need for alteration.

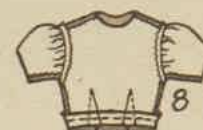


## Let-out seams—

Most children seem to shoot up in height before they gain weight. When you cut the bodice, allow from 1½ to 2 inches on the length of the bodice for a let-out tuck. Add this extra length to the adjusted pattern.

For instance, if you had to add one inch to the bodice length for your child, add an additional 1½ in. for the let-out tuck.

Join the skirt to the waistline, taking only



a ½ in. seam. Just above this, take a ½ in. deep tuck on the inside of the bodice. Sew it on the machine with a large stitch that can be ripped easily. Press the

tuck up. (Diagram 8.)

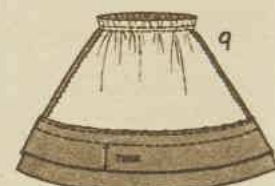
Make the top of the dress as you would if the tuck were not there. Be sure not to catch the tuck in any trimming or finishing detail, so when you rip it open to lengthen the waist it's not sewn in with any finishing.

The amount the bodice is lengthened depends on how deep you make the tuck.

## Let-out skirt tuck

When cutting the skirt, add several inches on the length in addition to the amount needed for a full hem or to give greater length for the taller child. Turn the hem at the correct length and press the hemline all around.

Before sewing the hem, make a deep tuck close to the edge of the hem, taking up the extra length added to the skirt. Sew it with a large stitch by machine. Finish the hem by hand. Press the tuck toward the hemline. (Diagram 9.)



The tuck can be made as deep as you like, as long as it doesn't hang below the hem edge. If you want to let the hem down 2 in., for instance, it isn't necessary to rip out the hem.

Sew tuck 2 in. in from original stitching line. Fold-line of the hem will drop 2 in. without having to rip out the hem. (Diagram 10.)



## Shoulders

Shoulders seldom have to be made wider. If you want to allow a let-out seam at the shoulder, however, you can cut the shoulder of the dress 1 in. wider than the pattern.

Slash the pattern from the top of the shoulder toward the waist. Spread one inch. Sew up the bodice of the dress and set in the sleeve. Take a tuck on the inside of the dress along the armhole for about 2½ in. toward the back and the front. (Diagram 11.)

This tuck releases fullness toward the chest, but the stitching over the shoulder holds the fullness in place so the shoulders are not so wide. When the shoulder has to be widened, the tuck, sewn with a large stitch on the machine, can easily be ripped.

As the tuck is made narrower, the shoulders become wider. The ½ in. let-out tuck in each shoulder allows enough fabric to enlarge the shoulders 2 in.



Continued on page 50

*Always in good taste . . .*

## FROSTED MINT RIPPLES

*baked oven-crisp*



*by*



Buy them from your grocer, loose  
from the tin, or in  
stay-fresh  $\frac{1}{2}$  lb. packets.

# BROCKHOFF

Delightfully different . . . with a cool, refreshing taste. They're Brockhoff Frosted Mint Ripples. Famous Chocolate Ripple biscuits with a mint-flavoured frosting that's really delicious. You'll enjoy their oven-crisp texture and the unusual topping that completely captures the flavour of freshly-picked mint. Serve Frosted Mint Ripples with a long, cool drink, or any time a special kind of snack is called for. Brockhoff Frosted Mint Ripples . . . always in good taste.



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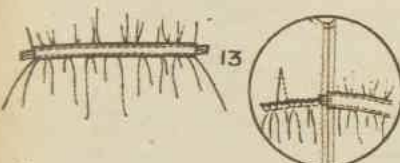
### Let-out waistline

Many pattern companies make children's dresses with an elasticised waistline across the back, which expands as the child grows. If your pattern does not have this feature, it is easy to add it.

When you cut the bodice pieces, add a little extra fabric on the side seam of the back bodice. Do not sew up the back darts. If a shirred skirt is used, shirr the back skirt to size of back bodice (Diagram 12).

If the skirt is fitted, cut the back skirt larger to match the back bodice. If it has darts, don't sew the back skirt darts. Join skirt and waist with a regular inside seam.

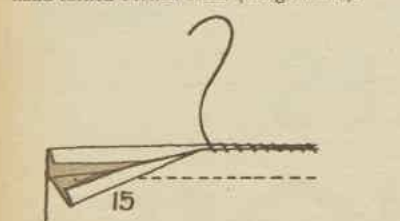
Use a 1in. commercial bias binding. Unfold and sew one edge along the back waistline on the seam allowance line. Sew the other edge to the bodice to form a casing. Draw a 1/2in. elastic through the casing so the waistline fits snugly. Tack the elastic at the side seams (Diagram 13).



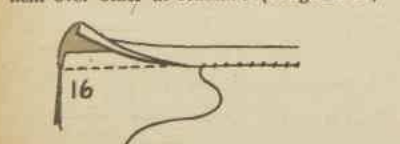
### Seams —

On most children's dresses you can use an inside seam. French seams are better for very lightweight or sheer fabrics, except at the armhole, where French seams are never used. On a lightweight fabric, just stitch the armhole seam a second time, 1/2in. from the original armhole seamline, and trim (Diagram 14). For a sheer fabric, stitch the armhole seam a second time. Trim and whip raw edge as on any sheer dress.

With fabrics that are both sheer and crisp, the seams have a tendency to irritate a child's tender skin. To avoid this, spread the armhole seams. Turn the raw edge of both seam allowances toward the inside. Overcast folded edges together. This makes a hand-turned French seam (Diagram 15).



Another seam used for the same purpose is the hemmed-over seam. Trim away one side of seam. Fold over untrimmed seam and hem over other at seamline (Diagram 16).



### Neckline finishes—

The necklines on children's clothes are either bound with bias or finished with a collar. It is important to keep the neckline from stretching, since this can cause the dress to set badly.

A too-large neck or too-wide sleeve makes a child look thin and the dress look too big.

When you buy a pattern by the child's chest measurement, armhole and neck size are usually correct.

Run a stay-stitch round the neckline to hold it in shape (Diagram 17). Check it with the neck size of the pattern. If it has stretched, ease it in to the pattern size.

It is not necessary to interface the collar on a child's dress. It is better to keep it soft and pliable.



### Collar

Cut the upper and under collar. Set any ruffling or trimming in the seam as you sew the collar together.

Lace or eyelet should be ruffled before it is applied to the collar so it will shape to the curve of the collar edge. Many of these trims come already ruffled and are easy to apply.

Sew the edge of the ruffling along the edge of the upper collar on the right side. Taper ruffling to a point at ends of collar (Diagram 18). Contrasting cording in a collar edge is popular.

To make cording, cut a strip of true bias 1 1/2in. wide from the material to be used.

Fold this bias piece over cable cord 1/2in. in diameter and stitch by machine close to the cord. Use the cording foot on your sewing-machine and stretch the bias slightly as you sew.

You will be left with 1/2in. seam. Sew the cord to the right side of the collar with seam edges of collar and cording even. Clip cording seam.

Pin the facing to the collar with the stitching-line of the cording showing.

Sew the upper and under collars together along this stitching-line. Trim seam, turn collar to right side, and the cording will be in place.

### Gathered neck

The soft gathered neck is popular on children's dresses. It is always finished with a bias binding.

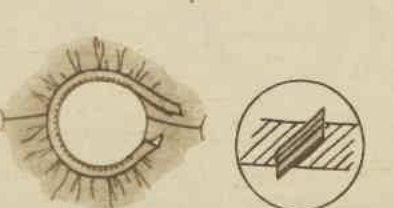
To get a true bias, fold your material so the crosswise thread runs parallel to the lengthwise thread or selvedge. Mark the width you want with chalk and cut. Cut the bias strip twice the width it will be when finished, plus 1/2in. for seam.

Join all the bias pieces on the length of the goods. Fold the bias on the length and press. Trim the edges so the entire length of the bias is even.

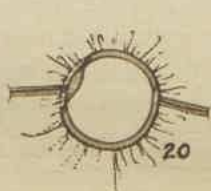
Most patterns give a guide piece for the size to which the neck should be shirred.

On sheer fabrics the neck is shirred just to the size of the guide. Otherwise, the guide piece can be cut out of the fabric and used as a stay. Put the wrong side of the stay to the inside of the dress and shirr the neck to fit (Diagram 19).

Sew the stay into place. Cut and press the bias binding. Sew the binding to the neckline on the right side, stretching it a little as you sew.

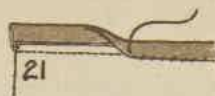


Start at the shoulder, where piecing is done. Leave a 2in. end loose. Sew all round the neck to about 4in. from where you began



stitching. Carefully measure and match the bias on the straight grain. Sew the bias together so that it's continuous at this point. Press the seam open.

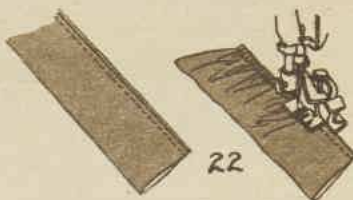
Press again on the original fold. Stitch this small section to the neck edge. The bias should always be joined this way at the neckline, sleeves, and wherever a continuous binding is needed (Diagram 20).



Never lap at a joining. This gives a bulky look. Fold bias over seam and sew fold edge along original seamline (Diagram 21).

### Making ruffling

The softest ruffling is made on the bias. It can be cut in strips and hemmed. Most professionals make the ruffling on a double fold.



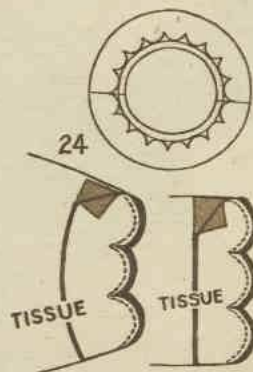
Cut the bias twice the width, plus seam allowance. Press in half on the length. The trick is to sew the edges together first to prevent twisting when it is put through the ruffler. All sewing-machines have this attachment (Diagram 22).

### Scallops

Scallops are a favorite trim on children's clothes. To get them even and well shaped, make a tissue-paper pattern.



Trace the part of the dress pattern where you want the scallops. You can use a scalloping ruler to mark the size of the scallops (Diagram 23). Work out the number and size



of scallops that will evenly fit the space. Mark the scallop design on the tissue. Put the finished edge of the scallop along the seam allowance line. Pin the facing to the dress, right sides together. Pin the tissue tracing over this.

Sew through the tracing as you sew round each scallop. Take a single stitch across the base of each scallop, so the corner can be clipped and turned better. Remove tissue



(Diagram 24). Trim around each scallop. Clip to the stitching on the curve and well into each corner before turning it (Diagram 25).



When the facing is turned to the inside, run your fingernail round the inside of each scallop so it turns completely, to give a full, round shape. Then press scallops carefully.

Finish as for any facing (Diagram 26). If an interfacing is needed, use the non-woven type and mark the scallops on it. Cut away the seam allowance all round each scallop. Sew along the edge of each scallop when sewing to facing (Diagram 27).

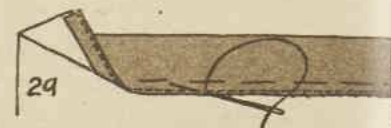


Stitch just outside each scallop when sewing the facing to the dress. Trim, turn, and press (Diagram 28).

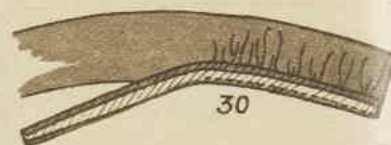


### Hems—

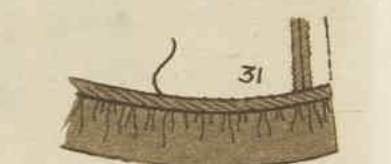
On a straight skirt, turn under the skirt edge 1/2in. by machine. Turn up the hem on the hem mark and press. Slip-stitch by hand, taking a back-stitch every few stitches so the hem is strong (Diagram 29).



Use a commercial, flat-fold bias binding to hem the flared skirt. Unfold one edge and put it to the hem edge, right sides together. As you sew the bias binding, stretch it; the bias eases in the hem fullness (Diagram 30).



When the hem is turned to the inside and pressed, the fullness adjusts itself to the inside of the skirt. Slip-stitch the fold edge of the bias to the skirt (Diagram 31).



### Lengthening the dress

Here are some easy and attractive ways to lengthen a dress using self-fabric or trim of a contrasting color.

Diagram 32 shows contrast used at the waistline of both skirt and bodice to lengthen them. Self-fabrics can be used the same way, with pretty trimmings, concealing the seams.



In Diagram 33 contrast is used at the hem to lengthen the skirt. A yoke is also cut from it to lengthen the bodice. White organdie and lawn are wonderful fabrics to





use. Edged in lace or binding, they give a dainty touch.

In Diagram 34 contrast is used in bands to add to the skirt length. Bands can also be used in the bodice to give length. This dress could also be made with a bodice that has a contrasting yoke.

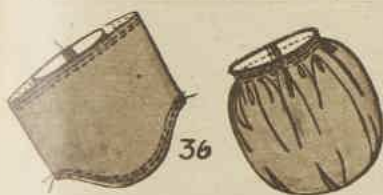


## Sleeves —

Be sure the sleeve is fitted fairly close to arm size. If the sleeve is too big round, the child's arm looks thin. When making a puff sleeve, carefully shirr it to the arm size.

If the sleeve edge has a fitted band, make the band about two inches larger than the arm. A sleeve bound with bias should also be about two inches larger than the arm.

Cut the sleeve band from the pattern piece. Measure and sew the band to the correct size for the arm. Press open the

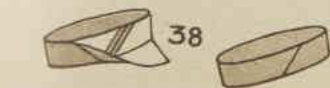


under-arm seam of the band, then press in half. (Diagram 35).

Pin the band to the underarm seam of the sleeve, one edge of the band to the inside of the sleeve. Shirr the sleeve to fit the band. (Diagram 36). Pin and sew the band to the



## Bias binding



Press the bias on the length. Cut to the correct arm size plus seam allowances. When you cut the bias to be joined, be sure to cut it on the straight grain. Join the bias, then press the seam open and re-press the length fold. (Diagram 38). Pin both edges of the bias to the right side of the sleeves. Shirr the sleeve to fit the bias. Then pin and sew the bias to the sleeve edge. (Diagram 39).

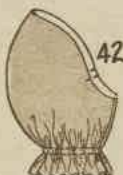
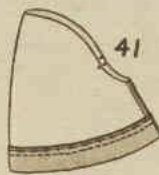


The sleeve can be finished by machine. Now trim the seam more than half the width of the bias. Fold the bias over the seam so the fold extends



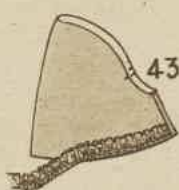
## Ruffled sleeve with casing

The full shirred sleeve can easily be made with a ruffled edge. Cut the sleeve 3in. longer than for a regular sleeve. Turn back a 2in. hem. Turn under 1in. on the hem edge and pin and stitch to the inside of the



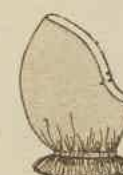
sleeve. Measure down 1/2 in. from this stitching and stitch a second row to form the casing. (Diagram 41). Cut a piece of 1/2 in. elastic 1in. smaller than the arm girth. Draw it through the casing, lap the ends, sew together. The sleeve will be puffed with a ruffled edge. (Diagram 42).

If you want a fuller ruffle to the sleeve, the ruffle can be sewn on separately. Sew a



piece of ruffling along the edge of the regular puff sleeve, right side of the ruffling to the right side of the sleeve. (Diagram 43).

Sew the edge of a commercial bias binding along the same seam, with the right side of the binding along the ruffle. Turn the binding to the inside, stitch the loose edge of the



binding to the sleeve for a casing. Draw the elastic through the casing and sew the ends together by hand. There will be a very full ruffle at the sleeve edge. (Diagram 44).

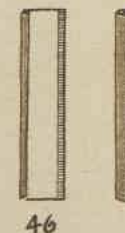
## Skirt placket—

Zippers are seldom used in children's dresses. A placket is used when a child's dress opens down the back.

The back skirt may have a seam or be slashed. In either case, the placket for children's clothes is easy to make.

## Placket used with a seam

Sew up the back skirt seam to the point



marked on the pattern for the placket opening. Clip into the seam at this mark. Sew for 1in. on either side of the clipped seam as a stay-stitch. Then trim off part of the seam width. (Diagram 45).

For the placket, cut a strip about 1 1/2 in. wide and double the length of the placket opening. If possible, cut it along the selvedge. Fold under the raw edge for 1/2 in. and press. Then fold on the length so the fold edge is just inside the selvedge edge and press.

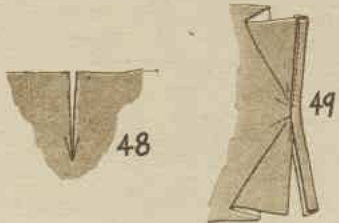
Slide the placket piece over the seam, with the selvedge edge on the under side. Pin in place. Then, at the base of the placket open-



ing, pin it so that the fold edge is along the stay-stitching. (Diagram 46)

Stitch on the right side along fold edge of placket piece and the placket is finished. (Diagram 47).

## Slash placket opening



Mark where placket is to be sewn. Sew a stay-stitch along the placket marks. Slash to the point of the stay-stitch. Fold and press the placket piece as for the placket used with a seam. Slide the placket piece over the edges of the slash, making sure that you catch the placket piece along the stitching line at the lower point. Pin and stitch along the fold edge. (Diagrams 48, 49, 50).



## Types of fabrics

Use easy-care fabrics — blends of man-made fibres that shed soil and wrinkles, need little or no ironing, or natural fibres treated to give the same properties.

Fabrics should also be soft, pliable, and have some absorbency. Colors should be colorfast and patterns relatively small.

## Finishing details—

### Fastenings

Buttons used on children's clothes should be washable and colorfast, so that they need not be removed before washing.

Snap fasteners that come in kits and can be hammered into the cloth are practical, particularly for very young children's clothes.

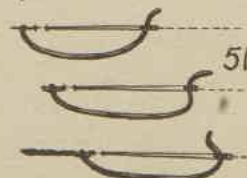
Another type of fastening is made of nylon. In tape form, it has fine hooks on one side, loops on the other that interlock when pressed together.

These fasteners are available in the haberdashery departments of stores.

## Embroidery stitches

Embroidery and applique are attractive on children's clothes. They can be done by hand or with a zigzag sewing-machine. It's possible to do a great variety of stitches on these machines. Sewing-machine companies offer instructions on how to do them.

Hand embroidery can be as simple or elaborate as you care to make it. Some women are expert at handwork and find great pleasure in doing exquisite work. If you're unfamiliar with embroidery, start a project using simple stitches.



## Outline-stitch (Diagram 51):

Work from left to right. Bring the needle out on the line and take a short back-stitch. Keep the thread under the needle, bringing the needle out where the last stitch went in. Continue this way to outline the design. Keep all stitches the same length



## Satin-stitch (Diagram 52):

Pass the needle over, then underneath the fabric. Keep stitches close together so that they fill in the design. To give a padded look, the design should first be filled in with tiny running stitches. Satin-stitch over these.



## Chain-stitch (Diagram 53):

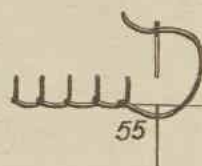
Bring the needle and thread to the right side of the fabric. Hold the thread to form a loop. Insert the needle at the same point where the thread was brought through. Bring it out a short distance ahead to form the loop. Keep loops the same size.



## Feather-stitch (Diagram 54):

Bring needle up through the material on the design line. Take a short slanting stitch on the right side of the material, pointing needle to left or right. Hold the thread down with the thumb to form the loop.

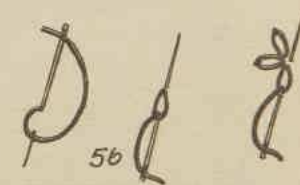
Take the next stitch on the opposite side of the line, pointing the needle in the opposite direction. Continue this way, keeping all stitched the same length.



## Blanket-stitch (Diagram 55):

Work from left to right with the edge to be blanket-stitched toward you. Mark a line for the depth of the blanket-stitch. Bring the thread to the right side of the fabric on this line.

Hold the thread with the thumb and bring the needle through the line on the right side of the fabric and out over the thread at the edge, forming a loop. The space between stitches can be any width you want. The length of the stitch can be varied to give an assortment of stitches.



## Lazy-daisy stitch (Diagram 56):

This basic stitch is the same as the chain-stitch. Each individual loop is worked from a centre point. After each loop is made, return the needle to the same point and continue to the next loop. Be sure to make the lazy-daisy stitches the same length.



## French knot (Diagram 57):

Bring the needle to the right side at the point where the knot is to be made. Point the needle in the same direction as the

Continued on page 54

# NINE SUMMER PATTERNS

● You can obtain patterns for all these attractive styles from Fashion Patterns Pty. Ltd., Sydney (see address and details for ordering on page 103). Two of the designs are available cut out in material ready to sew. Pattern sizes are for children's ages from 2 to 10 years.



7295. — Trim shirt and shorts require: Shorts —  $\frac{1}{2}$  yd. 54in. material,  $\frac{3}{4}$  yd. 36in. lining; shirt —  $\frac{3}{4}$  to 1  $\frac{1}{2}$  yds. 36in. material. Sizes 2, 4, 6, and 8 years. Price 3/.



5993. — Pretty summer "go-anywhere" dress of serviceable cotton (on ladder). Requires 2  $\frac{1}{2}$  to 2  $\frac{3}{4}$  yds. 36in. material. Sizes 2, 4, 6, and 8 years. Price 3/6.  
5994. — Plaid sash and bodice trim give interest to this cotton dress. Requires 2  $\frac{1}{2}$  to 2  $\frac{3}{4}$  yds. 36in. material,  $\frac{3}{4}$  yd. 36in. contrast. Sizes 2, 4, 6, and 8 years. Price 3/6.



5992 — Little girl "Jackie Kennedy" look, in check cotton with pleated bodice and cummerbund. Requires 2 to 2  $\frac{3}{4}$  yds. 36in. material;  $\frac{3}{4}$  to  $\frac{1}{2}$  yd. 36in. contrast. Sizes 4, 6, 8, and 10 years. Price is 3/6.





512 — Check gingham dress cut out ready to sew in blue/white, red/white, green/white, and pink/white. Sizes 2yrs. (price 19/3), 4yrs. (19/11), 6yrs. (21/6), 8yrs. (23/9). Postage 2/- extra. 7268 — Pattern for dress. Requires  $1\frac{1}{2}$  to  $2\frac{3}{4}$ yds. 36in. material;  $3\frac{1}{2}$ yds.  $\frac{3}{4}$ in. Swiss braid. Sizes 2, 4, 6, and 8 years. Price 3/6.

547. — Doll's dress, ready to sew — blue/white, pink/white. Sizes: 12in. doll (price 4/3), 14in. (5/11), 16in. (6/3). Postage 6d. extra. 7267 — Pattern. Requires  $\frac{1}{2}$ yd. to  $\frac{1}{2}$ yd. 36in. material and  $1\frac{1}{2}$ yds.  $\frac{3}{4}$ in. braid. Sizes 12in., 14in., 16in. Price 2/6.



**MOTHER AND DAUGHTER DRESSES:**  
7293—Adult's size requires  $3\frac{1}{2}$ yds. 36in. material. Sizes 32, 34, 36, and 38in. bust. Price 4/6.  
7294—Children's size  $1\frac{1}{2}$  to  $2\frac{3}{4}$ yds. 36in. mat. Sizes: 4, 6, 8, 10, 12 years. Price 3/6.



5998.—Smart pleated skirt and top in contrasting material with bow requires: Skirt— $1\frac{1}{2}$  to  $2\frac{3}{4}$ yds. 36in. material; top—1 to  $1\frac{1}{2}$ yds. 36in. material,  $\frac{3}{4}$ yd. 4in. ribbon. Sizes 4, 6, 8, and 10 years. Price 3/6.



7360 — Shortie pyjamas which little girls love require  $2\frac{1}{2}$  to  $3\frac{1}{2}$ yds. 36in. material,  $\frac{1}{2}$  to  $\frac{3}{4}$ yd. 36in. contrast. Sizes: 4, 6, 8, 10 years. Price 3/-.





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## CHILDREN'S CLOTHES

● A pretty dress with pants to match, a sundress, and a boy's trousers can be made from shirts or men's trousers which are still good apart from frayed cuffs or collars, worn seats or knees.

**W**HEN a shirt collar or cuffs are frayed or trousers have acquired a shine on the seat or the cuffs are worn, Father will toss them aside, saying they are too shabby to wear.

Don't let them be thrown too far. With all that good material still unworn in the shirt back and fronts, or in the legs of the trousers, they can give further wear.

As can be seen on the following pages, brand-new-looking little garments, with plenty of wear in them, can be made with care and patience.

It's no use, however, putting a lot of work into material that is wearing thin.

Before you start, study the garments carefully. As will be seen from the layout of patterns on the following pages, the pieces have been placed on the parts of shirt or trousers least likely to be worn.

The boy's pants, for instance, are cut on the lower leg of the back of men's trousers—the seat always gets worn—and on the

upper leg of the fronts, because the knees get the wear.

With the sundress, the main pattern pieces have been placed on the upper part of shirt-sleeves and on the lower back and front of the shirt.

Business shirts of good quality usually have a lot of wear left. A working-shirt will probably be good only for the duster bag by the time Father has finished with it.

"Best suit" trousers are probably worth the time and energy, because the material will have been of good quality and still have a lot of wear left.

Sturdy working-trousers may also still be good for "knockabouts" for junior.

Unpick the garments carefully, wash, press, and lay out the pieces. Then study the durability before you place the pattern pieces.

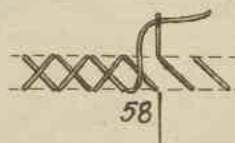
Patterns for the garments shown on these pages can be obtained from Fashion Patterns Pty. Ltd., Sydney (see address and how to order on page 103).

The diagrams provide a guide to placing the pattern pieces.



Continued from page 51

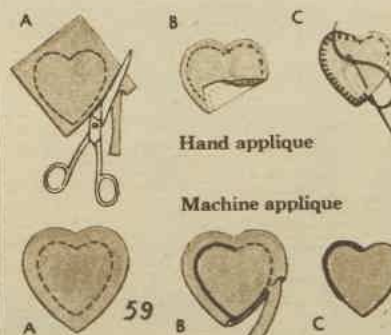
thread. Wind the thread around the needle two or three times. Push the needle back through the fabric at the point where the first stitch was taken. Pull the thread through to the wrong side, forming the knot.



### Cross-stitch: (Diagram 58)

Work from the left to right. Bring the needle through the fabric at the lower left-hand corner. Insert the needle at the upper right-hand corner of the cross and bring it under the fabric and out at the lower left-hand corner of the next stitch.

Sew across the fabric, making all the



Hand applique

Machine applique

stitches in one direction, crossing all the stitches. Keep the stitches together at both the top and the bottom of each cross-stitch.

### Applique (Diagram 59)

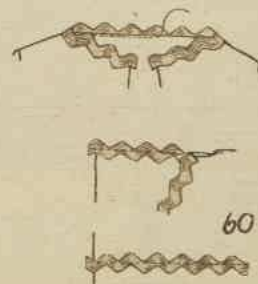
This is a method of applying one piece of fabric over the other with either a fine slip-stitch or a decorative stitch. Usually the decorative stitch used is a blanket-stitch or a feather-stitch.

Sometimes the pattern contains a transfer pattern from which the applique design is cut. Or you can trace designs from children's coloring books or story books.

For hand applique, the design should be traced to the finished size and cut out, allowing  $\frac{1}{4}$  in. seam allowance. A machine-stitch run just outside this line makes it easy to work applique.

Turn the seam allowance of the applique piece just inside the machine line. Pin or baste the piece in place. Sew it on with a decorative stitch.

For machine stitching, the applique can be cut, allowing  $\frac{1}{4}$  in. seam allowance. Stitch it in place with a fine zigzag stitch on the applique line. Trim close to the stitching line. Re-stitch the raw edge and stitching line with a satin-stitch.



### Rick-rack (Diagram 60)

This trim can be sewn flat to the garment through the centre so that the full width of rick-rack shows. It can be applied round edges so that just one edge shows, with the rest of the rick-rack to the underside of the garment.

# FROM FATHER'S DISCARDS



No. 7437. — Sundress, made here from striped shirt, requires 1½ to 1½ yds. 36in. material; 1½ yds. rick-rack braid; 1½ yds. 1in. embroidered braid. Sizes 1, 2, 3 years. Pattern includes pants. Price 3/-. Diagram for cutting from shirt, below right.

## STRIPED SUNDRESS

● The sundress above, made from a striped shirt, buttons on the shoulders and is trimmed round the neck with rick-rack braid and yoke seam with broderie anglaise.

THE body of the dress is cut on the lengthwise of the stripes; the yoke and pocket are cut crosswise for effect.

The yokes are cut double for longer wear. The back of the dress is cut in two pieces, joined by a centre seam, from the good upper parts of the sleeves, while the front is cut in one piece from the tail end of the shirtback.

These pieces are joined and gathered on to the yoke.

Yoke and yoke linings and pocket are cut from the top of the back of the shirt and a second yoke lining is cut from the upper part of the shirtfront.

The rest of the shirtfronts are used for lining for the boy's pants, shown below.

Remember to reverse the fabric when cutting the second half of the trouser lining.

The diagram serves only as a guide; you may have to vary the layout of the pattern pieces depending on the wear of the shirt you are using.

## BOY'S TROUSERS

● Trousers for a nine-year-old boy can be made from men's trousers which are worn at knees and seat.

UNPICK the trousers carefully, wash, and press flat.

Cut the two halves of the back of the pants from the lower parts of the back legs of the men's trousers.

Cut the fronts of the pants from the upper fronts of the men's trousers.

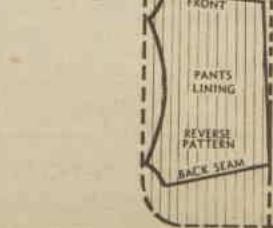
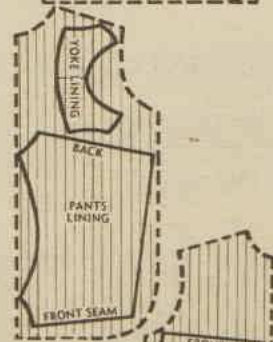
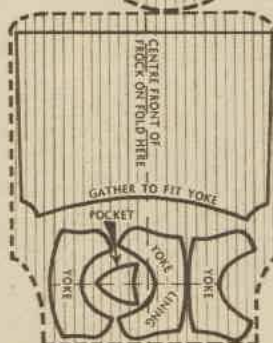
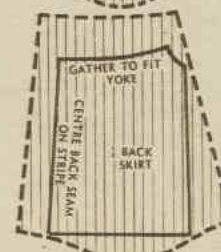
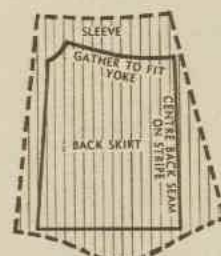
The lining can be cut from the shirt (as shown), or new material used.

Reinforce the seat of the pants with silesia or Italian cloth.

Men's trousers, if all-over good, can also be used for girl's slacks or first long trousers for a young boy.

For a little boy of two to three years old, jodhpurs could be made.

No. 7438. — Boys' trousers, made here from discarded men's trousers, require ½ yd. 54in. material; ½ yd. 36in. lining. Sizes 8, 10, and 12 years. Price 3/-. Diagram guide for cutting from men's trousers, above.



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Lucille Rivers  
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You can feel its quality.

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Gently mild Johnson's  
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Listen to the **QUIZ KIDS** (7.30 Sunday) for details of **EXCITING NEW £800 Johnson's BABY POWDER CONTEST**  
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## PRETTY "BUTTON-THRU" DRESS

● This pretty dress with panties to match can be made from the good parts of a discarded white shirt.

THE fronts of the dress, with front yokes in one, are cut from the fronts of the shirt, using the original front fastening of the shirt for the frock.

Pocket is also cut from a shirtfront. The back of the dress is cut from the tail end of the back of the shirt.

The back yoke and two collar pieces are cut from the upper part of the back of the shirt.

The pantie pieces are cut from the upper parts of the sleeve.

Once again, make sure that you lay the pattern pieces on good parts of the shirt. Examine it carefully after you have unpicked and pressed it flat.

Collar, fronts, pocket, and pantie legs are finished with embroidered edging. Contrasting buttons add a further attractive touch.

The dress could also be trimmed with hand embroidery or fancy machine stitches. Scallops would be especially pretty.

From a discarded shirt you can also make —

### For a girl:

Shortie pyjamas for a three-to-four-year-old.

Sleeveless blouse for a six-year-old.

Tiered half-petticoat for a nine-to-ten-year-old.

Lace-trimmed panties for a nine-to-ten-year-old.

School blouse for a six-to-nine-year-old.

Plain bloomers for all ages.

Playsuit for up to four-year-old.

Baby's rompers for a six-to-12-months-old.

### For a boy:

Short-sleeved shortie pyjamas for a ten-year-old.

Underpants for ten-to-12-year-old.

Short-sleeved shirt for a nine-year-old.

Playsuit for a little boy 1 to 2 years.

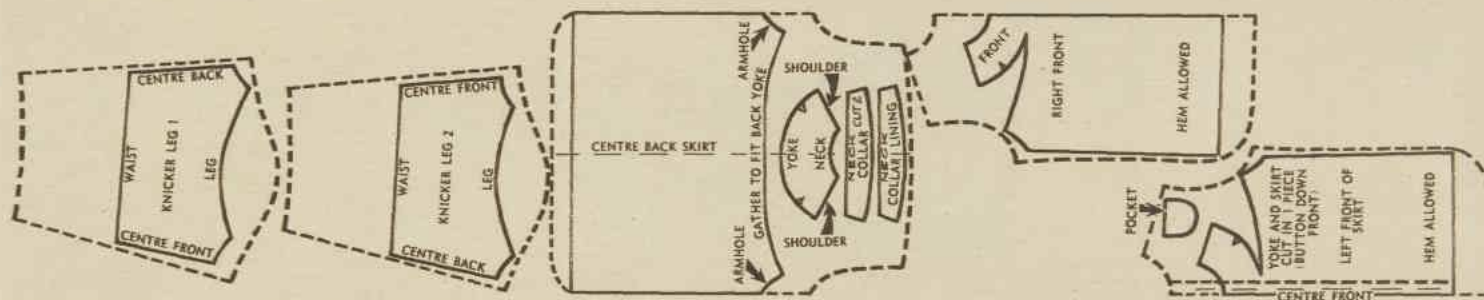
## YOUR IDEAS

If you have any further ideas for using discarded clothing please send them in, showing how each idea can be used.

We will pay for any ideas used in the magazine.



No. 7436. — Button-thru dress and pants, made here from a white shirt, requires 1½ to 1¾ yds. 36in. material; ¾ yds. ¾ in. braid. Sizes 1, 2, 3 years. Price 3/- Diagram for cutting from a shirt is shown below. Pattern for pants included.



I've used **Super Sheen** since the tender age of twelve...

Lucille Rivers used Coats Super Sheen when she first started sewing. Today—one of the world's most famous dressmakers—she still uses the thread she's learnt to trust. These are her own words:

"I use Coats Super Sheen for everything, be it cotton, wool or silk. It is fine and strong and will last the life of the garment, so is practical for tailoring as well.

All my accounts in the States have insisted on a colour-fast, first-quality thread, because model clothes get rough handling and must be washed or dry-cleaned innumerable times. I have only to assure them that I use Coats and they are completely happy. I have used nothing else for sewing since I started at the tender age of 12, so I truly approve of it."

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*Lucille Rivers*



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100 yds.

Size 50  
80 yds.

Size 50  
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a can  
of perfect  
pears  
or peaches

BREAKFAST IS WELL WORTH GETTING UP FOR . . . when you start with a can of fruit. Imagine! You serve orchard-fresh peaches and pears . . . without any mess, any work! And just watch the family go for that fresh-up flavour and cool, cool goodness. Start the day refreshed — serve canned peaches or pears for breakfast.



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EAT MORE CANNED FRUIT

AUSTRALIAN CANNED FRUIT SALES PROMOTION COMMITTEE

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# LUNCH IN Spain

BY ANNE LE GUAY,

WHO RECENTLY

RETURNED

FROM SPAIN

*TRADITIONAL Spanish paella shown at right varies from one province to the next. On the Costa Brava, where this attractive picture was taken by Laurie Le Guay, the paella consists mainly of seafoods of all varieties.*



● Anne Le Guay, wife of a Sydney photographer, lived in Spain for several months during her visit to Europe. She has given us these recipes, supplied by her Spanish cook Aurora, which are typical of the traditional dishes cooked in the various provinces.

ANY occasion calls for a fiesta in Spain, and it is at these times that the Spaniards take extra time and trouble to prepare their food. Sweets, except those of the caramel-custard variety, are not usual, but the two turrone on this page—one soft and the other brittle—are popular foods at fiestas.

All spoon measurements are level.

## TURRON DE ALMENDRAS

(These turrone are served at fiesta time, Christmas and Easter, and all the saints' days. The turrone are wrapped in gold or silver paper in blocks like chocolate. They can be soft or hard. This one is hard and rather like almond brittle.)

Six ounces icing-sugar,  $\frac{1}{2}$  lb. almonds, 4 egg-whites, vanilla. Sieve icing-sugar. Blanch almonds in boiling water, remove skins, toast to golden-brown color in moderate oven. Beat egg-whites until stiff, gradually add icing-sugar, then almonds. Flavor with few drops vanilla. Stir over low heat until thick, pour into oblong mould (about 1 in. deep, 6 in. long, and 3 in. wide is usual, but any shape will do). Leave to harden, then cut into blocks to serve.

## TURRON DE GIJONA

(A soft fudge with almonds.)

One pound almonds,  $\frac{1}{2}$  lb. icing-sugar,  $\frac{1}{2}$  lb. honey. Blanch almonds in boiling water, remove skins, toast in moderate oven. Chop finely. Pound icing-sugar and almonds in mortar (if you have an electric blender it is ideal). Put mixture into saucepan over low heat, add honey. Stir until mixture browns. Pour into oblong moulds lined with grease-proof, leave to set. Cut into squares to serve.

## SPANISH PAELLA

One pound uncooked king prawns, boiling water, slices prepared baby squid (if desired), 6 cloves garlic, 2 tablespoons chopped parsley, 2 tablespoons oil, 1 lb. chipolata sausages,  $\frac{1}{2}$  lb. mussels, extra 2 tablespoons oil, 1 large finely chopped onion,  $\frac{1}{2}$  lb. skinned chopped tomatoes, pinch pimiento powder, 1 teaspoon saffron, extra 1 tablespoon chopped parsley, 4 cups rice, salt, pepper, 2 green peppers (seeded and cut into strips), oil,  $\frac{1}{2}$  lb. green peas (parboiled).

Decorations: One dozen whole prawns (grilled), a few mussels on open shells, green-pepper strips, green peas.

Shell uncooked prawns, place heads and shells in large saucepan, cover with boiling water; simmer 20 minutes, stand

aside. Heat oil in large frying-pan, add peeled garlic and chopped parsley, fry until browned; remove from pan, stand aside. Fry sausages in another pan with some heated oil, add mussels, prawns, and squid. Transfer to large saucepan, simmer slowly. Meanwhile, heat a little more oil in smaller pan, fry onion until softened, stir in chopped tomatoes and pimiento powder. Add garlic and parsley (which have been pounded in pestle and mortar), saffron, and some fresh chopped parsley; simmer 20 minutes, then add to large saucepan. Stir in rice, strain water from prawn shells, and add to rice (allowing 2 cups stock to each cup of rice). Simmer 10 minutes, stirring occasionally. Fry pepper strips in little hot oil, add to mixture; season with salt and pepper, stir in peas. Continue cooking until rice is tender, stirring occasionally. Spoon mixture into serving-bowl, top with few whole prawns, mussels in shells, green-pepper strips, and peas. Serve piping-hot.

## FILETES DE LENGUADO A LA MADRILENA

(Filets of sole with wine and mushrooms.)

Four medium-sized soles (filleted), 8 oz. butter, salt, pepper, juice 1 lemon, 2 onions (finely chopped),  $\frac{1}{2}$  lb. mushrooms (whole or sliced),  $\frac{1}{4}$  cup white wine, 2 tablespoons tomato sauce or puree,  $\frac{1}{4}$  cup water,  $\frac{1}{4}$  cup grated cheese.

Arrange fish filets in well-greased ovenproof casserole, dot with half the butter, season with salt, pepper, lemon juice. Cover, bake in moderate oven about 15 minutes or until tender. Heat remaining butter in pan, add chopped onion, fry until soft. Stir in mushrooms, white wine, tomato sauce, and water; season with salt and pepper. Simmer 5 minutes. Pour over baked fish, sprinkle top with grated cheese. Return to oven to brown cheese. Serve hot.

## HUEVOS VALENCIA

(Eggs cooked with rice, named after a province of Spain.)

Quarter pound rice, salt, 2 mushrooms, little butter,  $\frac{1}{4}$  cup tomato sauce or puree, 2 tablespoons grated cheese, salt, pepper, nutmeg, 4 eggs.

Cook rice in boiling salted water until tender, drain, and rinse well. Dry out in slow oven. Chop mushrooms, saute in a little butter, add to rice with tomato sauce and cheese. Season with salt, pepper, nutmeg; mix well. Fry eggs in usual way. Fill breakfast cup with rice mixture and tip out on to serving-dish in four mounds round outside, put the fried eggs in centre and serve.

For Variation: Mix the rice simply with strips of red and green pepper and fill centre of dish with sauce made with tomatoes, onions, garlic, parsley, little wine, and tiny sausages which have been slightly cooked first.

## GAZPACHE

(A popular cold summer soup.)

Half pound onions, 4 oz. butter, 2 lb. ripe tomatoes,  $\frac{1}{4}$  cup red wine, salt, pepper, sugar, 3 cloves garlic, paprika, 3 tablespoons oil, 1 cucumber, 12 black stoned olives, chopped parsley.

Fry onions (chopped roughly) in butter until soft, add skinned chopped tomatoes, simmer until soft. Season with salt, pepper, and a little sugar. Add red wine; simmer 10 minutes. Sieve, set aside. Crush garlic in mortar (or heavy china basin), add salt, pepper, and paprika to taste, gradually add oil, drip by drip. When mixture is smooth, stir in tomato puree, cubed cucumber, and olives. Stand in refrigerator until ready to serve. Sprinkle with chopped parsley.

## POLLO A LA AURORA

(Chicken is cooked this way at fiesta time.)

Half pound small button mushrooms, juice 1 lemon, 2 tablespoons butter, 4 tablespoons oil, 1 onion,  $\frac{1}{2}$  lb. chicken livers, 1 good roasting chicken, salt, pepper,  $\frac{1}{4}$  cup sherry, 1 tablespoon cognac, 2 truffles, 6 slices bacon (rind removed), 1 cup white wine, 1 cup stock, 1 tablespoon chopped parsley, 1 tablespoon cornflour (blended with 2 tablespoons water).

Roughly chop half the mushrooms, sprinkle with lemon juice (reserve remainder for later use). Heat 1 tablespoon oil and 1 tablespoon butter in frying-pan, fry chopped mushrooms, finely chopped onion, and chicken livers until soft and brown. Season with salt, pepper, little sherry, and cognac; cook until soft; cool. Chop truffles finely, mix into remaining butter which has been creamed. Carefully lift skin on breast of chicken, spread truffle mixture on breast meat. Stuff chicken with mushroom and liver mixture, sew up securely. Heat remaining oil in large frying-pan, slowly fry the chicken, basting and turning frequently until golden-brown all over. Transfer to baking-dish. Add bacon and whole mushrooms to remaining oil in pan and saute lightly, transfer to baking-dish with chicken. Add white wine, stock, and any remaining sherry and cognac, parsley, salt, and pepper. Bake in hot oven about 40 minutes or until chicken is tender, basting occasionally. Lift out on to serving-dish, cover with bacon and mushrooms. Add blended cornflour to pan juices, stir over heat until thickened, simmer few minutes. Serve sauce in gravy-boat. This dish is very rich and is best served simply with fresh green peas.

Continued on page 62



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# No time to fuss

● Working girls, wives with careers, or women with many outside interests that send them home to get meals in a hurry will appreciate the menus with quickly prepared recipes given here.

THEY are taken from a new cookbook, "Time is of the Essence," by Elisabeth Ayrton.

Some of the meals can be prepared from beginning to end in ten minutes; others take 20 or 30 minutes.

To achieve this high-gear efficiency you must have adequate basic stocks in your larder, good equipment, and a well-arranged kitchen.

If you live in a rented flat or a room you may be limited, but you can at least buy extra saucepans and a really heavy frying-pan.

To make meals quickly, you must also work neatly and try to keep out callers or family. Close the door and get to work and leave clearing up and washing saucepans until afterwards.

Get someone else to lay the table—or set it beforehand.

## BASIC CUPBOARD STOCKS

● To be replenished as they run out; not mentioned in specific shopping lists.

Three pounds plain flour, 3lb. self-raising flour, 1 pkt. cornflour, salt, 1 pint milk, 1lb. butter, 1lb. margarine, 1 bottle olive oil, 1lb. cooking fat, 6 eggs, bread, 1lb. hard cheese — cheddar, gruyere, parmesan, 1lb. bacon, 1 bottle malt vinegar, 1 bottle wine (white) vinegar, 1 bottle curry powder, 1 tin dry mustard, 1 bottle french mustard, paprika — small tin, pepper — small tin black, small tin white, small tin cayenne, sugar — 1lb. castor, 1lb. brown, 1lb. granulated, 1lb. icing, 1lb. lump (have all kinds of sugar in stock for different purposes), 1lb. rice (for puddings), 1lb. long-grain rice (for curries, etc.), 1lb. spaghetti (long), 1lb. macaroni (long), 1 pkt. shredded suet, spices — small tin mace, small tin nutmeg, small tin allspice, 1 pkt. powdered gelatine, 3 pkts. herbs — 1 sage, 1 thyme, 1 mixed, jam — marmalade, 1 bottle gravy browning (meat extract), 2 or 3 bouillon cubes to use when you have no stock, 1lb. cocoa or drinking chocolate, 1lb. coffee, 1lb. tea, 1lb. raisins, 1lb. currants, 1 tin golden syrup, large can tomato puree, 2 lemons, 1lb. onions, few cloves of garlic, 2lb. carrots and turnips, 14lb. potatoes.

One tin sardines, 1 tin salmon or tuna, 1 tin pate de foie, 1 tin garden peas, 2 tins (or packets) of soup, 1 tin peaches, 1 tin pears, 1 tin apricots.



## MEALS IN 10 MINUTES

Two Cheap Menus for Four People:

### MENU 1

#### Piperade

Chipolata or frankfurter sausages  
French bread and butter  
Coffee or red wine

#### Shopping List:

1lb. onions.  
1 clove garlic.  
1lb. green peppers.  
1lb. large tomatoes.  
4 eggs.  
1 french loaf.  
1lb. chipolata or 4 prs. frankfurter sausages.  
Olive oil.  
Butter.  
Coffee or wine.

### PIPERADE

Ingredients: Half pound onions, 1 clove garlic, 1lb. green peppers, 4 large tomatoes, 4 eggs, little olive oil.

Put pan with oil to heat. Quickly cut up the vegetables and fry the onions and peppers. When they are beginning to soften, add the tomatoes (5 min.). Season with salt and pepper and a clove of garlic well crushed. Let the mixture simmer while you put sausages to cook in a separate pan. The vegetables should be soft, almost like a puree (7 min. has passed). Break into the vegetables, one by one, four eggs. Do not beat them first, but break up each as it goes in and stir in quickly, beating mixture with a fork all the time. Stir till the eggs are cooked, when the mixture should look like a creamy puree. Serve in individual small bowls with a hot sausage and a piece of crusty french bread and butter for each person.

Red wine or good coffee should be drunk with Piperade. It is a dish from the Basque country and with rough red wine is a perfect supper in itself.

### MENU 2

#### Plates of: Salami

Mortadella  
Sliced ham

#### Spanish omelet

French bread and butter  
Plain green salad  
Coffee

#### Shopping List:

1lb. onion.  
1lb. bacon.  
6 eggs.  
2oz. salami.  
1lb. mortadella.  
1lb. cooked ham.  
1 large lettuce.  
Little parsley.  
Watercress if liked.  
Oil and vinegar for french dressing.  
Long french loaf.  
1lb. tomatoes.  
1 green pepper.

### SPANISH OMELET

Ingredients: Half pound potatoes, 1oz. butter or substitute, 1lb. tomatoes, 1lb. onions, 1 green pepper, 2 eggs per person.

Fry potatoes, cut in small cubes in the butter with finely chopped tomatoes, onions, and green pepper. When all are cooked, add your egg mixture in the very hot pan and season. Turn over and cook both sides instead of folding like an ordinary omelet, as the vegetables make it very solid.

You can add chopped mixed herbs or chopped parsley or a few mushrooms. It is good served with cheese or tomato sauce.

### One Medium-priced Menu for Four People:

Pate maison  
Brown bread and butter  
Pork chops  
Frozen peas or beans

#### Shopping List:

1lb. liver pate.  
Small loaf brown bread.  
4 pork chops.  
1 pkt. frozen peas or beans.

Start grill heating; put on salted water for frozen vegetable. Trim pork chops, salt and pepper them. Put little butter on each and start grilling.

Divide pate into four and arrange on small plates.

Turn chops after five minutes. Put vegetables into now boiling water, put plates and dishes to heat, cut brown bread and butter for accompanying pate. Drain vegetables, put to keep hot.

Dish chops, put to keep hot, and serve first course.

### More Expensive Menu for Four People:

Hors d'oeuvres of olives and anchovies  
Melba toast and butter  
Grilled fillets of sole or  
Grilled salmon steaks  
Frozen peas  
White wine

#### Shopping List:

1lb. loose, or in jar, olives, stuffed or large green, or 1lb. green and 1lb. black, if liked.  
1 medium or 2 small tins anchovy fillets, curled or flat.  
4 small or 2 large soles, filleted, or  
4 slices of salmon, weighing in all 1lb., each slice about 1in. thick.  
Large packet frozen peas.  
Thin slices bread.  
1 lemon.  
Wine.

Put grill to heat and put water on for peas. Put 2oz. butter or substitute to melt gently.

Arrange olives and anchovy fillets on small plates.

Place fish fillets or steaks on grill, salt, pour half melted butter over. Grill sole fillets 3min. before turning and salmon steaks 4min. Put peas into boiling water, toast bread slices, and arrange. Cut lemon into quarters. Turn fish and pour over remainder of butter. Grill sole 2min. more and salmon 3min. Serve with all butter and juice from grill pan poured over and quarters of lemon to garnish.

## BASIC COOKING EQUIPMENT

Two large saucepans with lids.

Two medium saucepans with lids.

Two small saucepans.

One heavy frying-pan. Colander.

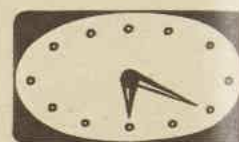
Wire strainer.

One vegetable moulin for puree, etc.

Good chopping-knife.

Aluminium foil.

Greaseproof paper.



## MEALS IN 20 MINUTES

Two Medium-priced Menus for Four People:

### MENU 1

#### Soup

Salad Nicoise with smoked ham and sausages  
French bread and butter  
Mushrooms on toast

#### Shopping List:

Large tin of soup (not mushroom).  
1lb. smoked ham.  
1lb. salami.  
1lb. haggis sausage (or mortadella or 2 prs. frankfurters).  
2 eggs.  
Small tin anchovy fillets.  
1lb. black olives.  
Small packet dried thyme or little fresh thyme.  
Oil, vinegar, garlic (for dressing).  
1lb. mushrooms.  
Sliced loaf.  
French loaf.

### SALAD NICOISE

Ingredients: 1 lettuce, 4 tomatoes, 2 hard-boiled eggs, french dressing with garlic, 8-12 anchovy fillets, 1lb. black olives, thyme.

This is a very famous salad of the South of France. It has a strong, clean taste and is so satisfying that it is a main dish in itself.

Put on water to skin the tomatoes and hard-boil the eggs. Wash, dry, and finely shred lettuce. Plunge tomatoes into hot water, remove, and peel off skins, chop roughly. Peel and chop the eggs.

Mix these together in a bowl. Stone the olives and place them, alternating with anchovy fillets, round the edge. Crush one clove of garlic into the dressing, pour it over the salad, sprinkle with chopped thyme, and serve.

### FRENCH DRESSING

Ingredients: 3 tablespoons oil, salt and pepper, 1 dessertspoon wine vinegar, 1 teaspoon mustard (if liked), 1 clove garlic (crushed).

Place the salt, pepper, mustard, and crushed garlic, if used, in a bowl. Add the vinegar, then gradually add the

# — meals made in minutes

oil, and whisk well. Pour this over the salad and mix it well to distribute the dressing evenly throughout. Both mustard and garlic may be omitted, if preferred, but the garlic flavor is really an integral part of the salad and blends the taste of the olives and anchovies with the rest. The thyme is also very important.

For the mushrooms: Wash, but do not peel. Trim stalks level with cap (and keep stalks for flavoring other dishes).

Make butter or substitute hot, but not brown, in pan. Put in mushrooms flat and all the same way up, not overlapping, and very gently fry for 2 min. on underside, turn and fry 3 min. on cap side. Lift out and serve on buttered toast sprinkled with salt and pepper.

Keep hot, covered with foil, in very low oven while you eat other courses.

## MENU 2

Chicken saute  
with  
Mushrooms and tomatoes  
Frozen chips  
Pears refreshed

### Shopping List:

Large frozen chicken.  
1 lb. mushrooms.  
1 lb. tomatoes.  
Large packet chipped potatoes.  
4 dessert pears.  
Strawberry jam.  
A little brandy if possible  
1 pint cream.  
Lemon.

Thaw chicken beforehand. Cut into joints. Put on water to boil to skin tomatoes.

Rub chicken joints with flour, salt, and pepper and brown in large frying-pan or Dutch oven with 2oz. butter or substitute on medium heat. After turning on all sides (3 or 4 min.), reduce heat so that they are just cooking and add washed and sliced mushrooms.

Cover and simmer on slow heat for 15 min., turning once or twice. Skin and halve tomatoes and add as soon as possible.

Serve as it is, but season a little with the heated chipped potatoes. While chicken is cooking peel pears, halve, and quickly place in deep glasses, squeezing lemon juice over each to prevent discoloration. Mix 2 tablespoons of strawberry jam with 1 tablespoon brandy and a dessertspoon lemon juice (if no brandy use water).

Pour over pears. Top with whipped cream.

A More Expensive Menu for Four People:

Pate Toast  
or  
Mushrooms on toast as a savory  
Fillets of veal holstein  
Frozen broccoli  
Cheese  
Fresh fruit  
Wine  
Coffee

### Shopping List:

4 eggs.  
1 lb. 6oz. liver or other pate from delicatessen, or tin of pate or 1 lb. mushrooms.  
About 1 lb. fillet of veal cut into 4 very thin slices, which your butcher will flatten for you.  
Small tin anchovy fillets.  
1 lb. small gherkins from delicatessen.  
2 or 3 kinds of cheese.  
Fruit.  
Coffee.  
Wine.  
Large pkt. frozen broccoli.  
Loaf of sliced bread for toast.  
Flour and season the neat slices of veal and fry them very gently about 4 min. on each side in a little butter.

Put on water for broccoli and prepare pate, cheese, fruit, etc., for serving. Put broccoli into now-boiling salted water.

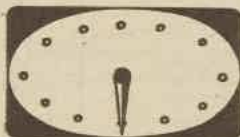
As soon as veal is cooked, keep hot on serving-dish: in pan in which it was cooked fry 4 eggs, using a little more butter if necessary.

Carefully dish 1 egg on to each fillet (they should be very soft indeed as they have to wait while you eat your pate, unless you can come out and fry them between courses). Decorate each fillet and egg with 2 anchovy fillets and 1 or 2 small gherkins cut into slices or into fancy shapes.

Dish broccoli.  
This is a famous German dish and is very good, as the sharp, strong taste of gherkins and anchovies contrasts well with the egg and the veal.

If you can cook eggs and decorate and serve straightaway, it is best, as the dish is ruined if the eggs have hardened.

Mushrooms on toast as a savory might be substituted for the pate.



## MEALS IN 30 MINUTES

Two Cheap Menus for Four People:

### MENU 1

Risotto  
Green salad  
Open apple tart (with prepared pastry)

### Shopping List:

2 onions.  
1 lb. rice.  
1 lb. tomatoes.  
Parsley.  
Clove of garlic.  
2-3 green peppers.  
1 lb. Cheddar cheese.  
1 lb. each cooked cold meat, cold chicken, ham, prawns.  
2oz. almonds.  
Bouillon cube for stock.  
1 lb. bought ready-mixed pastry.  
1 lb. cooking apples.  
Raisins, sultanas, or dates (if not stocked).

Ingredients: 2 onions, 2oz. butter, 1 lb. tomatoes, 2-3 green peppers (seeded and chopped), 1 dessertspoon chopped parsley, 1 lb. rice, 1 1/2 pints stock (made with bouillon cube and water), 1 lb. grated cheddar cheese, cooked cold meat, chicken, ham, prawns, or almonds.

Set oven at moderate. Make butter hot in a saucepan, lightly fry in it the onion, finely cut. Add cut-up and skinned tomato and the rest of the ingredients except the rice.

Stir rice in after about 5 min. and simmer gently till it begins to look transparent. Then stir in some hot stock, adding this gradually till all is in. Simmer gently till the rice has absorbed all the stock.

Serve with cheese, meats, and almonds.

### OPEN APPLE TART

Peel and core the apples and cut them into thin slices. Roll out pastry and line a tin, putting an extra strip round the edge. Lay the slices of apple on the pastry so that they overlap and no space can be seen between them. Sprinkle with 2oz. brown sugar, being careful not to touch the pastry at the side or it will go soggy.

Scatter with 2oz. raisins, sultanas, or dates. Dot with pieces of butter or margarine, and bake in pre-heated oven for 20 minutes.

The raisins, sultanas, or dates may be omitted if a simple tart is preferred, or they may be replaced by 3 tablespoons melted red-currant jelly or strawberry jam poured over the apples before baking.

## MENU 2

Quiche Lorraine  
Salad  
Cheese  
Coffee

### Shopping List:

1 lb. prepared pastry, short or flaky.  
1 lb. bacon rashers.  
4 eggs.  
1 pint milk.  
Salad vegetables.  
Cayenne pepper.  
Cheese.  
Coffee.  
Wine, if liked.

### QUICHE LORRAINE (with prepared pastry)

Ingredients: 8oz. short pastry, 6 rashers bacon cut into small strips, 1 pint milk, salt and pepper, 4 eggs, cayenne pepper.

First, put oven to heat at moderately hot.

Line an 8 in. sandwich-tin with the pastry. Fry the bacon lightly, then arrange it on the pastry.

Beat eggs, add milk, season well, and pour this mixture carefully over the bacon, sprinkle with a little cayenne and bake for 20-25 minutes or until set. This can be made the day before and warmed up (if liked). It is particularly good if served with a salad and cheese to follow.

Drink a red wine with it and it is a perfect one-dish meal. If you do not want to serve wine, serve large cups of good coffee.

## One Medium-priced Menu for Four People:

Orange and tomato soup  
Toast  
Brochette or kebab of lamb with rice  
Cheese  
Coffee

### Shopping List:

1 lb. lean meat from leg of lamb.  
1 lb. lamb's liver (calf's will do).  
1 lb. mushrooms.  
1 lb. long-grained rice.  
2 onions.  
1 lb. rashers streaky bacon.  
6 oranges.  
1 large tin tomato juice.  
Little mint.  
Cooking sherry.  
Assorted cheeses.  
Bread slices.  
Coffee.

## ORANGE AND TOMATO SOUP

Ingredients: 6 oranges, pint tin tomato juice, 1 pint cooking sherry, 2 teaspoons sugar, salt and pepper, juice of half a lemon, mint.

This is an unusual and stimulating soup, very good if the main course is rather rich and heavy.

Squeeze juice from the oranges and put it in a saucepan with the tomato juice. Stir in sugar, salt and pepper, and lemon juice. Bring to the boil.

Then dish your brochettes on to their bed of rice, which you have drained after 12 minutes' fast boiling, rinsed under the tap. Leave all to keep hot in slow oven while you chop mint for soup and make toast. Add sherry to soup. Boil 1 minute. Serve at once with mint sprinkled on top of each bowl.

## BROCHETTE OR KEBAB OF LAMB

Ingredients: 1 lb. lean meat from leg of lamb, 1 lb. mushrooms, 2 onions, 1 lb. lamb's liver, 4 rashers streaky bacon,

2oz. melted butter or margarine.

For this recipe you must have a skewer for each person.

First, make your grill very hot and put on water for rice to boil.

Cut the lamb into pieces 1 in. thick and about 1 1/2 in. square. You want 12 pieces for 4 people. Cut the liver into 12 thin pieces about the same size.

Cut the onions into quarters downwards (not in rings). Cut each bacon rasher into three.

On each skewer thread first a piece of bacon, then a slice of onion and a mushroom, then a slice of lamb, then liver, and repeat three times. Brush the filled skewers with melted butter.

Arrange all four on grill and cook for 3 minutes on each of four sides. Make sure no angle has been missed and is still raw.

Serve at once on the skewer with plain boiled rice. This is a very easy dish, but very good.

As soon as the rice is boiling and the skewers are filled and ready for the grill, start the soup. Allow 12 minutes' grilling time for brochettes.

## A More Expensive Menu for Four People:

Clear soup with sherry  
Mixed grill  
Creamed potatoes  
Chipolata  
Plain green salad  
French bread and butter  
Fresh fruit  
Cheese  
Biscuits  
Red wine  
Coffee

### Shopping List:

4 small lamb cutlets.  
4-6 lamb's kidneys.  
4 rashers bacon.  
1 lb. tomatoes.  
1 lb. mushrooms.  
1 lb. chipolata sausages.  
2 lb. potatoes.  
Watercress.  
Long french loaf.  
Red wine.  
Cooking sherry.  
Large tin very good clear soup, real turtle or pheasant, for example.  
Fruit.  
Assorted cheeses.  
Biscuits.

This meal is designed particularly to have masculine appeal. It can quite easily be prepared in 30 minutes, and it is absolutely guaranteed to impress any older man who fancies himself as a gourmet, as well as any younger one who is simply very hungry. It is, however, expensive.

## MIXED GRILL

Ingredients: 4-6 cutlets, 1 lb. chipolata sausages, 4 rashers bacon, 4 kidneys (lamb's), 1 lb. tomatoes, 1 lb. mushrooms, 3oz. butter or substitute, salt and pepper.

First make grill very hot and peel potatoes, cut them, and put on to boil.

Prepare kidneys by opening and removing cores and skins, and lightly flour and season.

Divide sausages and prick them with a fork. Have a large dish ready heating in warming-drawer or very low oven. Then cut in halves the tomatoes, sprinkle with a little sugar and salt, and arrange on grill with the mushrooms (washed but not peeled or cut) with a dab of butter on each. Grill for 5 minutes. Turn and grill other side for 3 minutes. Remove to serving-dish and keep hot. Next grill chipolata sausages and bacon. Remove to serving-dish and keep hot. Then grill cutlets and kidneys about 4 minutes on each side with

very hot grill. Place a dab of butter on each cutlet and kidney, and baste them when you turn them.

This whole dish should take about 20 minutes from start of preparation to dishing-up and should only be kept hot while you have your soup. Drain and mash potatoes with butter and a little milk, and plenty of salt and pepper while cutlets and kidneys are grilling. Whisk them till light and fluffy and keep hot. Wash and dry salad while tomatoes are grilling.

Make a quick dressing by mixing salt and pepper in a tablespoon with a little vinegar and sugar and pouring olive oil to fill spoon. Lightly mix this into salad.



## DINNER PARTY FOR FOUR (One hour)

Grapefruit  
Chicken with almonds  
Creamed potatoes  
French beans or spinach  
Rye, Danish, French breads  
Cheeses, various

### Shopping List:

2 grapefruit  
Medium-sized roasting chicken.  
4oz. almonds  
2 onions  
Large pkt. frozen beans  
1 lb. butter  
2 lb. potatoes  
Cheese  
Breads  
Bouillon cube  
Brandy, sherry—if required  
Preheat oven to moderate. Peel potatoes and put them ready in saucepan. Put butter in heavy frying-pan to melt. Peel and chop onions and put them to cook in butter. Meanwhile, cut chicken into 8 pieces, lightly flour and season. Put onions at bottom of wide, shallow casserole with chicken joints on top.

Blanch the almonds and tip them into pan and fry fast for 2 min., shaking pan off the heat. Add to casserole.

Stir 1 tablespoon flour into butter remaining in frying-pan. Work in well but only brown slightly. Stir in 1 pint stock, adding it slowly, allow to thicken smoothly. Add brandy or sherry. Pour sauce over chicken in casserole, cover closely, place in oven for 45 min.

Put on potatoes and water for beans. While chicken is cooking prepare the grapefruit, sugar it, and put a cherry in the centre of each half. Put on beans. When the potatoes are cooked, strain them and put them through a moulin or sieve. Add milk, butter, and seasoning. Now dish up the beans and put them to keep hot. The chicken should be served still in its casserole.

From "Time is of the Essence," by Elisabeth Ayrton (Macgibbon & Kee). Price 31/6. Elisabeth Ayrton, an Englishwoman, has written a novel (about a great French family of cooks), a previous cookbook, does broadcasting, and contributes articles to women's magazines. She is married to painter and sculptor Michael Ayrton.

## DO THE POTATOES ONCE A WEEK

● Here is a plan for providing yourself with a week's potatoes, all peeled at once (except for a few for chips) and prepared.

Shopping: 7 lb.-8 lb.  
SATURDAY NIGHT: Creamed potatoes.  
SUNDAY: Roast potatoes.  
MONDAY: Creamed potatoes browned in the oven.  
TUESDAY: Saute potatoes.  
WEDNESDAY: Potatoes Dauphinois.  
THURSDAY: Devonshire Fried.  
FRIDAY: Chips (from potatoes left), or, rice for a change.

On Saturday: Put aside four medium potatoes for making chips next Friday. Peel or scrape (according to season) all the rest. Leave enough for Sunday's roast potatoes raw but covered with water.

Boil remainder in large saucepan of salted water until just cooked. Remove about two-thirds and leave to cool. Cook remainder another five minutes, drain and mash well with milk and a little butter, beating till they are smooth and creamy.

Half can be served at once or left to be reheated in a little extra milk (which should be brought almost to the boil in saucepan and then have the creamed potato stirred into it).

The other half is turned into a buttered fireproof dish, dotted with butter and topped (if liked) with grated cheese, and put in refrigerator.

One-third of the potatoes you removed when only just cooked are ready to be sliced and sauteed in hot fat.

Another third are for Dauphinois potatoes to be sliced and arranged in a flat buttered fireproof dish dotted with butter, well seasoned, with a little milk poured over them. They are then baked for twenty minutes to half an hour.

The preparation of the cooked potatoes for saute takes about 3 minutes and the cooking 4 minutes.

The preparation of the Dauphinois potatoes takes about 5 minutes and the cooking 20-30 minutes.

The remaining third are for Devonshire Fried and are simply chopped up roughly, pressed into a hot pan containing very little fat, and fried to form a cake, first one side then the other. Time, 2 minutes to chop potatoes and heat fat and 6 minutes to brown the cake.

If new potatoes are in season, scrape enough for the first three nights, those not used at once being left covered with water (which should be changed each day).



## £5 for fruit punch recipe

● A New Zealand reader wins the main prize of £5 in our weekly recipe contest for an unusual fruit punch flavored with tea and grape juice.

**I**NTERESTING pikelet and patty recipes each win £1 consolation prize.

All spoon measurements are level.

### PARTY PUNCH

One cup sugar, 2 pints water,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup strong black tea, 4 lemons, 4 oranges,  $1\frac{1}{2}$  cups grape juice, 1 tin crushed pineapple, 1 large bottle

ginger ale, orange slices, red and green maraschino cherries, strawberries.

Place sugar and water in saucepan and stir over low heat until sugar dissolves. Bring to the boil, simmer 5 minutes; add strained tea; chill. Squeeze juice from oranges and lemons. Stir orange, lemon, grape juice, pineapple and syrup into mixture. Chill at least 2 hours before serving.

Pour into punch bowl, add ginger ale, and decorate with orange slices, red and green cherries, and strawberry pieces.

First Prize of £5 to Miss A. Francis, 58 St. Georges Bay St., Parnell, N.Z.

### ORANGE PIKELETS

One cup milk, juice  $\frac{1}{2}$  lemon, 2 eggs (separated) 3 tablespoons sugar,  $1\frac{1}{2}$  cups self-raising flour, pinch salt, grated rind and juice 1 orange, butter, citrus jam and butter for serving.

Combine milk and lemon juice, stand aside in warm place to turn sour. Place egg-yolks in basin, add 1 tablespoon of the sugar, and beat well. Beat egg-whites in separate basin until stiff, gradually add remaining sugar. Combine with egg-yolk mixture and fold in sifted flour and salt, sour milk, juice and rind of orange. Mix to smooth batter. Heat frying-pan or pikelet-iron, grease lightly with butter. Spoon batter on to iron, cook until bubbles appear on top of pikelets. Turn and cook other side. Serve topped with butter and little jam.

Consolation Prize of £1 to Mrs. A. Knight, 61 Rodway St., Zillmere, Qld.

### PINEAPPLE-BACON PATTIES

One pound pork sausage meat,  $\frac{1}{2}$  lb. minced veal, 3 tablespoons apricot jam, 1 egg, pinch nutmeg, salt, pepper, 12 thin pineapple slices, 6 bacon rashers.

Mix together the minced meat, 2 tablespoons of jam, beaten egg, seasonings. Using little flour, shape into patties the same shape as pineapple slices. Place one between each 2 pineapple slices, wrap in bacon rasher, and secure with a cocktail stick. Brush over with remaining jam. Place patties in well-greased baking-dish, bake in moderate oven 45 minutes.

Consolation Prize of £1 to Mrs. C. Murphy, Houghton, S.A.

## LUNCH IN SPAIN

from page 59

### BESUGE CON ALMONDRAS A LA CASTELLANA

(Bream cooked with almonds.)

Four small or 1 large bream, 1 lemon, 2oz. almonds,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup oil, 1 finely chopped onion, 1 tablespoon chopped parsley, 2 tablespoons butter, 2 tablespoons flour, 2 cups milk, salt, pepper.

Wash fish, slit each in few places, and insert small piece of lemon. Blanch almonds in hot water, remove skins. Dry out in slow oven. Stick almonds into fish at regular intervals, arrange in greased ovenproof dish. Top with oil, chopped onion, and parsley. Cover, bake in slow oven 20 to 30 minutes or until tender. Meanwhile, prepare sauce: melt butter in saucepan, stir in flour, cook 1 minute without browning. Add milk, cook until sauce boils and thickens, stirring constantly; simmer 3 minutes, season. Serve poured over fish.

### HUEVOS AL HORNO CON RINONES

(Eggs with kidneys make a delicious breakfast dish.)

One finely chopped onion, 1 tablespoon oil, 1 tablespoon flour,  $\frac{1}{4}$  cup stock or water, salt, pepper, 4 eggs, breadcrumbs, 2 lamb's kidneys.

Fry chopped onion in little oil in frying-pan, sprinkle in flour, stir in stock or water, stir over heat until thickened. Season with salt, pepper. Clean kidneys and chop, add to sauce in pan, cook slowly 10 minutes, stirring from time to time. Grease small casserole, break the eggs into it, cover with layer of breadcrumbs, season with salt and pepper. Cook in moderate oven 5 minutes. Pour kidney sauce over, dust with breadcrumbs, brown in oven a few minutes.



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# Cookery Course

## SWEET AND SAVORY JELLIES

— Using powdered gelatine or packaged jelly

A WIDE range of sweet and savory jellies can be made using powdered gelatine or sweet packaged jellies.

### TYPES OF JELLY

**Clear Jelly:** Flavored as desired, used for jellifying fruits, vegetables, salads, or for dessert, whipped to an opaque sponge, with or without stiffly beaten egg-whites.

**Note:** Pineapple must be pre-cooked or tinned for successful setting, because uncooked pineapple contains a substance which prevents gelatine setting.

**Chiffon Type:** Fruit-flavored egg-gelatine mixture lightened with stiffly beaten egg-whites.

**Bavarian Jelly:** Plain jelly beaten to a thick foam and enriched with whipped cream.

**Custard Jelly:** Egg custard set with gelatine. See lesson No. 28 in our September 20 issue.

**Aspic Jelly:** For savory dishes made from stock or water, gelatine, flavorings.

### CORRECT PROPORTIONS

Standard proportion of  $\frac{1}{2}$  oz. or 2 dessertspoons gelatine to 1 pint liquid varies according to type of jelly required as—

**Whipped Jelly:** Reduce liquid for dissolving jelly crystals by  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup for each  $\frac{1}{2}$  pint; or use 2 dessertspoons dissolved gelatine to  $\frac{1}{2}$  pint water, fruit syrup, etc. Whip when beginning to thicken.

**Chiffon:** For a 3- or 4-egg mixture use 3 teaspoons gelatine.

**Bavarian or Custard Type:** Reduce liquid for dissolving jelly to  $\frac{1}{2}$  pint; when partially set fold in  $\frac{1}{2}$  pint whipped cream; or add 2 dessertspoons dissolved gelatine and  $\frac{1}{2}$  pint whipped cream to  $\frac{1}{2}$  pint custard; or make  $\frac{1}{2}$  pint stirred custard with egg-yolks, cool, add 1 dessertspoon gelatine dissolved and stiffly beaten egg-whites.

**Aspic Jelly:** Acid ingredients as lemon juice or vinegar affect setting property of gelatine. To overcome this, increase quantity of gelatine or reduce quantity of liquid.

### TO DISSOLVE GELATINE

Gelatine softens and swells in cold liquid and dissolves readily in hot liquid. Method of dissolving depends on quantity:

**Amounts up to 1 tablespoon:** Sprinkle over small quantity hot, not boiling, water, stir until dissolved, or stand container in hot water, stir over low heat until dissolved.

**Larger Quantities:** Moisten with cold water, stand container in hot water, dissolve as above; or add moistened gelatine to hot liquid.

### Sweet and Savory Jelly Recipes

#### JELLIED CHICKEN SALAD

Two dessertspoons gelatine, 2 tablespoons cold water, 3 cups strained chicken soup, 1 sliced hard-boiled egg, 2 or 3 tablespoons cooked green peas,  $\frac{1}{4}$  cups chopped cooked chicken or rabbit.

Soften gelatine in cold water, add to hot soup, stir until dissolved. Use a small quantity to set pattern of egg slices and peas in wetted mould. When set place chicken in mould, fill with cold soup gelatine mixture—chill until set. Unmould, serve with salad.

#### ORANGE CHIFFON TART

One dessertspoon gelatine, 1 tablespoon hot water,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup orange juice,  $\frac{1}{4}$  cup sugar, pinch salt, 2 eggs, 1 dessertspoon grated orange rind, 1 teaspoon lemon juice, 1 8in. biscuit pastry-case, cooked and cooled.

Soften gelatine in hot water. Mix orange juice,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup of the sugar, salt, beaten egg-yolks. Stir over gently boiling water until thickened to custard consistency. Add orange rind, lemon juice, and softened gelatine, stir until dissolved. Stir occasionally while cooling over crushed ice or in iced water. When beginning to thicken, fold in egg-whites beaten to meringue consistency with remaining sugar. Fill into pastry-case, chill until set.

#### LAMBS' TONGUES IN ASPIC

**Aspic Jelly:** Two dessertspoons gelatine,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup cold water,  $\frac{1}{2}$  pint stock or water, 1 dessertspoon white vinegar, 2 cloves, 2 thin strips lemon rind, 1 dessertspoon lemon juice, 2 thin

**Note:** To ensure setting, liquid used for softening and dissolving gelatine must not exceed amount specified in recipe.

### DECORATION

Ingredients to decorate base of mould are set in clear jelly, some of the recipe itself, or clear jelly prepared separately.

Rinse mould with cold water, add sufficient liquid jelly to barely cover base, allow to set. Arrange decoration on top, carefully spoon over sufficient cold liquid jelly to cover but not float decorations. Allow to set. Add cold jelly to fill mould to prevent disturbing decoration.

### TO MAKE LAYERED MOULD

Layer lightest in color and texture is set in bottom of mould; heaviest texture and darkest color goes into mould last, so that when unmoulded it forms base.

Prepare mixture for each layer, allow to become cold but not set.

Rinse mould with cold water. Pour cold mixture for first layer into mould, chill until set. Spoon second mixture into mould; it must be quite cold, but not thick. Chill until set. Continue alternating layers until mould is filled. Chill until set, unmould, serve.

### TO UNMOULD JELLIES

Loosen round edge with tip of knife. Dip mould almost up to rim in lukewarm water for 2 or 3 seconds. Place reversed plate over mould, turn upside down, shake gently to release jelly. If jelly does not move, repeat process before lifting mould off.

### HINTS

Softened gelatine should be same temperature as mixture it goes into to prevent separation.

To prevent curdling or separating, do not heat gelatine with milk or add it to very hot milk.

Gelatine dishes need 2 to 4 hours' setting at normal refrigerator temperatures; ice-chest setting takes longer. Avoid over-chilling; jellies should be firm but not stiff.

Mould chiffon-type jellies or spoon roughly into serving-dishes. Because mixture is opaque, fruit used to decorate base of mould should be set in clear jelly.

To give smoothness to frozen sweets, dissolve gelatine and add, hot, to some of the chilled mixture. Mix well, blend into balance of mixture to prevent stringiness.

slices onion, 1 bayleaf,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup finely diced celery,  $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon salt.

Two sliced hard-boiled eggs, 2 sliced gherkins, 4 or 5 lambs' tongues (cooked, skinned, and sliced lengthwise), 2oz. chopped ham, 1 tablespoon chopped parsley.

Soften gelatine in water. Place stock or water in saucepan with vinegar, cloves, lemon rind and juice, onion, bayleaf, celery, and salt. Heat gently until boiling. Remove from heat, strain. Add softened gelatine, stir until dissolved. Set a thin layer in base of wetted mould, when quite set arrange pattern of sliced egg and gherkin. Add cold liquid jelly to barely cover; chill until set. Arrange layers of tongue, sprinkling with ham and parsley. Add jelly to barely cover, chill. Fill balance of jelly into mould; when firm unmould and serve with tomato, cucumber, and lettuce.

#### STRAWBERRY BAVARIAN CREAM

One dessertspoon gelatine, 1 tablespoon hot water,  $\frac{1}{2}$  pint liquid lemon jelly (made with  $\frac{1}{2}$  pkt. lemon jelly crystals), 1 cup sliced strawberries,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup stirred custard,  $\frac{1}{2}$  pint whipped cream, wafer biscuits.

Soften gelatine in hot water, dissolve over boiling water. Set a thin layer lemon jelly in base of mould, arrange a layer of strawberries. Add sufficient jelly to hold strawberries in position, chill and set. Wipe balance of lemon jelly to a thick foam, fold in custard, dissolved gelatine, whipped cream, and remaining strawberries. Fill into mould, chill until set. Unmould and serve with wafer biscuits.

**NEXT WEEK: Christmas Puddings and Cakes**

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY—October 25, 1961



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## GARDENING

**CLARA CARDER**, medium decorative. A good pink that holds its color well and a prolific bearer. **Croydon Masterpiece**, a biscuit shade. **Winsome**, pink, one of the best cactus types.

# DAHLIA TIME

● In late October, November, and early December all good dahlias should be "put to bed," because as soon as the weather warms up they show signs of life by producing shoots.



**DARK FOREST**, garden cactus dahlia, a splendid dark red that holds its color.



**MOONLIGHT**, a newer hybrid cactus dahlia. A show-winner when well grown.

**BRUCE FROST**, medium decorative. Cream splashed with mauve, chocolate.



**D**ORMANT clumps of tubers should be removed from winter storage, covered with moist soil in the open garden, and kept damp until they sprout.

Once the sprouts are about 1in. long, divide the tubers with a sharp knife, a pair of small secateurs, or a panel saw.

Never leave them under cover until the shoots are 2in. or 3in. long.

They are very brittle and need careful handling to prevent breakage.

Single tubers with a shoot at the top make the best plants.

Dig good big holes, wide enough to take the tubers lying on their sides (not upright), and put in stakes at the same time.

Dahlias need good soil. If it isn't good, put a layer of very old manure at the bottom of the hole, cover with 2in. of topsoil, plant the tuber, and fill in with good topsoil and some bone dust.

You can feed them with liquid manure or fertiliser from the top as they grow.

Space charms about 2ft. apart, cactus types 2ft. 6in., medium decoratives 3ft., and big decoratives about the same. Bedding types, which are dwarf and like self-support, can be planted about 1ft. 6in. apart—or even closer—for massed effects.

Recent introductions in the decorative class are **Bob Stanners** (glowing deep mauve), **Golden Melody** (deep golden yellow), **Goliath** (deep mauve), and **Matron Reynolds** (deep apricot overlaid with rose).

—Pictures taken at the home of Mr. George Lane, Rosebery, N.S.W., by staff photographer Ron Berg.

● Overleaf:  
Spraying Guide.

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Add boiling water, stirring gently to mix ingredients.



Cover and simmer—serve triumphantly! It's so easy!



HRRZ/HPC

IT'S ANOTHER FINE FOOD FROM HOLBROOKS

Page 65

# An AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY tear-out chart

## BEAT GARDEN PESTS AND DISEASES

● Chemists are waging an unending war against plant diseases and pests. The enemy is tough and adaptable, but never have such effective weapons been available.

### FRUIT TREES

	PEST, DISEASE	TREATMENT
Stone	Fruit fly.	Sprays of Rogor 40 or Lebaycid.
Peaches, nectarines	Leaf curl.	Spray in winter with Bordeaux mixture when trees are leafless. If this has not been done and leaves curl, pick them off and burn them.
Citrus	Scale.	Control by early spraying with white oil. Choose a cloudy day for spraying, and do this from December to February.
	White wax scale.	Use stiff-bristled brush.
	Red, yellow, brown, black, and frosty scales.	Spray with white oil.
	Borer.	Clean out the sawdust they throw out as they bore downwards in the branches; remove all gum and dirt. A hole will be found underneath all this material. The grubs may be killed by probing with wire, or squirting with kerosene down each hole. Seal apertures with putty or wet clay and the fumes will kill the borers.
	Gall wasp.	No control other than cutting away all twigs and small branches containing galls. Burn immediately.



**SHOTHOLE BLIGHT.** This can be checked by spraying early with Bordeaux mixture. It particularly affects fruits, antirrhinums.



**GALL WASP.** No spray will control this pest, which attacks citrus trees so badly. Cut away and burn all the affected branches.

### FLOWERS

	PEST, DISEASE	TREATMENT
Azaleas	Lace-bug (gauzy-winged fly-like creature).	Spray well several times with malathion.
	Leaf gall (appears as thick, pale green to pink galls which twist into rough rosettes).	Cut away all affected twigs and blooms and burn at once. Spray with Bordeaux mixture.
	Septoria leaf spot (spots are yellowish at first; later red with brown centres, purplish margins).	Spray shrubs with Zineb (1oz. to 4 gal. of water) every 7 to 10 days until control is obvious.
Asters	Yellows, carried from plant to plant by leaf-hoppers.	Spray with D.D.T. to kill them. Remove any plants that have turned yellow and burn them.
	Crown rot can appear as damping-off in overcrowded seedboxes.	Sow seeds thinly and spray with Bordeaux mixture to prevent this trouble. Any plant ringbarked should be removed to save nearby plants.
	Aphis.	Spray with malathion or D.D.T.
Antirrhinums	Grubs or small moths which eat out centres of young plants, preventing them from flowering.	Spray with D.D.T.
	Rust (it appears as brown to black spots all over the foliage).	No known cure, so use seeds of rust-resistant varieties and avoid this serious disease. Rotate crops to avoid a carry-on of these troubles.
	Shothole blight, anthracnose, and mildew.	Can be checked in early stages by spraying with Bordeaux mixture. Burn badly affected plants.
	Aphis, caterpillars.	Spray with D.D.T. emulsion.
Chrysanthemums	Greening disease (symptoms: green flowers).	No cure. Burn affected plants.
	Leaf spot (points of leaves turn dark brown to black. May spread to the rest of the leaves).	Cut off all affected leaves and spray with Bordeaux mixture every four to six weeks.
	Rust (leaf spots or blister-like swellings which break open to reveal dark brown masses of spores).	Remove all affected leaves, then spray with Bordeaux, Cuprox, Oxydop, or Soltosan.
	Leaf nematode (magnifying lens reveals small larvae under leaf tissue.) In severe attacks the lower leaves are blackened.	Spray with malathion. Start early during moist, humid weather, when the eelworms come from the soil and climb into the plants.

### VEGETABLES

	PEST, DISEASE	TREATMENT
Tomatoes	Tomato mite—invisible to naked eye.	Rogor or Lebaycid.
	Grubs (green caterpillar, 1½ in. long).	D.D.T. spray.
	Tomato beetle (green shield-shaped smelly beetle).	Rogor and Lebaycid.
	Thrips (small threadlike insect).	D.D.T.
	Big bud, fernleaf disease, mosaic.	No control.
	Mildew.	Bordeaux mixture.
	Blossom-end rot (black patch at blossom end of fruit).	Water well, feed sensibly. Remove affected fruits first.
	Septoria leaf spot (brown spots).	Bordeaux mixture.
	Late blight (brown to black spots).	Bordeaux mixture.
Cucurbits (pumpkins, melons, marrows, etc.)	Powdery and downy mildew.	Spray with Zineb or Bordeaux mixture.
	Mosaic.	Incurable.
	Root-knot (caused by eelworms).	Incurable, but can be prevented by fumigating the soil with dichloropropene (D.D.).
Beans	Pumpkin beetle (28-spot pest ladybird).	Spray foliage and flowers with malathion, dieldrin, or Sevin, as D.D.T. is injurious to all cucurbits.
	Rust.	Spray plants with Zineb every seven days.
	Halo blight, mosaic.	Incurable.
	Green bean beetle (shield-shaped).	Pick off and drop into pan of water containing some kerosene.
	Red spider mite.	Spray early with Rogor or Lebaycid.
	Grubs of small blue butterfly.	Difficult to control. Remove by hand-picking.
	Looper grubs (look like loops).	Remove by hand-picking.
Silver beet	Black aphid (large clusters of tiny black insects).	Spray early under leaves and down stems with malathion or D.D.T.: repeat in a few days.
	Leaf spot.	Spray plants when very small, during hot weather, with lime sulphur or colloidal sulphur. Remove outside leaves. Incurable in big plants.
	Beetweb moth (this pest has black wings with yellow spots).	Use derris-root powder, which is non-poisonous, for their control.
Lettuces	Birds (lettuces are more subject to these than any other vegetable except tomatoes).	Cover rows with cloches made of plastic or glass or strips of wire-netting made into neat little tents.
	Slugs, snails.	Scatter metaldehyde baits between rows at dusk.
	Leaf miner flies, spotted-wilt virus, mosaic, watery soft rot, bottom rot, leaf spot, grey mould, big vein, root-knot, bacterial rots, downy mildew.	As lettuces are eaten raw and fungicides and insecticides are to some degree poisonous, they cannot be sprayed. Pests and disease, therefore, are at present regarded as incurable.
Capsicums	Spotted wilt.	No cure.
	Red spider.	Rogor or Lebaycid.
	Most of the virus diseases affecting tomatoes.	No cure.

**Moomba.** The "get together and have fun" carnival. An Autumn Festival of Art, Drama, Music, Sport and Flowers.



**Floral Magic.** A riot of rhododendron and azalea blooms glows on Melbourne's nearer ranges. November is festival time in the Dandenongs at Ferny Creek and Olinda.



# Victoria's Annual Festival Spectacular

**The Melbourne Cup.** First Tuesday in November. A hundred thousand cheering spectators watch the Melbourne Cup—Australia's greatest horse race.



**Begonias.** Autumn is festival time at Ballarat, Begonia City of Australia. A galaxy of spectacular colour and floral perfection.



**Scots Wha Hae.** Daylesford calls the Highland Clans to a feast of traditional dancing, piping and sports. November is Highlanders' month in Victoria's Midlands.



**Golden Hills.** Beechworth brings to life the romance of the Roaring 60's at the Golden Hills Festival. A Christmas Pageant of colourful history.



**Tulip Fiesta.** A pastel-coloured carpet of delicate Spring blooms sweeps across the hills at Silvan. New Australians bring the spirit of Holland to Melbourne's Dandenong Ranges.



**The Royal Show.** Come September, the Country meets the City in a parade of primary products, manufactures and thrilling arena events.



**The Golden Thousand.** Victoria's thousand miles of Golden Coastline provide Summer settings for thrilling surf life-saving carnivals.



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# Dress Sense



● A new beach-resort team is a self-belted, collarless tunic worn over matching shorts.

DS459.—Beach tunic and shorts in sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 3 1/2 yds. 36in. material and 1 1/2 yds. 36in. contrast. Price 4/9. Pattern from Betty Keep, Box 1060, G.P.O., Sydney.

By BETTY KEEP

THE fashion item above answers a reader's query. Here is part of her letter and my reply:

*"Is there anything newer for the beach than a shirt and shorts?"*

A belted tunic top has replaced last season's classic shirt. The tunic is worn over, and almost conceals, boy-tailored shorts. This fashion looks its newest in a gay print. Illustrated above is a typical example of a tunic beach-suit.

A paper pattern for the design is available in sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Further details are beside the illustration.

*"I have some fine pure silk taffeta for a late-afternoon frock. I would like a design for a two-piece style—something featuring tucks."*

Deep "fold" tucks used horizontally for a sleeveless jumper would look new and chic. The skirt would be best straight-cut or slightly flared.

*"I want to make some snappy cotton pyjamas and would like advice on any new ideas. I follow all American teenage fashions."*

Newer than pyjamas is a knee-length sleeping-shirt. In bright colors these slumber shirts look very like a beach-dress. Some show an Orient-inspired influence. Others are ruffled-trimmed and very feminine.

*"Please suggest a soft style suitable for royal-blue chiffon."*

Chiffon pleated narrowly and completely looks very new and soft. A popular design in this category is a one-piece, bloused low and self-belted.

*"My problem is a tailored style to make in a crepe-surfaced silk. I want the design to have three-quarter-length sleeves."*

I suggest a bloused one-piece, belted at hip level and side-buttoned on the bodice and skirt. Have the dress finished with a high, collarless neckline. Diagonal bodice closings

repeated on the skirt are very new on the current fashion front.

*"Do you think a frock with a flared skirt is suitable for a woman in her forties?"*

This depends on the design. The young flapperish look of a one-piece with a by-passed waistline and low-placed, ultra-full flare is not for your age group. However, I think a dress, or suit, with a moderately flared skirt is soft, feminine, and can be very becoming to the adult woman.

*"Is a two-piece fashionable for summer?"*

Yes, it is. The two-part dress affirms the overblouse look—real or simulated. A two-piece is often banded in contrasting fabric to bring out the shape.

*"What type of hat could I wear with a mauve wool suit? I am 20 and wear my hair in a bouffant style."*

Wear a rounded pillbox in the same material as the suit. Pillbox hats are currently fashionable and look very chic with a bouffant hairdo.

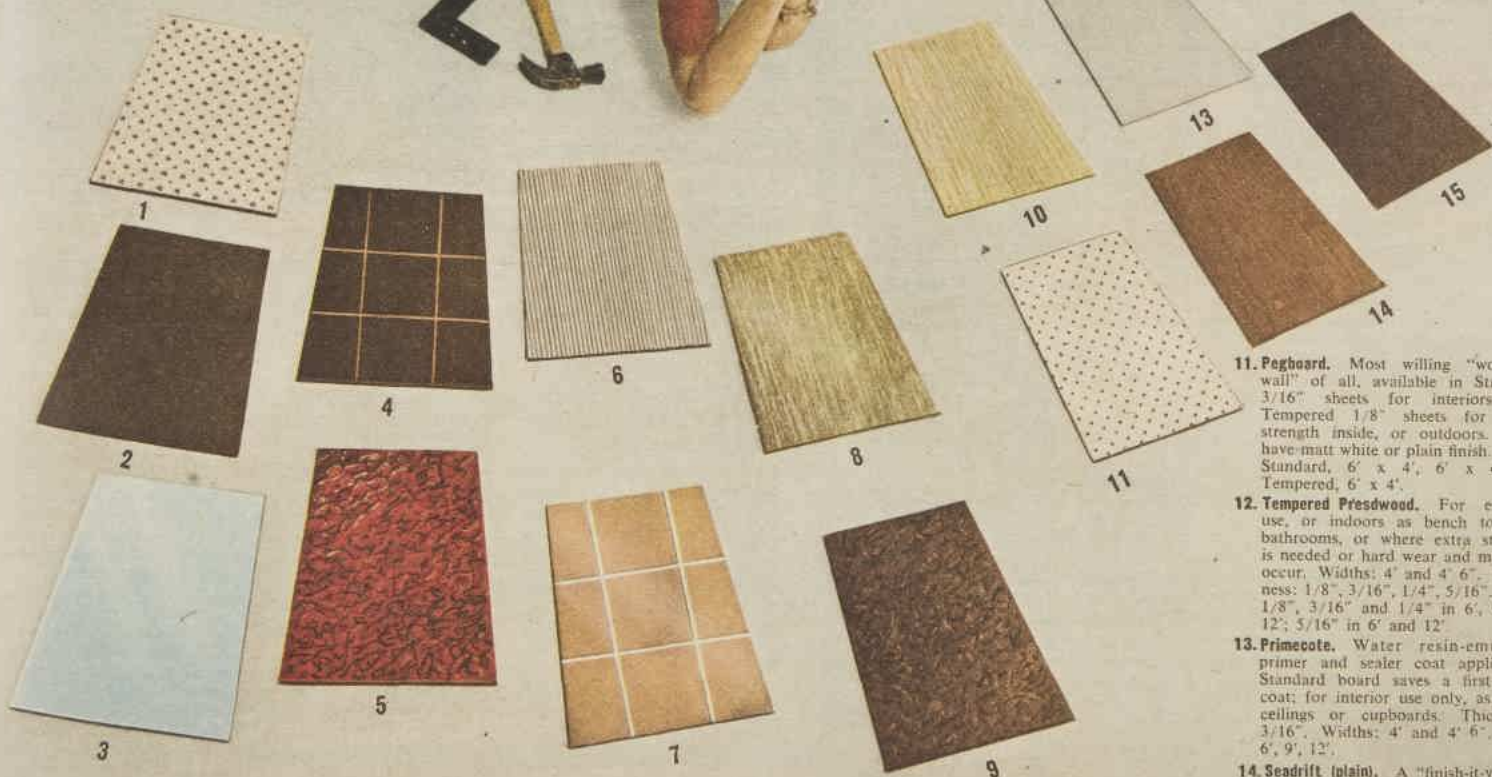
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- 1. Starpoint Pegboard.** A sparkling decorative touch or "working wall." This matt white Standard board has alternate rows of stars and holes. Interior use only. Thickness: 3/16". Sizes: 6' x 4', 9' x 4'.
- 2. Standard Presdwood.** For all interior use where there is no heavy wear or water, available in 48" and 54" widths. Thickness: 1/8" and 1/4" in 6', 9' and 12' lengths, 3/16" in 6', 7', 8', 9', 10', 12', and 14' lengths, and 5/16" in 6' and 12'.
- 3. Lustreboard.** Scrubbable, stove-baked enamel in high gloss Marbled finish on Tempered board, ideal for kitchens and bathrooms. Wide colour range, including stippletones to tone with P.C. items. Thickness: 3/16". Sizes: 6' x 4', 9' x 4'.
- 4. Temprtile.** Versatile board for interiors or outdoors, wherever a tile pattern is desired. The 4" grooved squares are pressed into Tempered board. Thickness: 3/16". Sizes: 6' x 4', 12' x 4'.
- 5. Leatherboard.** Satin-rich grain of Spanish leather in tan, grey, blue, green, cream and red; for dens, sun-rooms or where a special accent is needed. Interior use only. Thickness: 3/16". Sizes: 6' x 4', 9' x 4', 12' x 4'.
- 6. Ridgeboard.** Concave ribbing provides vertical or horizontal eye-interest in Tempered Ridgeboard for exteriors, cupboard doors; Standard Ridgeboard (plain or primecoated) for ceilings, feature-walls or interior effects. Thickness: 3/16". Width 48". Sizes: Standard, 6', 9', 12'; Tempered 12' only.
- 7. Lustrtile.** A sophisticated relation of Lustreboard (See No. 3) with similar colours and sizes and uses; gains zest from contrasting white-lined grooves on 4" tile. The Marbled finish resists chips and scratches.
- 8. Timbertone.** Luxurious look of wood grain imprinted on Tempered Presdwood has a satin-finish which resists hardest wear. In Light or Dark Walnut, for interior use anywhere from Banks to bedrooms. Thickness: 3/16". Sizes: 6' x 4', 9' x 4'.
- 9. Leatherboard (plain).** In Tempered board for outside use (eaves, linings or doors) and Standard board for interiors, plain finish Leatherboard can be painted one colour or given a "wipe-coat" of second colour. Thickness: 1/8" and 3/16". Sizes: 1/8" and 3/16" in 6' x 4', 9' x 4' and 12' x 4'. Tempered, 12' x 4' only.
- 10. Seadrift.** Modern elegance in 7 grain-on-tone colours: Light Mahogany, Dark Mahogany, Silver Birch, Pink Cedar, Bronze Wattle, Lined Oak, Yellow Pine. This washable, satin-finished hardboard has many exciting possibilities as feature walls and furniture; for interior use. Thickness: 3/16". Sizes: 6' x 4', 9' x 4', 12' x 4'.



- 11. Pegboard.** Most willing "working-wall" of all, available in Standard 3/16" sheets for interiors and Tempered 1/8" sheets for extra strength inside, or outdoors. Both have matt white or plain finish. Sizes: Standard, 6' x 4', 6' x 4' 6", Tempered, 6' x 4'.
- 12. Tempered Presdwood.** For exterior use, or indoors as bench tops, in bathrooms, or where extra strength is needed or hard wear and moisture occur. Widths: 4' and 4' 6". Thickness: 1/8", 3/16", 1/4", 5/16". Sizes: 1/8", 3/16" and 1/4" in 6', 9' and 12'; 5/16" in 6' and 12'.
- 13. Primecote.** Water resin-emulsion primer and sealer coat applied to Standard board saves a first paint coat; for interior use only, as walls, ceilings or cupboards. Thickness: 3/16". Widths: 4' and 4' 6". Sizes: 6', 9', 12'.
- 14. Seadrift (plain).** A "finish-it-yourself" form of this textured board comes in Standard (interiors) and Tempered boards (exteriors or moist rooms). It has many decorative uses. Thickness: 3/16". Width: 4'. Sizes: Standard, 6', 8', 9', 12'; Tempered, 12' only.
- 15. Concrete Formboard.** Specially oil-impregnated for use (and re-use) in all concrete formwork where a smooth finish is desired, this product must not be used for any other purpose. Thickness: 1/4". Size: 12' x 4'.

**NOTE:** All Masonite brand hardboards can be termite-treated at no extra cost. A special solution, impregnated during manufacture, gives protection which no surface treatment can match.



# MASONITE

for lovely homes at lower cost.

Australia's only super-grade hardboard



**GRAND CHAMPION Mrs. Hope Hudson.** With her husband, John Hudson, she has planned and carried out many alterations to the house they took over in Perth six months ago.

## Winner lives in Perth

● It was an ill-wind that gave our Grand Champion, Mrs. Hope Hudson, time to do the section entry which won her the main prize of £1000.

SHE explained: "When the doctor said, 'No work for at least three months,' I thought—there's an end to the kitchen remodelling which was being partly financed by my secretarial job."

"I would never have found time to enter the contest had I been working."

And, in spite of criticism from husband, an amateur hobbyist himself, who said of her entry—"It's probably cost more than another sheet of Masonite"—and son, a technical drawing student, who said: "Your perspective's all to billy-o, Mum," Mrs. Hudson went on quietly with her entry.

Interior—Mrs. Hudson has probably had more experience to stand her in good stead than most women.

She has lived in thirteen homes in her fourteen years of married life.

Mrs. Hudson, wife of former R.A.A.F. radio technician John Hudson, came to Australia from England eight years ago. Her home was at Dartford, Kent.

After the war her husband left the R.A.F. and rejoined his pre-war firm, a paper mill at Dartford, as a purchasing clerk.

However, service life still appealed, and he joined the R.A.A.F. in England, came to Australia in 1952, and was posted to R.A.A.F. Headquarters, Pearce, W.A.

Mrs. Hudson and their five-year-old son, Frank, followed a year later.

They had already had five different homes in Britain.

In Australia one of their homes, owing to the housing shortage, was a garage at Bassendean, and Mrs. Hudson made a real

home of this, decorating it with murals she painted herself.

Three years ago Mr. Hudson finished his term of service with the R.A.A.F. and went to Melbourne to study television, returning later to the West. Three more homes were added to the list, but the Hudsons are now finally settled in their permanent home.

Mrs. Hudson spent so much time thinking about the competition while she was doing her housework that she was afraid she was going to miss the closing date.

Finally her mother, Mrs. F. Connor, who arrived from England a year ago to live in Western Australia, said, "If you don't write it all down now you'll go crazy!"

When told of her win, Mrs. Hudson, extremely excited, admitted: "To tell you the truth, we did not have enough money to go on with the scheme we had in mind, and now we will."

"This also means that my husband's work has been recognised, too, and I'm so glad for his sake. It was a kind of tribute to his work that I went to all the trouble with the competition."

● Mrs. Hudson's entry was beautifully presented with hand-drawn and painted exploded views of each room decorated on separate sheets. Her four rooms were:

Living-room  
Dining-room  
Kitchen  
Bedroom 3

**LIVING-ROOM:** Three walls of Standard Primercote in willow-green, fourth wall of Standard Primercote in Driftwood with panels of Seadrift, color bronze wattle. Ceiling of Standard Primercote in beige-pink. Door in beige-pink. Built-ins use willow-green Leatherboard, black Lustr-

**FAMILY tea-party — Mrs. Hudson pours tea for her husband, John, and son, Frank. The kitchen was renovated with Pegboard and Timbertone.**

## Hardboard-in-the-home

# £2000 CONTEST

● Grand Champion Prize winner in our Hardboard-in-the-Home Contest is a Perth housewife, Mrs. H. A. Hudson, 103 West Parade, East Perth, W.A.

SHE will receive £1000 for her outstanding entry in Section 1—House Interior.

The £2000 Contest was conducted by The Australian Women's Weekly in conjunction with Masonite Corporation (Aust.) Pty. Ltd.

The standard of entries received in the contest was extremely high, impressing the judges with the imagination and ingenuity used.

There were some wonderful do-it-yourself ideas for renovating and enlarging old houses, clever ideas for making built-in furniture and children's toys.

Many of the entries were accompanied by photographs of finished projects and colored sketches.

The main prizewinners are shown in the panel below.

Interviews with the Grand Champion and the first prize winners in each section are given here, with descriptions and some details of their winning entries.

Among the second prize winners, Mrs. Klauke's entry in Section 2 was a neat and intriguing sewing cupboard-cum-camping dresser. During normal times she keeps her cottons and sewing materials in the cupboard; during holidays its lift-up top holds cups and plates, the cupboard takes groceries.

### FIRST PRIZE — SECTION 1 House interior.

MRS. G. VANDERSANT, winner of Section 1, was just starting her day's work as a clerk in the stock department of a big oil firm in Melbourne when she heard of her success.

Born and bred on a canal tug but now a naturalised Australian, Mrs. Vandersant mapped out her dreams for her future family home in her entry.

And her winnings will go toward making her dream home a reality.

She and her husband, a draughtsman with the Department of Works in Melbourne, already have a block of land in Bayswater, near their present rented dwelling, and her prizemoney will go straight into their savings fund for their second home of their own in Australia.

With her husband and their daughter, Lia, 12, Mrs. Vandersant first came to Melbourne in 1951.

After nearly four years, they returned to Holland so that the family grandparents might get acquainted with Lia, whom they hadn't seen for seven years—the Vandersants spent three years in Indonesia before coming to Australia—and meet the son, Hans, 9, who was born in Ringwood, Vic.

To make the trip they sold the house Mr. Vandersant had



**PRIZEWINNER Mrs. G. Vandersant at work in her job as clerk in the stock department of a Melbourne oil firm.**

built in Ringwood. And so, when they came back two years ago after a year in Holland and three and a half years in South Africa, they had to start all over again.

They had decided to see what South Africa had to offer, but after six and a half weeks there started saving the fare to get back to Australia.

They all say they'll never leave again.

● Mrs. Vandersant's entry was most attractively presented, with hand-drawn and painted exploded views of the four rooms she decorated: Living-room, Dining-room, Kitchen, and Bedroom 1.

**LIVING - ROOM:** Three walls, Standard Presdwood, grey; remaining wall, Ridge-

board. Ceiling, Standard Presdwood, golden-brown. Built-ins, Timbertone, light walnut.

**DINING - ROOM:** Two walls, Seadrift, limed oak; one wall, Leatherboard, red; one window wall, Ceiling, Standard Presdwood, cornflower. Built-ins, red Leatherboard and off-white Pegboard.

**KITCHEN:** Three walls, Lustrboard, yellow stipple tone; one wall, Seadrift, silver birch. Ceiling, Standard Presdwood in two shades of blue and matching Lustrtile.

**BEDROOM 1:** Three walls, Lustrboard, grey; one wall, Leatherboard, red. Ceiling, Standard Presdwood, marigold. Built-ins, red Leatherboard and light walnut Timbertone.

(Grand Champion entry, continued:)

board, and oyster-white Standard Presdwood. All other woodwork, oyster-white.

**DINING-ROOM:** One wall in Timbertone, dark walnut; two walls in Standard Primercote, beige-pink; third wall mostly window, with pelmet of flamingo-pink. Door, flamingo-pink. Ceiling of Standard Ridgeboard, rose. Built-ins use Standard Primercote, light chartreuse, Timbertone in dark walnut; and Standard Presdwood in stone-beige. Doors of Seadrift, silver birch. All other woodwork, oyster-white.

**KITCHEN:** Two walls of Standard Primercote, one light chartreuse, the other

wedgwood-blue; two walls of Tempered Presdwood in light chartreuse. Ceiling, Lustrboard in white. Built-ins use Standard Presdwood, Timbertone, Pegboard in colors of stone-beige, light walnut, wedgwood-blue, flamingo-pink, oyster-white. Dado above bench and sink, Lustrtile in black.

**BEDROOM 3:** Four walls of Standard Primercote in shadow-grey. Ceiling of Standard Primercote in deep cream. Built-ins use Pegboard in shadow-grey, Standard Presdwood in oyster-white and shadow-grey, faced with orange plastic, and tan Leatherboard.

# WINNERS ANNOUNCED

## FIRST PRIZE— SECTION 2 Built-in and Movable Furniture.



**PRIZEWINNER Janis Silkens, whose entry wins him £100.**

**L**ATVIAN-BORN Janis Silkens, winner of Section 2, is a youthful

looking forty-year-old bachelor from Carina, Brisbane.

Since his arrival in Australia ten years ago, he has had a variety of jobs. At present he is employed as an ironworker at Darra Cement Mills.

Janis' studies in mechanical draughtsmanship in Latvia were interrupted by the war, but he gained most of his knowledge of design and workmanship from helping friends build and decorate their homes around Brisbane.

In fact, the entries he submitted were carried out in practice in the kitchen of Latvian friend Arndnols Lodins, now living at Goodna.

Janis is a boarder in the home of fellow countrymen Mr. and Mrs. V. Valinskas, of Carina.

Here in his bachelor flat he planned and drew the sketches for his movable furniture entries.

In very broken English, Janis—who has very blue eyes, blond hair, and very shy manner—explained that after his love of carpentry and woodwork, he was an ardent amateur photographer.

"If I win a prize I think I buy another camera—only better one," he told me—though he already has two good cameras.

Janis draws exquisite Christmas cards to send to his friends in Australia. He has no relatives here.

● Mr. Silkens' entry was expertly submitted in a bound book which contained beautifully drawn sketches of built-in and movable furniture.

He submitted working drawings and finished sketches of—

Vanity table (which could also be used as a coffee and magazine table).

Magazine tables.

Bookcases and storage cabinet units.

Room dividers and storage unit.  
Dressing-table.

And in many pages of photographs he illustrated the built-in and movable furniture he has made and installed in friends' homes and in his own flat.

Many of his ideas are extremely novel and interesting, skilfully executed. He has used various types of Masonite to excellent advantage, combining plain and Pegboard in many instances.

Pegboard has been used extensively on the backs of cupboard doors, which, with hooks, gives extra storage space for kitchen utensils.

And his idea to have food cupboard shelves made removable and ant-proofed must appeal to all housewives.

Another idea of Mr. Silkens is to have a convenient cupboard for bread, with holders on the back of the door to take board and knife.



**CANISTER cupboard in kitchen made of hardboard has a spacing frame for the separate containers, removable for easy cleaning. Another shelf for sugar is on an ant-proof base.**

## PRIZEWINNERS

● **£1000 GRAND CHAMPION: Mrs. H. A. Hudson, 103 West Parade, East Perth, W.A. (Section 1).**

### SECTION 1—HOUSE INTERIOR

£100—1st Prize—Mrs. G. Vandersant, 99 Scoresby Road, Bayswater, Vic.

£50—2nd Prize—Mrs. Filipina Babic, care Dept. of Public Works, Russell Street, Melbourne, Vic.

£5 Prize—Jeanette Kruger, Pine Lodge, Glen Huon Roadside, Huonville, Tas.

£5 Prize—R. G. Stevens, 24 Nightingale Street, Ballarat, Vic.

£5 Prize—Mrs. Betty McKenna, Flat 2, 61 Markham Street, Armidale, N.S.W.

### SECTION 2—BUILT-IN AND MOVABLE FURNITURE

£100—1st Prize—Mr. Janis Silkens, 19 Robbies Avenue, Carina, Qld.

£50—2nd Prize—Mrs. E. Klauke, 174 Glebe Road, Booval, Qld.

£5 Prize—Louis H. Seccombe, 14 Donald Street, Hurstville, N.S.W.

£5 Prize—Mrs. A. B. Gurry, Shadyacres, Wannon, via Hamilton, Vic.

£5 Prize—Mrs. P. H. Abbott, 26A Reid Street, Wangaratta, Vic.

### SECTION 3—HOUSE RENOVATIONS AND REPAIRS

£100—1st Prize—Mr. Milton Harvey, 60 View Road, Burnie, Tas.

£50—2nd Prize—Mrs. M. Rindfleisch, Riverview, Merrygoan, N.S.W.

£5 Prize—Mrs. Lidith Crase, 92 Matson Crescent, Miranda, N.S.W.

£5 Prize—B. R. Rogers, Dudley Street, Yarram, Vic.

£5 Prize—Mrs. Enid Robards, 29 High Street, East Maitland, N.S.W.

### SPECIAL SECTION—TOYS OR SMALL HOUSEHOLD ITEMS.

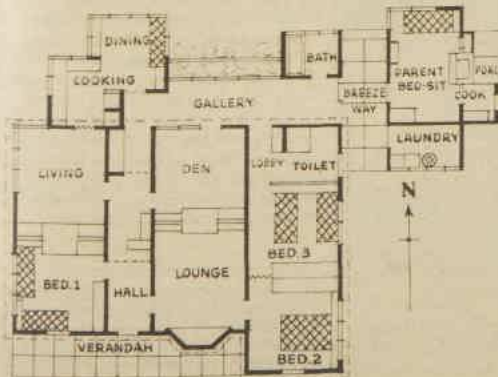
£80—1st Prize—Mr. Kenneth B. Matthews, 28 Monmouth Street, Newport, Vic.

£25—2nd Prize—Mrs. Therese Carroll, 188 Slade Road, Bexley North, N.S.W.

## FIRST PRIZE—SECTION 3

**£100 has been won by Mr. Milton Harvey, of Burnie, Tas.**

**DOTTED section in this floor plan shows the old part of the house in Burnie, Tas., which Mr. Harvey is renovating. The rest he has built himself as an addition.**



## House Renovations and Repairs.

**M**R. MILTON HARVEY submitted as his entry for this section details of the renovations he has made to his own home, one of the oldest in Burnie, Tasmania.

Twenty-nine-year-old Mr. Harvey is the father of four young children. He is a building surveyor for the Burnie Municipal Council.

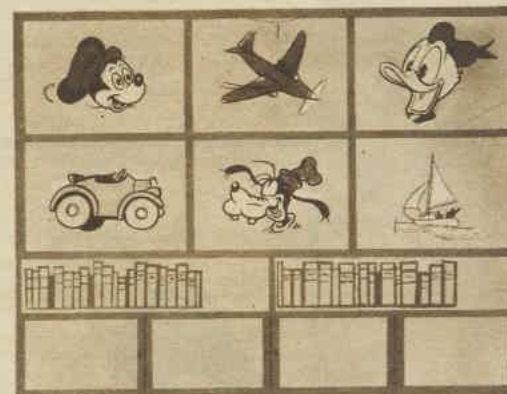
Mr. Harvey does building as a hobby.

When he and his wife settled in Burnie about three years ago, they intended building a new house, but, in the end, the arrival of their third child and rising costs prompted them to buy an old house and do it up.

They have gone a long way now toward completely renovating the whole house, room by room, using a variety of hardboard finishes.

From the house they have a magnificent view of the coastline.

● Here are some details of renovations to the old section: **LOUNGE**—Ceiling, Ridgeboard; walls, vertical weatherboard (1), others plaster; built-in seat, Stand-



**FRONT of the toy cupboard designed by Mr. Matthews shows the lift-down door (with Disney motifs) which, forming a table, holds model railway. Below are shelves and storage.**

## FIRST PRIZE—SPECIAL SECTION

**E**IGHT weeks at home after an operation gave Mr. Ken Matthews, of Newport, Vic., a chance to put on paper his winning entry of an unusual toy cupboard.

"The spaceless model railway" or "Mum's Delight" is the name Mr. Matthews gives his entry, which is a hardboard unit incorporating space for a laid-out model railway, bookshelves, and toy cupboards.

Mr. Matthews, who came to Melbourne with his wife

and two sons from Birmingham, England, 11 years ago, works in the Victorian Railways as a signaller at Spotswood.

When interviewed he was still on light duties following his sick leave and was working in Signal Box "D" at Princes Bridge Station recording the arrivals and departures of trains.

Mr. Matthews built the railway part of the cupboard for his 12-year-old son, Paul, two years ago, after the experience of having his elder son, Lawrence, 17, keeping the railway in the spare bedroom.

"My wife complains that I start something and never get round to finishing it," he said, "but I really will add the

bookshelves and toy cupboards I included in my entry as soon as I get some time."

Apart from his carpentry, for which he uses hand tools only, Mr. Matthews' hobbies are yachting, photography, and gardening.

● The toy cupboard designed by Mr. Matthews is extremely neat and a wonderful idea for tidiness in playroom or nursery.

A door in the upper section lets down to form a table holding a complete model railway. It is supported by strong hinges and detachable legs which fit securely into notched grooves. The table holds firm.

Below this railway are bookshelves and storage cupboards. The whole unit measures 9ft. x 5ft. 9in. x 10ft.

It is made from Masonite hardboard with hardwood frame.



**PRIZEWINNER Mr. Ken Matthews, a signaller with the Victorian Railways, was at work when told of his success.**

ard Presdwood with rubber cushion.

**HALL**—Ceiling, Ridgeboard and Pegboard; walls, vertical boards and plaster.

**BEDROOM 1**—Ceiling, Leatherboard; walls, Standard Presdwood and plaster; cupboards—wardrobe, Leatherboard and Presdwood; built-in beds, Presdwood.

**BEDROOM 2**—Ceiling, Leatherboard; walls, vertical boards, glass, and Masonite Leatherboard; cupboards—wardrobe, Leatherboard, and Presdwood; built-in bed has Presdwood drawers.

**BEDROOM 3**—Ceiling, Presdwood; walls, hardwood, Masonite Ridgeboard, radiata plywood; cupboards—wardrobe, Ridgeboard doors, Presdwood shelves; built-in beds, Presdwood, Lustrile.

**DEN**—Ceiling, Ridgeboard; walls, Presdwood; cupboards, Leatherboard and Presdwood.

**PASSAGE**—Ceiling, Leatherboard; walls, Ridgeboard; linen cupboard, Leatherboard and Presdwood.

**LIVING AREA**—Ceiling, acoustic tiles; walls (2), Wattle Driftwood; (2)

Leatherboard; cupboards—Leatherboard; frame.

Here are the finishings in the new section of the house.

**COOK AND DINE**—Ceiling, Leatherboard; walls, Lustrile, Presdwood, Leatherboard; cupboards, Presdwood shelves, bench tops, Presdwood.

**GALLERY**—Ceiling, Leatherboard; walls, Presdwood.

**BATHROOM**—Ceiling, Presdwood; walls, Tileboard.

**PARENT BED-SITTER**—Ceiling, Leatherboard; wardrobe, Presdwood.

**LAUNDRY**—Presdwood.

# COLLECTORS' CORNER

● Our expert, Mr. Stanley Lipscombe, answers inquiries from five readers about their antiques. These are of china, terracotta, porcelain, and an oil painting.

factories turned out similar sets. I would attribute it to the latter. Even experts find it difficult to give an accurate place of origin for many specimens of this period, due to the standard pattern used by the factories of the time and also the hybrid porcelain bodies are similar.

★ ★ ★  
This vase in my possession stands 12in. high, has a cameo on both sides, and is colored blue. Could you tell me when it was made, please?—Mrs. E. Douglas, East Coburg, Vic.

Your vase appears to be French porcelain and was made about 1880.

"Could you tell me the age and origin of this glazed terracotta jug, please? It stands 7in. high, has a border of Egyptian figures, and the lip is shaped like the head of a Pharaoh.—Mrs. H. C. Leonard, Birriwa, N.S.W.

Your jug is English Staffordshire and was made between the years 1875 and 1885.

We have a fruit set which has been in my husband's family for many years. It is white china with a dull cream, green, and gold pattern. The only markings are 1008 printed on the bottom of each plate. Mrs. J. D. Small, Inverleigh, Vic.

The fruit set is early Victorian and was made about 1845-55. It is rather difficult to say whether it is Spode or Davenport because both



JUG owned by Mrs. Leonard, Birriwa, N.S.W., is terracotta.



VASE owned by Mrs. Douglas, East Coburg, Vic., is blue with a cameo design.

This French Limoges teaset comprises a tray 15in. by 13in., teapot, jug, sugar-basin, and three cups and saucers. The set is a dull cream with lilac sprays and has scalloped edges and gold trimmings. Could you give me some information about it, please?—Mrs. C. Baldwin, Adamstown, N.S.W.

Your teaset was made during the first decade of this century. The mark Limoges in conjunction with the word France does not appear until after 1891.



TEASET owned by Mrs. Baldwin, Adamstown, N.S.W., is cream colored.



PAINTING owned by Mrs. McDean, Townsville, Qld., is a copy of an old master.

This painting was brought from Scotland by my grandmother and must be at least 80 years old. The signature has been cut off, but I would like some information about it, please.—Mrs. S. McDean, Townsville, Qld.

The oil painting appears to be a 19th century copy of an old master. It was common practice throughout the 19th century for competent artists to copy the works of celebrated painters such as Raphael, Carlo Dolci, del Sarto, and others. Many copies were painted and most of the religious paintings were done in Italy. It is impossible to tell the age of any painting without inspecting the canvas. The style will betray the work as a later copy.

For information about your antiques, send a photograph and description of the object, with a drawing of any markings, and a stamped, self-addressed envelope to Collectors' Corner, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney.

B556

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For girls and mothers, too! SSW-OS, breezeweight in white, interlock in white, peach. Girls' sizes: 3-13, white, grey, navy, fawn, bottle green.

BREEZEWEIGHT  
**7/6**  
Girls' from 5/11  
INTERLOCK  
**7/11**  
Girls' from 6/3



"Mmmm . . . lovely dance last night. Usually wear my 'frillies,' but last night, because it was so hot, I decided on 'Cottontails.' Glad I did! That new blue sheath looked really smooth over sleek fitting 'Cottontails'."

## BOND'S

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THE AUSTRALIAN  
WOMEN'S  
WEEKLY

ARCHITECT—DIRECTED

# Home Plans Service



837

*PLEASANT home of Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Cleary in Belmont, Geelong, Vic., commands a sweeping view down to the ocean. The design was adapted from Plan No. 837.*

● Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Cleary  
have just moved into their  
pleasant house in the suburb  
of Belmont in Geelong, Vic.

THE house, built of attractive pink brick, has a tiled roof and wide eaves and is adapted from our Plan No. 837.

*T-SHAPED design allows living and sleeping areas to be completely separate. Living-room and dining-room are open-planned to give a feeling of space to this 11.32-square home.*

The Clearys chose this plan because they particularly wanted to have the bedrooms and living areas separated.

The house is T-shaped, one wing containing the three bedrooms, bathroom, toilet, and compact laundry. This section is on the western side of the Clearys' corner block.

The spacious lounge-room, 18ft. by 20ft. 4in., the dining-room, and large kitchen are all contained in the other wing of the "T."

## Ocean view

The front entrance and patio, which the Clearys hope to glass-in later, faces south, with a sweeping view to the ocean.

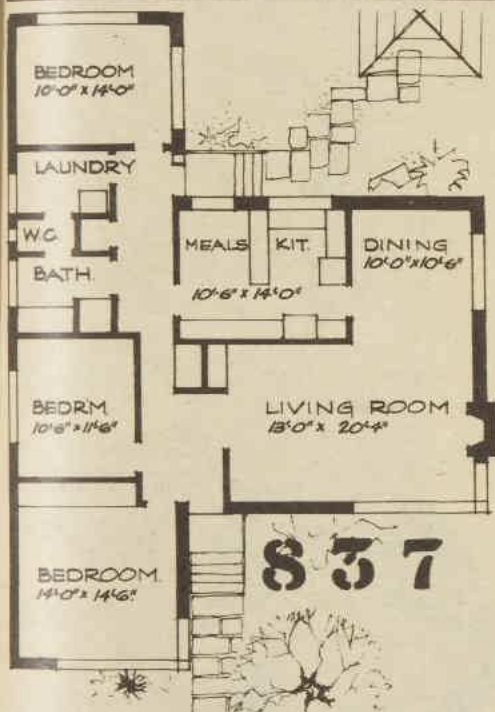
The Australian Women's Weekly Home - Planning Centre adapted Plan No. 837 to suit the Clearys' needs.

Window space in the main bedroom and in the lounge was enlarged to make the most of the view, while on the western and northern sides of the house the all-glass walls featured in the original plan were modified.

## Model built

Before finally deciding on the revised plan, Mr. Cleary built a small-scale model of the house, including the basic furniture, so that Mrs. Cleary could see clearly what it would look like when finished. In this way they were able to make a few alterations and corrections.

Mr. and Mrs. Cleary are finding their house very livable. And during chilly weather the living area has been easy to heat.



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- ☐ Please send complete details of the services you offer. (I enclose 2/- to cover cost of handling and postage.)
- ☐ Please send the series of booklets showing illustrated plans for 130 homes. (I enclose 15/- to cover complete cost.)

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● Ever see such a shine? Marveer will make your furniture shine gloriously—remove scratches and stains too!

Your furniture will shine as it hasn't in years when you change to Magic Marveer! Marveer cleans and polishes in one simple operation, makes scratches and stains completely disappear. Marveer nourishes the wood, gives it a brilliant finish, at the same time preserving it to ensure years longer life. Think of the countless things that need polishing in your home — and remember that Marveer will polish them brighter, in half the time, at lowest cost and least effort. Use Marveer once, and you'll never use another polish. Marveer is that good.

Remember too, that Marveer will also bring back the sparkle and shine to all baked enamel and plastic surfaces including your refrigerator, stove front, elec-

tric mixer, telephone, wire-less cabinet, leatherette upholstery and plastic toys. It's easy to see that no other polish can do anywhere near as much for you right through the home! Buy a bottle of Marveer today and prove just how much Marveer will do for your furniture.

Obtainable from all good Furniture, Hardware and Grocery stores.

Also in 1-Gallon cans for Hospital, Institutional and Commercial use.

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LOOK FOR THE AUSTRALIAN MADE LABEL

# Fairy penguins and their ways

"Poplolly got cheeky enough to keep pulling the cat's tail."

Ann lives with her parents at Kingston, ten miles south of Hobart.

She and her father fitted out boxes with sand and greenery to serve as burrows. These were in the garage and were popular with the penguins, but their favorite burrow was the house.

"They don't like to feel conspicuous," Ann explained. "They'll never sit in bright sunlight. I suppose they feel too vulnerable."

"But they'll stand out in the rain for ever."

"The house seemed to them like a gigantic burrow, and they were very happy pottering about in it. Their only complaint was that they couldn't get up the stairs."

Fairy penguins are colored deep blue when they're dry, greeny-blue when they're wet, with white fronts.

Ann discovered that a penguin places great importance on having a white front, which is a recognition mark. Her birds paid more attention to her white dog and cat than to her black dog and cat.

Their chicks are big, fluffy, and brown.

Penguins make two kinds of noises. When I was lying in wait to photograph some at a rookery at dusk I heard them barking like small dogs. They were conversing as they assembled in the sea, after a day's swimming, for the march ashore to their burrows.

When they're excited they bray.

The sound of an electric drill will excite them and so will music, as Ann found one evening when friends started singing around her piano.

The birds waddled over and joined in.

## Favorite hymn

"They would sing to any kind of music," Ann said, "but their favorite seemed to be the hymn 'Fierce Raged the Tempest.' They'd bray their loudest to that. Quite appropriate really."

"Once a friend brought over a tape-recorder and recorded Twinkletoes' version of this hymn."

"Afterwards we played it back and she thought it was great fun. She brayed a duet with herself."

To keep Poplolly company, Ann stood a mirror on the floor.

"One day she quite definitely had a fight with it. She beat it with her flippers and walked off."

"I was able to get a mate for her, and when she first saw him she walked straight around to look at his back, to see if he was flat."

Penguins are hard to keep, partly because they eat so much tiny fish and crustacea, especially while they are chicks, and they need fresh sea water.

Ann saved sick birds with doses of expensive terramycin.

In the cause of science she has earned a local reputation as an eccentric. Three of the chicks she took regularly for outings at the Kingston beach. People would stare, fascinated, as she arrived.

First, each penguin would have a long drink of salt water. Then it would lie on its back in the sea, with its feet turned up, and ecstatically clean its white front with its flippers. Afterwards it would go for a swim and come back.

She feels that the chicks returned to her because she represented the mother that was dead or absent. But adult penguins didn't come back.

"As soon as Antony discovered he was in the water instead of on land he became a different bird," Ann recalls.

"There was no doubt about it; this was his element and he was in it, and off he went."

Ann returned all her pets as they grew up or got well.

So far she hasn't met any of them again. She has been visiting the rookery twice a week in summer, when its penguin population numbers thousands, and once a week in winter, when there are many less.

Each visit involves driving to Kettering (22 miles south of Hobart) to catch a ferry across the D'Entrecasteaux Channel to Bruny Island, then a 14-mile drive to Adventure Bay.

Some of the island has been cleared for orchards, farms, and dairying pastures, but much of it is bush wild enough to be chosen by the naturally timid penguins for one of Tasmania's largest rookeries.

Adventure Bay is a vast spread of surf beach backed by sandhills, where the penguins dig their burrows.

Continued from page 41

At nightfall penguins swim home. "If they see anyone moving they won't come in," Ann says. "They could happily stay out all night."

"They're faithful to their burrows, and sometimes, but not always, to their mates."

"I've banded more than five hundred birds with stainless-steel bands that carry a serial number and a request to send the band to the University of Tasmania—if the bird is dead, of course."

"If it's alive, people could just see the number and let me know when and where they found it. The time and place are most important."

"In two years I've had the bands of three adults returned and those of two chicks, which got as far as Port Fairy, in Victoria."

"That's quite a feat for chicks."

"It's a great help if people do return the information."

Ann is well equipped for field trips with a van (fitted with curtains) that she loads with her sleeping-bag,

stove, alarm clock, and her dog, Bunge.

"The only things I don't much like about the trips are the copperhead snakes. They like to sleep in the burrows," she said.

"I'm afraid I'm most unscientific about them. I just make a lot of noise and hope they'll go away. I haven't had to kill one yet."

Penguins' chicks are adult enough at the age of two months to go into the sea each day with their parents. They are easy prey to seals, sharks, and probably dolphins, says Ann.

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## TO WASH PLEATS

Pleated summer skirts in man-made fibres give plenty of trouble-free wear if you wash them in a large bowl with a rich lather of soapflakes. Swish the skirt about in the suds, never rub or twist. Rinse three times in hot water. Never put pleats through a wringer, and when hanging up to dry use three or four pegs so that the pleats fall naturally in place.

Hang up your skirt immediately you take it off and never leave it lying about, even when it is due for washing.

Wear the skirt over a stiffened petticoat, narrow or full according to the style of pleats, to minimise creasing. And wash frequently.

# HOUSEHOLD HINTS

● Save time and temper with these household tips sent in by readers. Each one wins a prize of £1/1/- for the sender.

**W**HEN shelling hard-boiled eggs for salad or savory eggs, cut them lengthwise through the shell. Insert point of knife between egg and shell and the egg turns out easily.—Miss G. Hall, Inverness, Willow Tree, N.S.W.

To oil parts of any machine which are rather inaccessible, fix a drinking-straw over the short

oil-can pipe and the job is done easily and effectively.—Mrs. E. Alsop, 15 Rogers St., Goodwood Park, S.A.

If the glass door on the oven starts to get black, clean it with baking-soda to restore its transparency.—Mrs. R. Hindmarsh, Post Office, Tumblong, N.S.W.

If you want to make a roast go further, buy enough sausage meat for one meal. Mix some

finely chopped onion with the sausage meat and form into balls. Put in with the roast about 20 minutes before time to serve. Both gravy and sausage meat have the roast flavor and are very tasty.—Mrs. O. B. Charlton, William St., Geelong, Tas.

Salt rubbed on the fingers when you are cleaning fish or fowl will prevent them from slipping.—Joan M. Watson, 51 Henry St., St. Albans, Vic.

I have reached a satisfying 10st. 7lb. from almost 12st. during a two-month diet. Although fruit and salad vegetables stopped hunger pangs, I found that a teaspoon of honey taken frequently gave energy and took away the tired feeling that dieters get. For women who dislike honey, the creamed variety is easier to take.—Mrs. C. Sewell, 21 Braeside Ave., Ringwood, Vic.

Give a new lease of life to a crumpled dress paper pattern that won't lie flat by ironing it under a sheet of waxed paper.—Miss A. Ronald, Slade Point, via Mackay, Qld.

Most women require a short rest in the middle of the day and are much better for it. But remember that ten minutes with the feet up is better than half an hour just sitting with the feet down.—Mrs. T. A. Beswick, Box 23, Sheffield, Tas.

New potatoes are much easier to scrape if they are soaked in salted water first.—Mrs. R. Ryles, 14 Esk St., Lithgow, N.S.W.

Keep matching buttons together by placing them between two strips of clear adhesive tape. No more irritating searches in the button box if you do this.—Mrs. D. J. Potter, c/o R. Botterill, Coleraine, Vic.

When straining anything through muslin into a bowl, clip the muslin round the edge of the bowl with spring clothes-pegs, thus leaving your hands free.—Peg Hunt, Hilton Road, Ferny Creek, Vic.

For a quickly made "pastry" to cover fruit, butter a few slices of rather thinly cut bread and dip them in milk. Lay them over the fruit, butter side uppermost, and sprinkle thickly with castor-sugar. Bake in a moderate oven until the top is crisp and brown. A stale currant loaf is also nice for this.—Mrs. C. Murphy, Houghton, S.A.

To remove tea-stains on linen, steep in solution of borax and water and then wash.—Maree Sides, 17 McNeil St., Cottesloe, W.A.

When using a ladder on a polished surface, place underneath its feet two squares of coarse sandpaper glued together back to back, thus giving a grip on both the floor and the ladder.—Mrs. A. Spencer, 90 Hill St., Muswellbrook, N.S.W.

If you have an elderly relative who likes to sew but has difficulty threading the needle, help her to keep her independence by threading several needles on to each reel of cotton she is likely to use. It is then a simple matter for her to cut off a length with needle already threaded.—Sister L. Pattinson, Queen Elizabeth Hospital, 96 Keppel St., Carlton, Vic.

A hint a professional gardener gave me many years ago—clip your dead roses and dead wood off as they die. He said it is practically all the pruning they need. I find it does for other shrubs and plants as well.—Mrs. M. L. Raines, Fourth Rd., Berkshire Park, via Riverstone, N.S.W.

If you have a hint you would like to pass on to other readers, send it to Home Hints, Box 4088 WW, G.P.O., Sydney. We pay £1/1/- for each one published.

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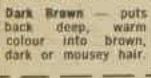
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## AT HOME with Margaret Sydney

● Today I've been pondering the menace of the telephone and the lost art of letter-writing.

I'VE been wishing, too, that I'd been properly brought up, so that I would feel it was "an extremity of bad manners" to let the sun go down upon an unanswered letter from the morning's mail!

Katherine, plodding round the second-hand bookshops in search of a cheap copy of a shockingly expensive textbook she needs for chemistry, found (price 6d.) a copy of "A Social Letter - Writer and Book of Etiquette."

She didn't find her textbook, but her trip to town was still worth while. The book has become the whole family's favorite reading at the moment.

It doesn't show a date of publication, but it must at least have been written after the invention of the horseless buggy, because there's a model letter accepting an estimate for the erection of a fireproof garage for the sum of £12/10/0, and "it is a condition of my acceptance that the work is fully completed within seven days from the date of this letter."

Those were the days! I'm thinking of copying this one for the man who for the past six weeks has been going to start painting two ceilings for us "in a couple days' time." It should give him a good laugh.

### "Kiddie dearest, be my Wife"

THE plums of the "Social Letter Writer" are in the love, courtship, and marriage section.

It must have been fun for the father of a daughter to be able to sit down and pen a stern inquiry as to a young man's intentions.

There are two sample replies provided — one for the young man whose intentions are strictly honorable, one showing the young man how to get out from under with a series of gracefully turned paragraphs that would have left "Father" biting bits out of his desk.

Pages and pages of letters are provided for shy young swains too bashful to propose in person.

I can imagine hordes of lovesick young men, in stiff collars and Dundreary whiskers, copying these out and, one hopes, remembering to change the Christian names.

My favorite is one that ends: "Love, Kiddie, is what I really want most to write about. Do you love me, Kiddie Dearest? Do you love me enough to trust yourself to my keeping always, to be my wife?"

"I call you Kiddie now — which no one else does. Can I call you Wife one day, which no one else could do?"

I feel that fellow was doomed to perpetual bachelorhood.

### Phone-calls

#### instead of love-letters

HOW are the future historians going to make out when there are no stores of old, hoarded letters to give them those intimate glimpses of how people thought and lived?

Most of those confidences disappear into the mouthpiece of the telephone now, and the historians of 2161 are going to find a 1961 telephone directory a pretty poor substitute for bundles of yellowed letters tied with ribbon.

All the same, if my desk were to get en-

tombed, it would make quite a rich haul in a few hundred years' time.

There's nothing pleasanter, in the middle of some dreary job like polishing a floor, than hearing the postman's whistle and going out to find a letter from a friend or an acquaintance or a stranger with the same interests as your own; and nothing harder than having the common decency to answer it!

My letters go into pigeonholes in the desk and then get cast out again by the children rooting around for stamps or scissors or sticky tape that they have to have immediately while I'm cooking something that simply can't be left.

If my correspondents could only know it, their letters get answered immediately, and at length.

I do my best letter-writing in the shower — long, long letters full of inquiries and anecdotes and opinions and comments.

The only thing is, having composed them, when do you find the time to get them down on paper?

Diana suggests I should have a card printed for immediate, same-day dispatch saying:

"A million thanks for your letter, I loved it. I have answered it very fully. A copy of the answer, very much condensed, will reach you some time before Christmas 1962."

### Beans and tomatoes

#### — Greek style

THE beginning of the hot weather always makes me think of the pessimist who complained that there was —

"Nothing to do but work,  
Nothing to eat but food,  
Nothing to wear but clothes  
To keep one from going nude."

It's the "nothing to eat but food" bit that rings a bell with me.

As soon as the temperature gets up around the late eighties I think I can get away with grills and a salad for dinner, but I can't get away with it for very long.

"Rabbit's food," Mike says with his nose twitching to suit the world, and "Oh, not vitamins again!" from Diana.

Long years of thinking about the kids' diet ("They must have one green vegetable and one root vegetable") has made meat-and-three-veg too boring to be faced night after night by this cook.

I'm always on the lookout for foreign recipes where the vegetables go into one dish and taste a bit more exciting than when boiled or steamed.

I'm going to try this Greek dish — Fasolakia Me Domates — tonight, and if I don't tell the younger members of the family that it was made with olive oil I think it should go down quite well with a grill.

You peel and chop 1lb. of tomatoes, wash and string and break into thirds 2lb. of beans. Heat half a cup of olive oil, lightly fry three sliced onions, add the beans, and cook slowly until they begin to soften. Now add the tomatoes, salt, and a little bit of sugar, and just enough water to cover the beans. Simmer until water is absorbed and all the ingredients are very tender.

**AFTER-DINNER NOTE:** I added the sugar a little at a time trying to find the right amount and ended by using two small teaspoons.

The more sensible members of the family applauded this dish loudly, but Mike felt it should be renamed "Me Nolikia Domates."



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- Put thick slices of mellow Kraft Cheddar between 2 slices of buttered bread.
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- Fry both sides, cut the sandwich in half and serve piping hot.

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**Cheese** is a wonderful food — always put a **cheese** from **KRAFT** on your table

# LIVING FREE "Hugged me with one paw"

Continued from page 29

while I was writing in the studio (a place on the river-bank overhung by the branches of a large tree where I work), the Toto came running to tell me that Elsa was calling in a very strange voice from the other side of the river. I went upstream, following the sound, till I broke through the undergrowth at a place close to camp, where in the dry season there is a fairly wide sandbank on our side and on the other a dry watercourse which drops abruptly into the river.

Suddenly I stopped unable to believe my eyes.

There was Elsa standing on the sandbank within a few yards of me, one cub close to her, a second cub emerging from the water shaking itself dry, and the third one still on the far bank, pacing to and fro and calling piteously. Elsa looked fixedly at me, her expression a mixture of pride and embarrassment.

I remained absolutely still while she gave a gentle moan to her young, that sounded like M—hm, M—hm; then she walked up to the landing cub, licked it affectionately and turned back to the river to go to the youngster who was stranded on the far bank. The two cubs who had come across with her followed her immediately, swimming bravely through the deep water, and soon the family were reunited.

Near to where they landed a fig tree grows out of some rocks, whose grey roots grip the stone like a net; Elsa rested in its shade, her golden coat showing up vividly against the dark green foliage and the silver-grey boulders. At first the cubs hid, but soon their curiosity got the better of their shyness. They began by peeping cautiously at me through the undergrowth and then came out into the open and stared inquisitively.

Elsa M—hm, M—hm'd, which reassured them and when they were quite at their ease they began to climb on to their mother's back and tried to catch her switching tail. Rolling affectionately over her, exploring the rocks and squeezing their fat little tummies under the roots of the fig tree, they forgot all about me.

After a while Elsa rose and went to the water's edge intending to enter the river again; one cub was close to her and plainly meant to follow her.

Unfortunately, at this moment the Toto,

whom I had sent back to fetch Elsa's food, arrived with it. Immediately she flattened her ears and remained immobile until the boy had dropped the meat and gone away.

Then she swam quickly across followed by one cub, which, though it kept close to her, seemed to be quite unafraid of the water. When Elsa settled down to her meal, the plucky little fellow turned back and started to swim over on its own to join, or perhaps to help, the other two cubs.

As soon as Elsa saw it swimming out of its depth, she plunged into the river, caught up with it, grabbed its head in her mouth and ducked it so thoroughly that I was quite worried about the little chap.

## Frightened cub

When she had given it a lesson not to be too venturesome, she retrieved it and brought it, dangling out of her mouth, to our bank.

By this time a second cub plucked up courage and swam across, its tiny head just visible above the rippling water, but the third stayed on the far bank looking frightened.

Elsa came up to me and began rolling on her back and showing her affection for me; it seemed that she wanted to prove to her cubs that I was part of the pride and could be trusted.

Reassured, the two cubs crept cautiously closer and closer, their large expressive eyes watching Elsa's every movement and mine, till they were within three feet of me.

I found it difficult to restrain an impulse to lean forward and touch them, but I remembered the warning a zoologist had given me: Never touch cubs unless they take the initiative, and this three-foot limit seemed to be an invisible boundary which they felt that they must not cross.

While all this was happening the third cub kept up a pathetic miaowing from the far bank, appealing for help.

Elsa watched it for a time, then she walked to the water's edge, at the point at which the river is narrowest. With the two brave cubs cuddling beside her she called to the timid one to join them. But its only response was to pace nervously up and down; it was too frightened to try to cross.

When Elsa saw it so distressed she went to its rescue accompanied by the two bold ones, who seemed to enjoy swimming.

Soon they were all on the opposite side again where they had a wonderful time, climbing up the steep bank of a sand lugga, which runs into the river, rolling down it, landing on each other's backs, and balancing on the trunk of a fallen doam palm.

Elsa licked them affectionately, talked to them in her soft moaning voice, never let them out of her sight and, whenever one ventured too far for her liking, went after the explorer and brought it back.

I watched them for about an hour and then called Elsa who replied in her usual voice, which was quite different from the one she used when talking to the cubs.

She came down to the water's edge, waited till all her family were at her feet and started to swim across. This time all three cubs came with her.

As soon as they had landed she licked each one in turn and then, instead of charging up to me as she usually does when coming out of the river, licked my face and finally hugged me.

I was very much moved by her obvious wish to show her cubs that we were friends. They watched us from a distance, interested, but puzzled and determined to stay out of reach.

Next Elsa and the cubs went to the carcass, which she started eating, while the youngsters licked the skin and tore at it, somersaulted over it, and became very excited. It was probably their first encounter with a "kill."

The evidence suggested that they were six weeks and two days old. They were in excellent condition and though they still had a bluish film over their eyes they could certainly see perfectly. Their coats had fewer spots than Elsa's or her sisters', and were also much less thick than theirs had been at the same age, but far finer and more shiny.

I could not tell their sex, but I noticed immediately that the cub with the lightest coat was much livelier and more inquisitive than the other two and especially devoted to its mother. It always cuddled close up to her, if possible under her chin and embraced her with its little paws.

Elsa was very gentle and patient with her family and allowed them to crawl all over her and chew her ears and tail.

Gradually she moved closer to me and seemed to be inviting me to join in their

game. But when I wriggled my fingers in the sand the cubs, though they cocked their round foxy faces, kept their distance.

When it got dark Elsa listened attentively and then took the cubs some yards into the bush. A few moments later I heard the sound of suckling.

I returned to camp and when I arrived it was wonderful to find Elsa and the cubs waiting for me about ten yards from the tent.

I patted her and she licked my hand. Then I called the Toto and together we brought the remains of the carcass up from the river. Elsa watched us and it seemed to me that she was pleased that we were relieving her of the task of pulling the heavy load. But, when we came within twenty yards of her, she suddenly rushed at us with flattened ears.

I told the boy to drop the meat and remain still and I began to drag it near to the cubs. When she saw that I was handling the "kill" alone, Elsa was reassured and as soon as I deposited it she started eating.

After watching her for a while, I went to my tent and was surprised to see her following me. She flung herself on the ground and called to the cubs to come and join me. But they remained outside miaowing; soon she went back to them and so did I.

We all sat together on the grass, Elsa leaning against me while she suckled her family.

Suddenly two of the cubs started quarrelling over a test. Elsa reacted by rolling into a position which gave them better access. In doing so she came to rest against me and hugged me with one paw, including me in her family.

The evening was very peaceful, the moon rose slowly and the doam palms were silhouetted against the light; there was not a sound except for the suckling of the cubs.

So many people had warned me that after Elsa's cubs had been born she would probably turn into a fierce and dangerous mother defending her young, yet here she was trusting and affectionate as ever, and wanting me to share her happiness. I felt very humble.

**NEXT WEEK — Elsa shows affection by taking a man's face between her jaws.**

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Continuing . . .

## SOLO FOR SEVERAL PLAYERS

the trouble, lifted their heads, and stared at him from the edge of the levelled ground. The unsteered plane, gathering speed, veered away to the right as it hit an unevenness and then, as he altered his course in his useless efforts to overcome it, it veered left again, going toward the trees. Dick turned after it, racing, seeing the crash clearly in his mind and knowing he must be there before the broken plane caught fire. He still ran on even when he saw the wheels leave the ground.

Then, as it lifted steadily, leaving the trees on the margin twenty feet below it and turning on a course that would take it in a four-mile sweep around the sky, he stood stock-still, feeling the sweat dry on his face and chest, not so much numbed by shock as beaten down for a moment by dread and the crowding in on him of ideas for a dozen possible or impossible actions he might take. His fear was that she might, in uncontrollable panic, clutch at the stick and spin the plane, while it was close to the ground.

As the plane climbed to three hundred, to four hundred feet, he glanced often toward the house, but there was no reason why anyone should come out they'd been expecting the sound of his plane, they would think nothing of it. Then he began to run again, into the clear, into the centre of the landing-field, so that if the plane should, miraculously, hold to its climbing circle, she would see him as she came over the field again.

In the air the plane climbed like a creature with a life and purpose of its own, its canted wings steady in the still air, its motor running with a sweet, strong, even beat. She sat with her hands clenched in her lap, her feet drawn back as far from the rudder bars as she could get them, her back braced against the back of the seat in her effort to get as far as possible from the stick and the instrument panel.

The first few minutes had drained her of violent panic. She was quiet now, except for the drumming of her heart, which shook the whole of her body and yet seemed to be separate from her, to come from outside, to be mixed with the sound of the engine. Panic belongs to emergency, to the moment when fight is necessary, when some action has to be taken to ward off disaster.

**S**HE was quiet now because she was lost. No demand was made on her, no action was necessary. The homestead had fallen away somewhere to the right and behind her. She had seen the last of it, and the last of her life.

Because she disliked the tilted look of the earth from the plane's wing-low position, she fixed her eyes instead on the instrument panel. There were two things there to which she gave a shallow attention. She watched them only because of their slight movement, not because they made anything known to her.

### Notice to Contributors

**P**LEASE type your manuscript or write clearly in ink, using only one side of the paper.

Short stories should be from 2000 to 4000 words; short short stories, 1100 to 1400 words; articles up to 1500 words. Enclose stamps to cover return postage of manuscript in case of rejection.

Every care is taken of manuscripts, but we accept no responsibility for them. Please keep a duplicate.

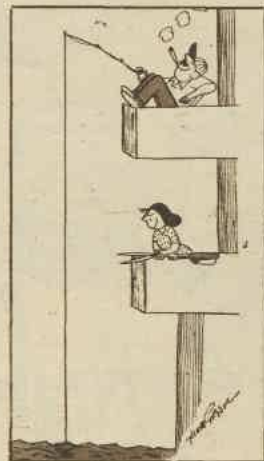
Address manuscript to the Editor, The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4088W, G.P.O., Sydney.

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The first was an elongated yellowish blob which trembled continually but stayed always slightly to the left of the yellow marker pointing down from above it. The second was a clock face marked from one to ten, on which the time appeared to be ten to one, and passing quickly.

A gleam of water seen from the side of her eye made her glance out again at the slanting world, and she saw the homestead dam, muddy with floodwater, slant, tilted, from underneath her; then the woolshed with the six-foot letters spelling out Brinall Downs on its roof, and then, for a moment, she was looking down on Dick Garnett.

He was standing in the middle of the field from which she had taken off, waving one arm in a great circle above his head and then throwing both hands from his waist high into the air in a gesture he hoped would tell her that she should climb higher, and keep on



circling. She understood nothing of the gestures. But at the sight of him hope flared in her, and fear rushed in again.

She clutched violently at the control yoke and pulled it sharply to the left, her one hope being to keep Dick and the homestead in sight. In the second after she had pulled so sharply at the stick the plane seemed to hold its course and she wrenched it again violently to the left, and at once the earth seemed to be rising over her and her scream vibrated through the heaviness of her head as she tried to throw herself away from the side to which she was falling.

Terror had locked her hands to the rim of the control yoke and as she moved in the seat she swung it to the right. The plane seemed to lurch and stagger, and then the earth was rushing up over her on the right side and she made an instinctive movement again with her hands though her eyes could no longer tell her which was left or right, which was up or down. Then the plane steadied and her vision with it, and she saw that she was going down fast, over trees, and the homestead was lost, once again, somewhere behind her.

She knew what she had to do to pull the nose of the plane up and stop the dive and she knew how to do it. But she knew, too — the only thing that she knew about an aircraft — was that if the nose was pulled too steeply up the plane would stall and spin down. But the trees were coming up fast, growing as though they were reaching out for her, and she pulled gently back on the stick and again the plane seemed not to answer its controls; she pulled the stick strongly back and the nose

seemed to rise so quickly that she was frightened and pushed the stick forward again, and the plane was bucketing over the trees, nose up, nose down.

Then after what seemed a long time luck or the aircraft's own inherent stability brought it on an even course and she sat slackly, exhausted, holding the stick in cold hands, and noted on the clock face that the large hand seemed to say two minutes past something or other, and that the small hand had gone back to the beginning of time. She was too tired for the message to run from her eyes to her brain. The clock face told her nothing, but she could see the ground between the trees she was flying over, and she knew the nose of the plane had to go up again.

**T**HIS time she pulled gently back, waiting, and after a time the nose came up a little and very slowly the trees began to fall away so that the gaps between them closed up, and they ran together. She was flying straight now, and climbing slowly, and for a time it seemed that she had reached safety, that there was nothing more she should do. As she climbed she saw that the timber stretched ahead of her, solid and unbroken, as far as she could see, and it was then she knew that she had truly lost the homestead, and lost with it all sense of which direction to turn.

For a little while she did nothing, letting the plane fly in a straight line across that sea of trees, trees that were darkening now and running together into a blur as, slowly, the plane climbed higher. Then she remembered that she had been turning left, left was the right way, left was the turn which had brought her, before, within sight of Dick and the house.

Very carefully she eased the stick toward the left, and then a little more toward the left as there seemed no response to her first movement. The left wing dropped and she could see, against the horizon, that slowly, slowly, the nose was swinging round. She sat tensely, holding the stick in an iron grip for fear the machine might, of its own accord, start to bucket and plunge as it had done a few moments before. She remembered the seat-belt and wished with all her heart that she had not undone it, but she dared not take even one hand from the stick to feel in her lap for it.

As the plane circled gently, climbing a little higher all the time, she watched, trying to scan the horizon without turning her head, because still she feared that any movement she made might tip the plane and unbalance it.

It seemed to her that she had flown into a new landscape where there were no landmarks, no familiar shapes. The world was flat and circular, clothed from horizon to horizon in a scabrous coat of olive drab marked by ochre-colored patches of bare ground like patches of skin showing through a tattered pelt.

Perhaps she had been wrong to turn to the left. She could no longer remember what turns and changes of direction the plane had made while she fought its frenzy. Perhaps a left turn was taking her farther and farther away from help and safety, but to turn again now, to alter course and begin a search to the right, would take more will-power than she had. For the time, at least, she would go on circling

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## Gigi or Brigitte?

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perfume  
is you?



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*A girl can change her moods, you know."*

Will she choose the enchantment of Gigi . . . or the fascination of Brigitte?

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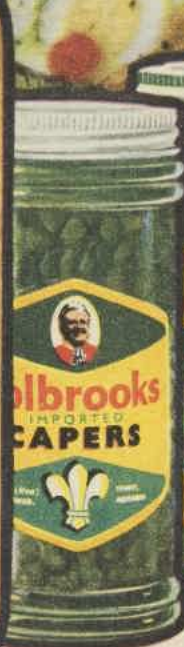
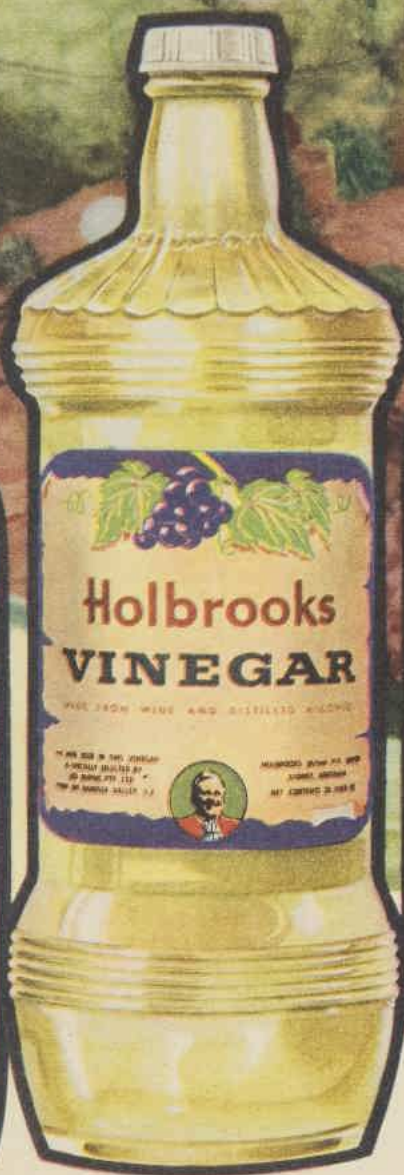
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Body talcum 5/11  
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**STEAK DIANE—with the difference**

Two pieces undercut of bladebone or fillet steak • 1 dessert-spoon Holbrooks Worcestershire Sauce • 1 clove garlic (optional) • 2 tablespoons chopped parsley • 1 oz. butter. Heat butter in pan. Cook meat, flattened with rolling pin, 3 minutes each side. Remove from pan to warm plates. To pan add crushed garlic, chopped parsley, Worcestershire Sauce, more butter if necessary. Heat until bubbling, pour over meat. Serves 2.

**HOT CORNED BEEF SAUCE—**

doubles as salad dressing

Two tablespoons Holbrooks Mustard Sauce • 1 level tablespoon flour • 1 level tablespoon butter • 1/2 pint milk • 1/2 level teaspoon salt • 1 teaspoon vinegar (optional). Melt butter in saucepan but do not boil. Add flour, salt and Mustard Sauce. Stir slowly until smooth, add milk and bring to boil, stirring all the time. Remove from heat, add vinegar. Serve over hot corned beef. Serve cold as a salad dressing.

**KEDGEREE for the family**

Two tablespoons Holbrooks Anchovy Sauce • 1 medium chopped onion • 1 oz. butter or margarine • 8 oz. rice • 2 hard-boiled eggs • 1 tablespoon chopped parsley • juice of 1/2 lemon • salt and pepper if necessary. Cook rice in large saucepan of boiling salted water for 12 minutes. Fry onion in butter or margarine. Stir in the well-drained cooked rice, the Anchovy Sauce, lemon juice, and season with salt and pepper if necessary. Serve very hot, sprinkled with chopped egg and parsley.

**SWEET AND SOUR SAUCE—ever so easy**

Two tablespoons Holbrooks Sweet Ketchup • 1 onion • 1 capsicum • 1 tablespoon lard • 1/3 cup pineapple pulp (crushed or piece) • 1/2 cup stock or water • 2 teaspoons sugar • lemon juice • 1 level teaspoon cornflour • salt and pepper to taste. Chop onion and capsicum finely and fry in lard until lightly brown. Add pineapple, sugar, Sweet Ketchup, stock and seasoning. Simmer 1/2 hour, thicken with blended cornflour and cook 3 minutes. Add sufficient lemon juice to flavour, serve with pork, fish or chicken.



**OLIVE PINWHEELS.** Mix can drained flaked tuna with 1 dozen finely chopped olives. Rub 5 oz. margarine into 8 oz. soft raising flour, make into firm dough with cold water, roll out, spread with mixture, roll up tightly. Chill. Cut into 1/2" slices. Bake in hot oven 1/2 hour.

**TARTARE SAUCE with gherkins.** Put 1 cup mayonnaise into bowl, add 2 tablespoons each chopped gherkin, green olives, 1 tablespoon each grated onion, chopped parsley, chopped green capsicum (optional), good squeeze lemon juice, few capers. Season with pepper, salt, few drops tabasco. Serve with fried fish, prawns or scallops.

**MARASCHINO PARTY PINEAPPLE** (serving 12) top on pineapple, cut in halves lengthways removing core. Loosen flesh around edges and underneath with grapefruit fork. Leaving pineapple in case, cut into squares (then 1 piece skin so juice will seep out) maraschino cherries or such equally seasoning with toothpick. Sprinkle with maraschino juice and cherry. Chill.



waterholes for five or six years at a time between the banks that acres of water had cut in the dry plains, was down in flood.

Peter had flown over it yesterday on his way back from Milparinka. "Like flying over the sea," he had told them at dinner. "She's fifty miles wide already and they don't expect the peak of the flood there till Wednesday."

So, at Brinalli, in clear, perfect weather with the rain gone, they knew that their flood was building up, that sheep would have to be moved from all but the very highest ground, that the roads to their neighbors and to the town of Weeringbrinalli would probably not be open for six or seven days till the worst of the water had come down and gone beyond them.

As he crossed the garden and ran up the steps to the verandah and

## Continuing . . . SOLO FOR SEVERAL PLAYERS

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round it toward the boarded-in end they used as an office, he was thinking not of what the flood had done to the roads, but of what it might have done to telegraph poles and wires.

His mother was there on the verandah with a tea-tray on the table beside her, and his brother Peter, just in from moving sheep, and wet to the thighs.

"Accident," he called to them as he passed. "Is the phone still working?"

"It's working," his mother said, and got up to follow him, thirty-five years' experience of station emergencies preventing the questions that would delay him in getting to the phone. She and Peter followed him

into the cluttered little office as he spun the handle of the phone and lifted the receiver to his ear.

"Emergency, Sylvie," he said as soon as he heard the connection made, knowing he must forestall her customary maty good-morning chatter. "Get the Flying Doctor Base, and hurry."

"Righto, hang on," she said, and he turned toward his mother.

"It's Janet," he said. "She's —"

"There's a plane coming over," Peter said, starting toward the window.

"That's what I'm telling you. It's Janet," Dick said, the receiver to his ear and the mouthpiece turned up so

that he could speak to them under it. "She's up there, and—"

"Janet!" Peter said, and turned white.

"I'm still ringing them, Mr. Garnett; I can't get them yet," Sylvie Smith's voice told him from the exchange.

"Keep ringing," Dick said. "There's always someone there; there has to be."

He moved the mouthpiece away from his face and spoke to his mother. "I can't tell you how it happened," he said. "I don't know. I fell, getting out to chase some of the horses off the strip before we took off. Everything's soaking wet, my foot slipped on the step, and somehow I must have kicked the throttle open

as I fell. Hallo," he said quickly, as a woman's voice came on the line.

"Flying Doctor Base, Sister Ralston speaking," she said.

"Sister, it's Dick Garnett here, from Brinalli Downs. It's an emergency, medical. Can I speak to your radio operator at once?"

"He's at morning-tea, Mr. Garnett. I'll call him," she said, and he heard the click of her heels as she hurried away.

Dick lifted the mouthpiece away from his face again. "Pete, get out there in the middle of the field where she can see you," he said. "Find some way of making her understand she's got to keep up. She lets the nose fall away. Get her up to two thousand, or higher, if you can."

"Can she fly the plane at all?" Mrs. Garnett asked as Peter turned and ran for the landing-ground.

"She couldn't ten minutes ago," Dick said. "Several times I've tried to get her just to take hold of the stick, but she wouldn't touch it."

"Is there any chance of getting her down . . . you know what I mean, getting her down in—"

"In one piece? I don't know. If Dave can make contact with her quickly before she loses the last of her nerve . . . Hallo, hallo," he said sharply, hearing the sound of footsteps coming to him through the receiver.

"Dave Jordan here," the voice of the radio operator said. "What's all the flap about, Dick?"

"Listen, we've got a plane up here over Brinalli with no one on board except a non-flying passenger. I want you to get on the radio and—"

He was stopped by a laugh. "And a very merry April Fool's day to you, too, old boy," Dave said.

"I'm deadly serious," Dick told him urgently. "I fell and kicked the throttle open. No time to explain it now. It's Janet in the plane. Janet Osborne. She's circling over the house. Call her up, Dave, as quick as you can. Tell her . . . tell her—oh, I don't know what to tell her anything, tell her we're working on it, say anything at all that'll keep her pecker up."

"What's she in?" Dave asked. "Your tri-pacer?"

"Yes," Dick said. "And listen, Dave, don't cut me off—leave this line open while you talk."

"Shall do," the operator said, and Dick heard him put the receiver down beside his transmitter. A second later he heard Dave's slow, cheerful voice, the voice that was known to scores of people who had never seen him in homestead spread over hundreds of square miles, saying: "Seven X-ray Zero, Seven X-ray Zero calling Foxtrot Alpha Romeo, come in Foxtrot Alpha Romeo."

A pause, and then Dave began over again, calling the aircraft, waiting, saying: "Are you receiving me, are you

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# BRI-NYLON

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receiving me, Fox-trot Alpha Romeo?"  
Faintly again, calling, saying: "Press the knob on top of the microphone when you want to speak to me, come in, Fox-trot Alpha Romeo, come in."

In the air, Janet heard the voice, and it startled her for a moment and made her glance up toward the roof of the tiny cabin from whence it came. But the voice seemed remote, whiskery with static, and not concerned with her problem, which was to watch the figure running toward the middle of the landing-ground. She thought it was Peter, who was almost certain it was Peter, and relief flooded through her. The minutes since Dick had run for the house and the had been left alone in the hostile air had nearly been her undoing. Two things had suggested themselves to her as quick, clean ways out. Either to switch off the engine and let things take their course, or else to make an attempt to land the plane.

The first was impossible, because she didn't know how to do it. She had been so unwilling a passenger, flying with Dick only out of reluctance to let him know the full measure of her fear of it, that she had never watched what he did, knew nothing about the position of the switches. And the second was impossible because . . . just blankly impossible, she couldn't think how to begin.

Now she could see Peter, could see him clearly and knew that it was him, and the relief she felt made it unnecessary, for the minute, to make any more decisions. He was waving her off, as Dick had done before, and obediently she raised the nose of the plane a little

## Continuing . . . SOLO FOR SEVERAL PLAYERS

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"What microphone?" she said, and waited, and was surprised when there was no answer.

Then the voice began again. "Janet, listen, listen very carefully. On the left-hand side, just in front of the window, there's a round black microphone on a bracket. A round microphone on a bracket. Lift it, bring it up close to your face, press the button top, and speak to me."

At the base, Dave Jordan wiped an anxious hand across his brow and was just going to start his explanation again when a shrill whistle from the phone drew his attention.

"Yes," he said, scooping it up. "She can't get her hands off the stick," Dick's voice said.

"I just thought of that, hang on," Dave said, putting the telephone down. He spoke again into his transmitter. "Janet, listen, pick up the microphone with your left hand," he said. "Your left hand, Janet, your left hand—you don't need that on the stick. Hold the stick with your right hand and take your left hand off."

In the air Janet heard the words and she answered them. "I can't," she said. "I can't. I'm frightened to." As though he had heard her words he went on encouraging her. "You can do it," his voice said. "There's nothing to it. I know that

plane of Dick's, it can fly itself. Come on, now, take your left hand off, just your left hand. The mike's right there, right beside you. Take your left hand off, pick it up, and press down the button on top."

Slowly, very slowly, she unclenched her left hand from the rim of the yoke, watching the angle of wings and nose against the sky and the ground, sure that with one hand only she could not hold the plane on its course. She clenched and unclenched her cramped fingers, then put her hand quickly out, picked up the microphone on its long spiral cord, drew it toward her mouth and said "I've got it" in an expiring voice.

Then she realised she hadn't

pressed down the button, felt for it with her thumb, and could think of nothing to say except a weak "Hallo."

At the Base, Dave Jordan shouted "Stand by, I've got her" into the telephone and then turned back to the transmitter. "Janet, this is Dave Jordan, from the Flying Doctor Base," he said. "How are you receiving me?" He paused for an answer, and then began again. "Don't forget that button. Press it down when you want to speak. Can you hear me O.K.? Is my voice clear? Over?"

"I can hear you," Janet's voice replied. "I'm sorry about the button, I keep forgetting it."

"You're doing fine," Dave said. "We'll soon get things fixed now we can talk to you. How are you feeling, all right?"

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## FROM THE BIBLE

\* "The Lord is long suffering, and of great mercy."—Numbers 14:18.

The Israelites, rescued from the hardships of Egypt, and nearing their journey's end, were constantly murmuring against God. Moses ponders the patience and mercy of God and seeks further pardon for his people.

and then a little higher, and circled, climbing, while the voice droned on remotely in the roof above her.

On the ground, Dick Garnett could bear the strain of it no longer. He spoke into the phone, and then shouted. When that brought no response from the radio operator he put two fingers in his mouth and whistled shrilly into the mouthpiece of the phone, and at once he heard Dave Jordan's voice on the line.

"I can't raise her," Dave said. "I've been calling solidly, you heard me. Are you sure the radio is on?"

"Certain," Dick said. "I'd only come in to pick Janet up. It's on, and it's on your frequency. I'd been listening for weather calls at the end of your medical session. Listen, Dave, call her by name. She's probably never noticed the letters F.A.R. on the plane, and, anyway, the radio code wouldn't mean a thing to her. Call her by name. You've got to raise her somehow."

He looked bleakly up at his mother as he heard Dave go back to the transmitter.

"Could she be—well, unconscious, do you think?" Mrs. Garnett said.

"I don't think so, Mum. Each time the plane's come over it's been on exactly the same course. She must be holding it there." They both raised their eyes to the low wooden ceiling at the sound of the plane coming over once again. "She's flying a wide, slow circle and keeping to it," Dick said.

"And you're sure the radio's switched on?"

"Sure," he said, listening again to the drone of Dave's calling voice miles away in the radio-room at the flying Doctor Base. "She must be able to hear. She must be in a blind panic."

In the air, Janet was electrified by the sound of her own name. As soon as the voice spoke the word "Janet" it seemed clearer, closer, and she could understand what it said. The voice went on and on, saying: "Janet, Janet, can you hear me, Janet? This is the Flying Doctor Base, can you hear me? Press the button on top of the microphone when you want to speak."



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"I feel better now — now we're talking," she said.

"That's the girl."

"But how am I going to get down?" she said, and the urgency of her voice blasted the speaker.

"Don't hold the mike too close. Two or three inches away from your mouth. Get down?" he said, and began to sweat as he thought about it. "Now don't you worry about that. We'll soon get you down. I've got Dick here on the other end of the phone, and he's working on it. You just keep on doing what you're doing, flying round and round, while I have a word with him. Did you hear all that? Over."

"I heard," Janet said. "All right. Only don't be long."

"Only a couple of minutes," Dave said reassuringly. "And if you want to talk during that time, just press down the button and talk. I'll be able to hear you."

"Hallo, hallo," her voice said urgently as he moved to pick up the phone.

"Go ahead, Janet, I'm listening," he said.

"What about the petrol?" she asked. "Won't it be running out?"

"Nothing to worry about there, you've got full tanks," Dave said, praying that it was true. "Keep circling. I'll be back with you in a minute."

He swung his chair round, taking the phone with him to get it as far as possible from the transmitter.

"How is she?" Dick's voice said at once.

"Not too bad," Dave told

## Continuing . . . SOLO FOR SEVERAL PLAYERS

him. "She's badly frightened, but she's thinking still. She's worrying now about the petrol tanks."

"I've just been working that out," Dick said. "Both tanks were full this morning. I did about three-quarters of an hour. She's got just under three hours left in the tanks."

"But she'll have to switch over," Dave said. "When?"

"Not for half an hour or more," Dick said. "Leave that. Now listen. How much do you know about flying a plane, Dave?"

"Nothing," Dave said. "I've never handled the controls."

"Is the pilot there?" Dick asked. "Can you put him on?"

"No, they took off on a medical call at half past six this morning. They're way out beyond Tibbooburra somewhere. Accident case."

"Not likely they'll be back before mid-afternoon or later," Dave said. "You can raise them?"

"I can get them by radio," Dave said. "You want me to try?"

"Not yet," Dick said. "I just wanted to know. I want to have all the bits in my hand." He was quiet for a moment, listening to the sound as the plane passed over the house.

"You still there?" Dave asked.

"Yes. Now listen, Dave, I've got to get things lined up in Weeringbrinalli, and then we've got to teach her to fly that plane before she can land it. You know the instrument panel, don't you?"

"Fairly well," Dave said.

"Right; get her to read off the altitude to you, and the engine speed. Get her up to about two thousand feet if you can, but gently, very gently if she's got to climb. At that height she ought to be doing about twenty-three hundred revs. If she's doing much above that we'll have to make her alter the throttle setting. But that can wait. I've got to get off this phone now. Just talk to her, Dave, keep her happy, and teach her as much as you can about that instrument panel. Sylvie, are you there?"

"Yes, Mr. Garnett," Sylvie's voice said from the exchange.

"You heard all that?"

"Well, I—I couldn't help—"

"Good girl," he said. "You keep your ear glued to this

line until we've got her down."

"But I can't do that, really, Mr. Garnett," she said. "If the superintendent found out . . ."

"Sylvie, if you stop listening and I lose that connection with Dave she's as good as dead," Dick said.

"But other calls?" she said.

"Leave them. I'll square it up for you later. Are you there on your own?"

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through," Sylvie said, and was gone.

Dick looked up at his mother as he waited. "Can you get me a couple of the station hands, if they're in?" he asked. "I'll want Pete here, and we'll need someone out on the ground and someone to run between us."

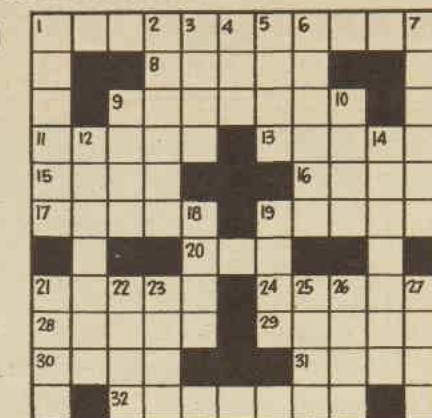
### SIMPLE CROSSWORD

ACROSS

1. Perseverance.
8. Drunkard.
9. Turns.
11. Place of contest.
13. Striking effect.
15. Instrument of correction.
16. Yugoslav statesman.
17. Heroic poem.
19. Chemical compound.
20. Hewing implement.
21. Animals.
24. Black and blue.
26. Eat away.
29. Insinuate contempt.
30. College.
31. Weight of a package for goods.
32. Sun-shade.

DOWN

1. Bishop's residence.
2. Pelted.
3. Jot.
4. Mineral spring.
5. Head-dress.
6. Builds.
7. Journalist.



9. American city.
10. Cut narrowly.
12. Emotional bond.
14. Artist's studio.
18. Relieve.
19. Fish.
21. Encounter.
22. Doubling of cord.
23. Girl's name.
25. Preposition.
26. Meat.
27. Sketched.

• Solution on page 101

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# ... on Farex

F1.



"Not me," George said. "Haven't got the temperament for it."

"Who've you got there with you today?"

"Here? Nobody — only the mechanic."

"Listen, can you send him back into town . . ."

"Yep."

"And get the fire-truck alerted? I'll want it parked right there beside the hangar, say in forty minutes' time."

"Rightio."

"Get him to warn the hospital. We want the ambulance down there, too, and we want a doctor with it. Can you fix that?"

"Yes, I reckon."

"You expecting anything in the next hour?"

"Nothing I know of," George said. "There could be private planes coming in."

"When I give you the word that we want it clear, can you warn them off?"

"Sure, once they come over I can signal them off. Trouble is, they'll be flying round running things up and getting in her way."

"Get your mechanic to warn the big dromes—get him to ring Bourke and Nyngan and Dubbo, anyway, and have them head anyone away from this area for an hour or so."

"I'll do that," George said. "Tell him to ring from the town. Don't let him use your phone. O.K. with you if I tell the exchange not to accept any calls for you till we're through with this?"

"O.K.," George said. "Sylvie, did you get that?"

Dick asked. "No calls through to George until I give the word."

"All right, Mr. Garnett," Sylvie said. "I've called my relief—she'll be in within five minutes."

"Keep listening, Sylvie," George said. "It must be nice to be doing it legal for once in your life."

"Right, well, you hang up, George. Sylvie'll ring you again as soon as I need you. And for heaven's sake keep thinking. Get through to Sylvie if you've got any good ideas."

From the Base Dave Jordan had been taking things slowly and very quietly with the frightened girl in the air. "Radio was what he knew about. He could teach her little or nothing of how to handle the plane, but he knew that in the last tense minutes later on in the

To page 87

morning the thing that might save or kill her would be the speed and certainty of her radio contact with whoever Dick might be able to find to talk her down. He knew how the voice could quicken and blur in moments of excitement, how appeals for help might be shouted into a dead mike because, in panic, some part of the mechanical ritual had been forgotten.

He had spent years talking by radio to people who were only voices to him, and he knew how women on lonely out-stations who could use a transceiver like veterans for routine calls and the regular, daily galah session, could mis-handle it so that their voices came to him in an incoherent squawk if they were alone with a sick and delirious child, or a falling horse had gravely injured a man out somewhere in the sand.

For those calls there was time — time for five or ten seconds spent in checking their frenzy and getting them to talk quietly and clearly into the microphone. For Janet there would be no time. He had not bothered her, therefore, with instructions and questions about the instrument.

He had spent the time, instead, in talking backwards and forwards, talking about anything at all so that she got accustomed to the use of the microphone, and to keeping enough of her attention on the voice coming from above her head so that she was no longer guessing at odd words, but could hear everything he said.

**S**INCE they had to have something to talk about during this exercise he told her about the Flying Doctor Service. How they were on the air twice a day for regular medical sessions, with urgent cases needing the doctor's quick attention taken first, and then the regular round of progress reports and small things needing advice—Johnny's cough that wouldn't clear up though the last of the chicken-pox spots had gone away, and how Dad had wrenched his shoulder pushing the lorry out of a bog and it was giving him gyp, was there something in the medical kit he could rub it with?

He mentioned the morning galah session to her, and when she asked what it was and he began to explain he heard a small laugh from her, and his face lit up with pleasure at this proof that the time he was spending would pay off, that she was beginning to feel that she had easy, conversational contact with him.

"You know what a galah is, don't you? Over."

"Yes," she said at once. "I was flying, three days ago, with Peter. We flew over an enormous flock of them, feeding on the ground, like a grey cloud. The plane frightened them, and they took off, still like a grey cloud rising from the ground. Then they wheeled in the air, and turned, and the grey cloud turned pink as their breasts and the undersides of their wings were exposed. It was beautiful, Dave, like a sunrise."

"Yeah, they're pretty all right, but they make a noise like a bunch of women nattering. That's why they call it the galah session. There's this time every morning when they can get on their radios and have a good mag to each other. Without it, lots of them wouldn't speak to another woman, maybe for two years at a time. There they are, women who've never even seen each other, maybe on sheep-stations hundreds of miles apart, going for the lick of their lives, swapping gossip and recipes, and knitting patterns, and all that stuff. How are things out there now, Janet, O.K.? Over."

"O.K.," she said. "But I wish they'd hurry and do something. Dave, they're not listening now, are they, the galahs, I mean?" she said apprehensively.

"No, you've got the air to yourself, this is a dead spot, in the middle of the morning. Now listen, what are things like out there. What's the weather like? Over."

"It's fine and sunny," she said. "Why? Where are you? How far away?"

"No distance. I'm in the town, at Weeringbrinalli, only thirty miles away. It's fine here, too, a beaut day."

She could see it in her mind, though she'd spent only half an hour there, waiting apprehensively for Dick and the plane. She had come up on the train, the only passenger to get out at Weeringbrinalli, and the boy on the station had told her that Mr Garnett had just phoned to say he'd be leaving in five minutes' time to pick her up from the aerodrome.

## Continuing . . . SOLO FOR SEVERAL PLAYERS

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That had been a fortnight ago, before the rain began, and it had made her angry, so that things had not started well. Thirty miles was nothing in a car and he knew she was afraid of flying. She had looked at her two suitcases and her vanity-bag and had said to the boy on the station: "Is it far? I suppose I'd better get a taxi to the aerodrome."

He'd grinned at that and said: "Gee, that'll be the day, when Weeringbrinalli has a taxi." He had turned and looked over the bare station yard and then shouted to a young man lounging against the door of a brand-new station-wagon heavily coated with dust: "Hey, Bill, lady here's going out to Brinalli. Run her up to the drome, will you?"

Bill was shy and silent. He had taken her bags, put them into the car for her, and said no more than "Hotel, School, Hospital, Post Office," as they passed each building on their way up the dusty roads to the town's aerodrome. She hadn't seen much of it. The main road and the railway line ran parallel into the town in a straight line, and out of it in a straight line on the other side. The roads were broad and dusty, and only the main road had its narrow, two-car strip of bitumen, leading the traffic out on to a dead straight line across the dead-level plains away to the north-west.

"Yes, I'm all right. I was thinking," she said.

"Don't go quiet on me. I get lonely. What were you thinking about?"

"How long have I been up here?" she asked.

"I don't know exactly. About a quarter of an hour, I think," he said.

"Oh, heavens, it seems about a day! What's Dick doing?"

"I'll get him in a minute," Dave said. "But have a look at that instrument panel first. Can you see a thing there, in front of you, just a little bit to the left, that looks like a clock-face? Over."

"Yes, I can see it."

"Good. Well, read it off to me. What is it showing now?"

"It seems to have been stuck at half past one for ages," Janet said.

"At half past . . . describe it to me, Janet. What does it look like? Over."

"It's marked from one to ten, not one to twelve, and it's—oh, sorry, it's got 'Altimeter' written across the middle of it, I hadn't noticed it. Is that what you want me to watch?"

"Yeah, that's right," Dave said. "Now it's got two hands, a long one and a short one. Can you see that?"

"The big hand's on five," she said. "And the small one on one. Over."

"Right. Now the small one is like your hour hand. It reads off your height in thousands. The big one reads them off for you in hundreds. Take a good look at it, and tell me what height you're flying at. Over."

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## AND THE BIG DIFFERENCE IS BETTER STORAGE

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"Well, I suppose fifteen hundred feet. Would that be right?"

"Good girl — you got it first shot. Now you say the hands have been sitting in that position for a long time? Over."

"Yes, for ages," she said. "While I've been going round and round."

"Well, that's really good. That means you're holding her steady while you're turning."

"But I'm not doing anything," she said anxiously. "What should I be doing? Over, over."

"You're holding the stick with your right hand, aren't you?"

"I'm holding the sort of steering-wheel, yes."

"Well, that's fine," he said. "Some people call it the stick, or you can call it the control yoke or any darn thing you like," he said, talking to still her flurry. "You're doing all right, you know. While we've been talking you've learnt to fly that thing so you don't even know you're doing it. Now I want you to change your altitude a bit. Listen very carefully, and don't do anything till you're sure you understand all about it. I want you to get used to changing your altitude and reading it off on the altimeter while you're doing it. Can you hear me? Over."

"I can hear you."

"You change your altitude by raising or lowering the nose, you know that, don't you? If you want to climb higher you pull the stick very, very gently back. If you want to go down a bit, push the stick gently forward, away from you. Clear so far? Over."

"Yes, I know that part of it now."

"Good. But we want to keep you turning just the way you are, so you're circling over Brinalli. When you pull the stick don't give it any sideways

movement. Do you follow me? Over."

"Yes, I understand. You want me to try it now?"

"Yes. Pull that stick gently back. Watch the nose of the plane, you'll see it come up. Very very gently, you don't want to climb steeply at all. Now go ahead, you try it, Janet. Pull the nose gently up. Over."

"Not up," she said. "I don't want to pull it up, Dave."

"All right," he said. "Put it gently down. Very gently. Watch your altimeter. The big hand — watch the big hand. And level her off when you've lost a hundred feet."

"I'm going to do it now, but I can't hold the microphone at the same time. I need both hands. Over."

"You need one," he said. "Keep hold of that mike, I don't want to lose contact with you, Janet," he said. "Janet, come in, can you hear me?"

There was no reply, and he knew that the microphone was lying dead in her lap, and that the nose of the plane was down. He didn't speak for a time — he could imagine the concentration necessary to her to make some deliberate change in the aircraft's course and watch the hands of the altimeter at the same time. But as the seconds ticked by tension was building up in him.

What had he done to her? Was she down, out of control, or was she just slowly working her way down to fourteen hundred feet at the slowest rate of descent that was possible? He looked anxiously at the telephone. What had gone wrong? Surely it was time he heard again from Dick. Time was passing. He couldn't wait any longer. He'd have to call her. Janet, pick up that microphone again and come in," he said quietly. "I want to know how you're doing. Come in now. Over."

"I'm flying at fourteen hundred feet, Dave," she said, in the voice that invited his con-

gratulations. "What am I supposed to do now?"

"Good, that's excellent," he said. "Now I want to see if you can hold it at that. Keep circling. You've still got Brinalli in sight? Over."

"Yes, I'm right over it. I think I'm on the same circle." "Fine. Now you've got to raise the nose just a little so

meter. Get used to holding her steady so that she doesn't lose height unless you want her to. Keep circling, I'll call you up again in about a minute and a half."

He swung his chair away from the transmitter and picked up the telephone. The line was dead. He heard footsteps and swung toward the door as Sister Ralston came along the passage-way with a cup of tea in her hand.

"... er ... I think it's up to eighteen. It's got a yellow hand. What's that showing? Over."

"I can see it. The yellow hand's almost on twelve."

"Good. Then you're doing a hundred and twenty knots an hour, that's fine," he said, and wrote it down on the pad in front of him for Dick's information. "What's your height now? Over."

"Fourteen hundred feet still."

"Fine. Now over on the right, in front of the other pilot's seat, there's a dial marked R.P.M.—a black-and-white one. The figures start low down on the left, and they go round to thirty-five. Can you see it? Tell me what it says. Over."

"It's steady on twenty-four. Is that what it ought to be? Over."

"That's fine," he said, writing it down, and hoping with all his heart. "Now you've got to get a bit more height. Dick wants you up at two thousand feet or more. Raise the nose and climb slowly and gently. Have you got that? Over."

"Do I have to?" she said. "Is it really necessary?"

"It's easy," he said. "Just as easy as what you've been doing. There's nothing to it, Janet. What's the trouble? Over."

"I'm frightened. I'm really frightened of going up," she said, and it was the first time she'd used the word to him.

"Every time I've been up with Dick or Peter I've felt the same. I can hear it if we're flying level and I quite enjoy it when the nose of the plane is down. But when it's climbing — I don't know, it feels, it feels all the time as though it's slipping backwards. And it feels so frail, the plane does — I don't know what it is, it vibrates differently. ... I just feel this awful panic all the time the nose is pointed upwards even a little bit. Don't make me climb it, Dave, please don't make me. Over."

Dave closed his eyes, trying desperately to remember the sensation of climbing, trying

to visualise the angle of nose and wings, knowing that this was a fear that he ought to try to deal with at once and quickly. "Janet," he said, and paused as the Sister hurried back into the room.

"They're holding your line at the exchange so they can put Mr. Garnett on the minute he's ready. Leave the receiver on till they ring you. He's almost ready," she said, and put down the cooling cup of tea and left him. He turned back to the transmitter.

"Are you receiving, Janet?" he said.

"I can hear you, yes," she said. "I thought I could hear someone else talking, too."

"It was Sister Ralston," he said. "I hate to tell you this, but she brought me a cup of tea."

The idea of mid-morning cups of tea in offices, with liquid slopping on tasteless office biscuits in the saucers, made a comforting picture of normality in her mind. "You drink it," she said. "I'll just fly round and round while I wait for you."

"We've got to get you up a bit higher first," he said. "You're meeting more resistance when you're climbing, so you've got less forward speed, and your engine noise is different, too. That's all it is, Janet. She may feel different, but she's perfectly safe and stable. And another thing, I may not know much about planes, but I do know that the higher you are the safer. He was aware of his mistake at once, but before he could put it right her voice cut in sharply.

"D'you mean you can't fly a plane?"

"Good heavens, no, of course I don't mean that," he said. "I just mean—well, I mightn't be such a good pilot as some of these blokes — Dick Garnett, for instance, and a few like him — but I do know you've got to get that aircraft up higher. Now get that nose up, Janet. Don't hurry it, just raise it a little. Hold it there and watch your altimeter, and let her climb slowly and steadily till you're at two

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## Continuing . . . SOLO FOR SEVERAL PLAYERS

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### FOR THE CHILDREN

#### Wuff, Snuff & Tuff

by TIM



that you're flying level. Watch your altimeter. You might have to raise or lower your nose just a little to get her flying level. Keep the big hand steady on the figure four. Where's the small needle now? Over," he said, suddenly frightened that in the time she was off the air she might have lost eleven hundred feet and be dangerously low.

"On one," she said. "And the big hand is steady on four. I think I know how to do that part of it. It's right when the nose looks about a foot below the horizon."

"That's it," he said. "You've got it. But watch your alti-

"Get through to the exchange on the other phone, will you, Sister, and find out what the devil's going on," he said sharply. "This line's dead."

She hurried away, still carrying the cup, and he turned back to the transmitter. "Dave here. Can you hear me? Come in, Janet," he said.

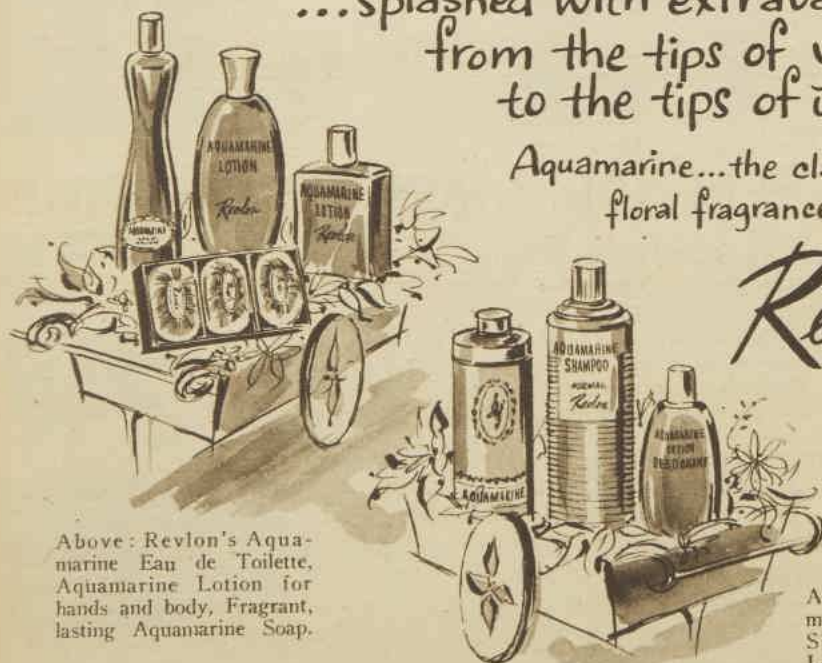
"I can hear you," she said. "That was a long minute and a half, Dave."

He laughed. "It was about thirty seconds. Now listen, just a little to the left and a little bit higher than your altimeter there's another clock-face marked in twos—four, six, eight, ten, and so on, up to

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At left: Revlon's Aquamarine Talc, Aquamarine Shampoo, Aquamarine Lotion Deodorant.



thousand feet. No lateral movement, keep circling over Brinnalli. I'm going to drink my tea. Call me up as soon as you've got her to two thousand."

"All right," Janet said. "I'll try, but I can't see much sense in it when all I want to do is get her down."

As Dave reached for the cooling cup of tea the telephone rang and he snatched it up and swung his chair away from the transmitter.

"How's she doing?" Dick's voice asked tensely.

"All right," Dave said. "She's still right over you, circling."

"Yes, I know that," Dick said. "I've got somebody out on the landing-ground watching, and someone else running between us with reports. But what sort of shape is she in herself?"

"She's fine, now," Dave said. "Much calmer, and she's handling the radio well. I'm trying to get her higher, but for some reason she's hellish frightened of pulling the nose up beyond the level flight position."

"Yes, I know," Dick said. "Lots of people hate climbing in a small plane. Things seem to be stationary, you feel that you're falling out of the air. Have you got her speed?"

"She was doing 120 knots at 1400 feet, and the r.p.m.s were steady at 2400. She's climbing now from 1400 to 2000, but it'll take her a while to do it."

"Right, now listen, this is going to be complicated," Dick said. "Peter and I are penned in here by the floods; we can't either of us get out, even if there was time. I'm going to bring her down on Weeringbrinnalli, and I've got to have someone there who'll know, and know instantly without any guessing, whether she can get in or not from the approach she makes. That means I've got to leave George Donovan there, I can't send him over to you to talk her down. We've got the relief girl at the exchange checking on whether there's anyone else in the town at present who could bring her down, direct voice, from your radio. I don't think there is. If not, I've got to do it. Can you get this phone right handy to the transmitter?"

**D**AVE replied at once. "There'll be feedback, it'll take a bit of fiddling. I can fix it if you give me a few minutes."

"Be as quick as you can. Can you get yourself into a position where you can hear what I'm saying as well as transmitting it? If there's any breakdown, and she can't hear me clearly, you'll have to relay it, and relay it damn quickly."

"Yes, I can fix that, Dick, I think."

"I'll have George through, on the same line. What everyone's got to bear in mind is that everything said on this line will go straight through to Janet in the aircraft. I'll get George on now. You get back to Janet. Keep her climbing, and keep her happy, Dave. Let her know that I'm teeing things up, and I'll be with her in about two minutes from now. Don't hang your receiver up from now on. Keep it beside you and I'll give you a whistle as soon as I want you on the line again."

As he put the telephone down on the desk beside him, Dave could hear Dick's voice, and Sylvie Smith's answering him. He had time to be thankful that Dick, who could think quickly and directly in an emergency, was in charge of things. Sister Ralston came in as he was about to call Janet up.

"You'll have to put out a general call in about two minutes, Dave," she said. "It's almost eleven o'clock."

"Thanks for reminding me," he said, and glanced up at the wall clock. "Sister, can you stick around? I may need help."

"I know," she said. "I've got a chair just outside there in the corridor. I've been following it all."

"Good. Can you get me a full roll of cotton-wool. Unwind the whole thing and get the paper out of it, will you? But do it outside. It'd make too much noise in here — and a gauze bandage, a narrow one, half-inch will do."

He drew the telephone towards him as she went out of the room, listened for a moment and heard Sylvie's voice say: "Well, I'm sure I don't know what the Superintendent will say, Mr. Garnett, but —" and interrupted to say: "Are you there, Dick?"

"Dave?" Dick's voice answered.

"Sorry to interrupt, but I've got to know — when will the critical time be, when we have to have absolute radio contact with no interruptions?"

"Well — say thirty minutes here,"

## Continuing . . . SOLO FOR SEVERAL PLAYERS

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Dick said. "About a quarter of an hour from here to Weeringbrinnalli, and — well — five minutes to get her down. Say forty minutes from now, Dave, will be the critical period."

"Right," Dave said, and laid the receiver down on the desk.

"Janet," he said into the transmitter. "Dave calling. Can you hear me clearly? What's your altitude now? Come in."

"One thousand eight hundred feet. A little bit more."

"Fine. Keep on climbing. Are you getting more used to the feeling? Over."

"I think so. We're not doing badly, are we, for a case of the blind leading the blind."

Her voice sounded relaxed, there was almost a hint of a smile in it, Dave thought, as he spoke.

"You're way off the beam there, you know," he said. "You're talking to one of the most cautious fliers in Australia. I've got to put out a general call, now, to all the stations. Don't take any notice of anything you hear me say until I call you up again by name. If you want to speak to me though, cut in. I'll be able to hear you. Did you understand all that? Over."

"I understood," Janet said. "I'm to keep climbing. Don't be long. I get lonely."

Dave glanced at the clock. The hands had moved on to three minutes past eleven. At most of the homesteads people would be listening already. Well—that would save him explanations. He adjusted the headphones of his monitoring set, and started his regular 11 a.m. call, knowing that in scattered homesteads as much as six hundred miles away from each other women had gathered around their transceivers for the minutes of neighborly exchange that took so much of the sting out of their isolation.

"Seven X-ray Zero, Seven X-ray Zero, Flying Doctor Base," he said. "This is Seven X-ray Zero calling all stations. Listen carefully, please. We have a plane here in difficulties, and

we are using the Base radio to help it. We will take urgent medical calls only. If you have an urgent medical call, will you come in now, please."

He waited, looking up at Sister Ralston, who had come back into the room with a snowfall of cotton-wool in her hands, as he listened. No voice came through to him. No urgent medical calls. He began transmitting again.

"Seven X-ray Zero, Flying Doctor Base, calling all stations. If you have an urgent medical call in the next thirty-five minutes, come in and we will take it. As soon as the plane is down we will take routine medical calls. Until then, please don't call the Base. Are there any urgent calls now? Over. Over." He waited, heard nothing, and began to transmit the whole of the message again.

To be continued



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## Continuing . . . RICH PEOPLE

from page 33

Bend who did, perhaps, stare studiously up at our house on the water side of Beacon Street could never have realised that its two bathrooms contained zinc-lined tubs about fifty years old, in which all of us Eliots took cold baths before breakfast straight through the winter; that even the grown-ups made their breakfasts of whole oranges, whole-wheat porridge, and whole milk; that decisions about the day's subsequent menus were based entirely upon nutritive, not gustatory, values; that such entertainments as we might attend (symphony and Shakespeare) were selected upon a compar-

was churchy. They were fully liberated Arlington Street Church Unitarians, which meant that they subscribed handsomely and went seldom. But, as good Unitarians, they believed they best served their faith when they were following their private spiritual convictions. For my mother these involved mountain-climbing. Almost from our infancy she had hauled my older sister Betsey and me up the slopes of assorted mountains. Generally she left us far behind, climbing steadily with her measured

the topic she recommended. My thoughts, as I moved into my teens, ran to formless yearnings for clothes, to fantasies about what the world beyond Boston was like, and to boys. I was well aware that my mother's reflections were worthier ones than mine; I was even, dimly, aware that what animated her was something very remarkable; was, in fact, pure love.

My mother's feeling about all of nature was strongly mystical. At our cottage at Clam Harbor, where we spent the greater part of every summer, Mother taught us to swim and dive by principles a woman

Clam Harbor we slept out on one long sleeping-porch, all four of us, in beds that had tarpaulins for the nights when September equinoctial storms drove pelting rain across them. Our three meals were served on a screened porch that possessed an elevating view over Clam Harbor to Clam Point and, beyond it, of the Atlantic. Our Irish maids, down from Boston for the summer, viewed this latter custom with a sour eye.

It was, of course, nothing to them that our food was cold by the time it reached us, but they did not care for waiting on table mornings when a fresh westerly breeze had sprung up, or evenings when the fog insinuated clammy streamers between the meshes of the screen. Sometimes they asserted their point of view by appearing in some old sweater, worn over black uniform, and white apron.

My mother would raise sandy eyebrows. "Bridie," she would say in her ringing voice. "Surely you aren't cold, this splendid day?"

"No, Mum," the maid would always mumble.

Our maids might quit, but they never talked back, for my mother carried about her an aura, unmistakable to everybody, of being in the right. Bridie, or Norah, or Teresa would appear in another minute or two bearing muffins and no sweater. But sometimes I would hear her when she thought herself alone, washing dishes after the meal at the copper-lined sink out in the bare, matched-board pantry. "Ah," she would be muttering in exasperation and sheer Irishness. "Aaah . . ."

My mother was in the right, almost always. She made a study of it. To her it would have been foolish and unintelligent not to. She had trained herself to consider the various aspects of her life in order to determine what in them represented the true, the good, and the beautiful, and then to choose that and follow it up with assiduity.

It seemed clear to her that there was always a better and

By RUD

### IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY



able basis; that for school we girls were dressed invariably, like our mother, in serviceable Scotch tweeds, worn over long woollen drawers, to which we gave a twist before pulling up our cotton stockings and lacing our brown boots.

A Fair Isle sweater might constitute the sole lavish note in our daytime wardrobes. For Foster's Dancing Classes at the Somerset we wore, with inevitability, pink taffeta with a tinsel rose at the hip and low-heeled silver slippers.

All this high thinking and plain living carried with it a faint but definite religious tinge. To Bostonians like us, living in the way that people from New York did — worldly people, rich people — was Wrong. Not that my family

but energetic step. Many is the time I have come, panting and puffing, upon my mother after she had been long seated on some summit and was gazing off at the magnificence of its surroundings with an austere and serene expression which — years later in the catalogue of a museum — I recognised as akin to that of a sculptured Boddhisatva, an Enlightened One.

When she became aware of my arrival, Mother would turn her faint smile upon me; calm, detached, compassionate. "Sit down, Lucy," she would say, "and try to practise realising that ourselves and the rest of the universe are of one substance."

I would sit down, but I was never able to get interested in

from another city might have reserved for dealing with her love-life. I can see Mother now — long, spare limbs clad in a grey bathing dress, standing beside the diving-board on the raft moored off the beach.

She has put on a grey rubber bathing cap, but between it and her long, erect sunburned neck some loops of sandy hair emerge. "Give yourself to the water!" she cries as we hesitate before the plunge. When she herself comes to dive, her narrow face, freckled and innocent of make-up, wears an expression of bliss in the instant before she dedicates herself to the sea.

To Mother there was something Wrong about being separated from the outdoors any more than was necessary. At

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## Continuing . . . RICH PEOPLE

from page 90

a worse side to things; a higher and a lower. To choose the best of everything was only what one owed to oneself, one's family, and one's God. Outdoors was more beautiful than indoors; Nature was vaster than man; love was superior to more transient emotions; thrift was wiser than waste; life was short, and there was little enough time for good music and great books without wasting any of it on the trivial or the frivolous.

I remember the sister Betsey, aged about twelve, making one of our rare stands against the claims of the superior. "But I don't like Brahms!" she is insisting. Her face is red, her hands are behind her back, pressed for support against the walnut door of the library in the Beacon Street house. "I can't help it if I don't like him, can I?"

My mother, who sits on the Chippendale sofa, which had come down in her own family, closes the book she is holding over her thumb, and replies without heat. "You can," she says. "You know Brahms' music is great. You can, at least, try to feel what you ought to."

MY mother was able to admit when she had been wrong, and, by making a fresh assessment and a fresh judgment, arrive once more at a position of rectitude. "Coming out was not a success for you," she said in early June of the summer of which I write, looking down at me from her unusual height, with the reasonable gaze that had become to me particularly exasperating.

If only Mother could be unreasonable once in a while! "You would better have begun Radcliffe at once, after all. I misgauged the matter. A pity. Now, for Betsey coming out seemed to be almost too much of a good thing."

But what a coming-out mine was! I suppose Mother would never have countenanced a convention so foreign to fresh air and early bedtimes at all had it not been for some concept of her own about a time of innocent gaiety, meeting jolly boys; a little girlish merriment before settling down to the realities of womanhood.

Her own debut, forty years before, seems to have been along such lines. She and my father met first at a dinner at the Crowninshield's house on Marlborough Street. Later they became engaged at the Country Club in Brookline, on the basis of a shared interest in butterflies, sailing, and climbing mountains.

I visualise them on that momentous occasion, sitting out on the glazed-in porch at the

Country Club so long ago — their two serious faces, which by the time I knew them had grown to look curiously alike, turned enthusiastically to one another. What my mother's dress that night was like I don't know, but in her wedding photographs she wears a trailing white gown trimmed with lace, with a boned collar that comes all the way up her long neck to her earlobes.

By the time Betsey and I came out, however, enthusiasm and shared interests were simply not enough for a girl to get by with at a dance. Betsey, who came out the year before I did, broke out of the confining circle of our bringing-up by becoming "wild" — one of the wild girls. I doubt whether Mother ever knew how wild; I'm not even sure myself. I know that she danced cheek to cheek and

went out to parked cars during dances.

I shared the secret that it was routine for her to spend the night with some old school friend so that she could evade the home ordinance about not coming home alone with a boy after a dance. At the period of which I speak, Betsey's solution was a fairly typical one with Boston girls for whom the boiling point of high-mindedness had been reached. In any coming-out year there was always at least one girl who was suspected of having "gone too far."

"Health" was the word we used to sum up the whole unbearable repression against which such as Betsey rebelled. I can see her now, one night early in her coming-out year;

she had come into my room, where I was doing my next day's homework for Winsor, dressed in a pale blue chiffon dress, with silver beading at the hip to match her slippers. I said something about her looking nice.

"In this?" she asked, her voice cracked with fury. "I hate it! Look at this healthy neckline, for Pete's sake! Look at these horrible health shoes! It's all so S.S. and G.I." This was the term for sweet, simple, and girlish in our day.

"Look at my hair!" she continued. Hers was the same fine, straight, sandy hair as Mother's, done up in crossed bands at the back. Suddenly Betsey started snatching out the pins that held it. She seized my desk scissors and began to slash.

"Betsey!" I cried, aghast. "I don't care," she said, hacking away. "Now she'll have to let me get it shingled. I will not have a crown of glory."

All that was very well for Betsey. Whether because of her wildness or not, she turned out a great success at dances, and had dozens of invitations to Harvard football and ice-hockey games. But nobody every tried to flirt with me. The memory of my coming-out party still brings cold sweat to my brow in the night.

IT was described in the invitations as "a small dance," and small it certainly was. There were two other dances the same night, and not enough young men turned up at the Women's Republican Club, where mine was held. The decorations were russet chrysanthemums, the season being October, and the orchestra Ted Groves' — not Bert Lowe's or Billy Losse's — because Father saw no point in putting money into things that did not matter.

It would never have occurred to me to argue about it. His attitude toward expense was as much a part of Father as walking every day, rain or shine, across the Public Gardens and the Common to his office on Milk Street or his espousal of Women's Rights. Or his attitude toward Shakespeare.

I can see Father as he used to stand before the fire in the library. He lifts his sandy eyebrows and remarks, "My father always told me, 'My boy, never let anyone persuade you otherwise than that a scholar and a gentleman — Bacon, in short — could have written the plays.'"

Father coughs, and the Adam's apple in his long, loose-skinned throat jerks. He glances toward Mother for support of what he has said. She usually did agree; she agreed about Ted Groves' orchestra when Father remarked that it seemed to him to play very jolly music.

To its jolly music I, the debutante, danced round and round with a succession of dutiful partners. I was dressed in white tulle, of course, with healthy neckline and low-heeled white-and-silver brocade slippers. That South Bend sight-seer might, next day, have been impressed by the far greater prominence given to my picture in the public prints than to the other, bigger dances, but my father was put out because, by an inadvertence, the picture had got into the paper at all.

Betsey expressed her own and my reactions to the whole affair when she said, "At least nobody could say it wasn't a nice, healthy evening."

What I felt myself to be, during that winter, was undisciplined, unprepared, unaided, helpless, and suffering. What my contemporaries thought of me as was something known as a pill. The attendants in the dressing-rooms of the hotels

grew well acquainted with me through those hours when I covered there, assuming chattiness, rather than let some wretched boy be stuck with me any longer. After the first month of it I stopped even bothering to invent excuses to the attendants about needing to mend my dress or my stockings. I simply fled to them.

In February, just before the dances stopped for Lent, I fell in love. It began as if it were a mutual rescue of and by two kindred sufferers. — I had retreated to the fireplace in the long room at the Country Club when the music stopped at the end of an interminable circling in the arms of the son of one of Mother's friends, whose stiff face softened when I said I had to speak to somebody across the room.

There, leaning against the mantelpiece, stood a slight, wistful-looking young man with red hair. When he moved as I approached I saw that he was lame. I had intended to stand there for only a moment to gauge my position and decide whether to beat a retreat, once again to the familiar upstairs dressing-room or to join the hostess' group along the wall.

But the strange young man put out his hand and touched my arm. "I say, do you mind talking with me?" he said in an English accent. "I don't dance, you see, and I do feel most awfully sorry."

I smiled. "I'm Lucy Eliot," I offered.

"What a nice name," he said. "Lucy Locket lost her pocket." My name's Giles Wall." We shook hands. He shifted his

position with a cripple's clumsiness and went on. "Music is what I'm mad for. Music and ballet. What are you keen on?"

"I think I like pictures the best," I said, struggling to reveal the truth about myself. "But I like music, too." We could almost have been mother and father, all those years ago, exchanging enthusiasms.

But before I even so much as left the Country Club that night the situation I had got myself into was revealed to me. "You were certainly hitting it off with Giles Wall," Betsey said to me as we put our evening wraps on. Betsey still went to some of the debutante parties. She had managed to screw a white bunny-fur jacket out of the family this last Christmas, but my own wrap was that ultimate Bostonian degradation, the family Chinese robe, worn over a sweater for warmth.

"He asked me to have tea with him at the Conley, Friday," I said. I am sure my eyes shone. Inside me a river of stars seemed softly to be flowing.

"Good going," Betsey said. "You'll end up with millions yet, old dear."

"What?" I said, only slightly distracted from the contemplation of the heaven which consists of the cessation of being rejected.

"You know who he is, don't you?" Betsey said. "Giles Wall. Wall and Wall, in New York. Bucky Sturgis has the room next to him in Claverly, and he told me

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## SYLLABIC PUZZLE

• From the following 34 syllables, form 13 words according to the clues given below. All words have at least two syllables. When all words have been correctly guessed, the first and last letters taken in order vertically will make a proverb.

a — arm — cis — cle — des — eu — fi — ger —  
gis — in — ject — la — la — le — lo — man —  
nar — nu — ob — os — pi — raf — ri — si — strong —  
sus — tem — to — tor — ture — us — ven — vish.

1. Louis — famous negro trumpeter: .....
2. Material used in basketry: .....
3. Purpose, aim: .....
4. Over-abundant: .....
5. Parliament: .....
6. Thomas Edison, for instance: .....
7. Flower: .....
8. European: .....
9. Grain store: .....
10. Red Indians' idol: .....
11. European capital: .....
12. Core: .....
13. Ancient Greek dramatist: .....

• Solution on page 101.

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Giles went to school in England. And his mother ran away and married a duke. And his father is married to a ballet dancer. And they own about ten houses. Just rolling. Giles isn't a bit popular at Harvard, though. He isn't even in a club. So he's just the thing for you," Betsey added with sisterly candor.

The stars in my river were all exploding. By the time I came down the stairs to the hall, where a milling crowd of boys in tails or black tie waited to say goodbye to somebody or to take someone home, and saw Giles—his face greenish-white against his red hair—leaning against the farther wall, I could feel the first stab of an agony which was to pierce my growing love like the golden arrow that pierces the red velvet heart.

There was never again to be for me the feeling of easy communication

we had had when we leaned together against the fireplace, talking. Only my adoration continued to grow; and, along with it, the conviction of my utter inadequacy.

Giles used to come to see me, parking his Lancia at the kerb on Beacon Street, and limping up the steps, while I watched, hidden behind a glass curtain in the bow window, my heart thumping. I would go down to meet him in the reception-room to the left of the front hall, and we would sit on the stiff sofa there while Giles talked about ballet and music; Betsey and her beau would more than likely have pre-empted the living-room, and I never liked to take

## Continuing . . . RICH PEOPLE

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Giles to the library because Mother was usually there.

Giles talked about how fabulously beautiful his mother was, and how his father had never cared for him, and how his leg was broken playing rugby at preparatory school in England and set improperly; how he had later hated Eton, and about the symphony he was writing now. "But nobody understands what I am trying to do," he would insist. "Nobody at all, actually."

My heart bled. "I want to understand," I cried.

"Do you?" he would say, turning his bemused eyes on me. "Sweet

Sweet Lucy Locket. I say! Couldn't you get your family to let you come abroad this summer, p'raps? I'd adore to have you meet my mother. I'm sure she'd ask you. She's living in France, you know, with that beast Falchester she married. She's divine, my mother is. Very fair, with a face like an ill white lily. Quite, quite different from Mona."

Mona, I had learned, was his father's present wife, his fourth. "Mona's divine, too, of course, in quite another way from my mother. Dark, with the serene sort of brow a woman has to have if she's to do her hair in smooth bands. Mona has the perfect ballet face, actually. I wonder how long my father will love her."

"I'd love to go abroad!" I cried when he seemed to wait for a reply to his suggestion. "Maybe Mother would let me . . ."

But of course Mother wouldn't.

"I think not," she decided. "This would not be a wise summer for Europe, Lucy. I admit my judgment was off about coming out for you, but this winter was to have provided your time for gaiety. It's certainly provided nothing else."

"You must learn to seek a balance, dear. Radcliffe next year will give you the intellectual discipline you have lacked the past several months. I think of Europe, too, when you do go, as a place of study; you will, of course, thrill to the masterpieces of art there as well. But the coming summer should be a time for vigorous exercise after your winter within doors—Besides, Giles' mother hasn't invited you."

"She would if you'd only say I could go . . . But I knew it was no use. Mother's logic and her sense of the fitness of things seemed always irrefutable. She liked Giles. She thought of him as that poor, unloved young thing who was, moreover, lame. But she was simply unconscious of those elements in his life that made me feel, underneath all my longing and desire, a sort of terror lest Mother might, after all, let me go to visit the Duchess of Falchester."

I was too unequipped for it. Once again, but differently from in the dark days before the meeting with Giles beside the Country Club fireplace, I felt myself unprepared, unassisted, helpless, and suffering. I had been to good schools, I had learned what my mother had tried to teach me, but I did not know anything that I needed. My need seemed as infinite as the sea.

IN late May we moved as usual from Beacon Street down to our huge grey-shingled house at Clam Harbor, cold as a cave at this time of year. The change that had occurred in me was reflected by my realising, for the first time, that my childhood's summer home was perfectly hideous.

Our healthy summer routine began: a dip in the ocean before breakfast at seven, reading and letter-writing till ten, swimming or tennis till luncheon, or sailing for the whole day; and for gaiety a frequent tea-party in somebody's garden to view how beautifully the cosmos and the sweet-williams and the calendulas were coming along.

My father, home from town by that time of the afternoon, would accompany us, in boater hat with club ribbon and white flannel trousers. Sometimes there was square dancing in the evenings, when we pranced back and forth until the house shook.

We had a neighborhood tradition at Clam Harbor, which had come down from the last century, of playing a game of beanbags. Two sides were chosen, their members alternating with each other down two long rows. The beanbags were thrown criss-cross by members of each team, and the team that got its twenty beanbags down to the end of the line and back to the start again won.

Giles was in France with his mother, and wrote me a few short letters: "Sweet Lucy, how is America? We had dinner under the pergola last night, and I wished you could one day see the moon rise over the Rhone. My mother is suffering terribly, of course . . . Her suffering was nothing to my suffering. I felt; his wish nothing to my own wish—my need—to be somebody entirely different, somebody at home in the great world, whom Giles could love; someone beautiful, sophisticated, and like an ill lily."

I could visualise all too perfectly how I looked in my actual person, dressed in the old cotton frocks we kept at Clam Harbor; wearing dirty sneakers; my hair unattractively blown about. I was without glamor and inescapably healthy, because I had never learned how to go about being anything else.

Into my need, like a sail on the horizon of a shipwreck, came Mrs. Bogden. Somewhat breathless whispers of her fame had reached me earlier. Mr. Bogden, a Boston widower, had met the former Mrs. Hurst in London the summer before as he was starting on the Little Tour with his daughter, Carola, who graduated from Winsor the year before I did.

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Continuing . . .

## RICH PEOPLE

After sending Carola home in September to continue her work at the School of the Museum of Fine Arts, he had remained in England to press his suit. In December he married the American divorcee, and in spring, after a honeymoon in North Africa, brought her home to Boston.

Later, when we had become fast friends, Mrs. Bogden used to tell me about her flat on Hall Moon Street, where she was living at the time of Mr. Bogden's advent — tiny, terribly amusing, really, and not at all expensive as such things go. Nicky Eritsoff had sublet it to her for twenty guineas only. How I could visualise that flat!

I could see the delightful little suppers after the theatre, before a small coal fire, and breathe in the atmosphere, permeated deliciously by Houbigant's Gireflee — the scent which I came to know so well and which seemed the essence of my idol. Perfume was another of the elements in that unknown life to which I fearfully aspired. No one in the Eliot family had ever come any closer to perfume than cologne.

**B**UT, for my birthday in May, Giles had presented me with a bottle of L'Heure Bleue. I concealed it from Mother, who I knew would not have let me accept it. All alone, in secret, I would take the big crystal bottle with its handsome stopper out from under a pile of sweaters in my bottom drawer and sniff the scent, which, more than words and images even, could suggest the atmosphere of another world.

The first time I met Mrs. Bogden was early in June, after a day out racing my Lightning, with Carola Bogden crewing for me. A squall had overtaken us in the afternoon, and we had been successively wet through and dried out again by the sun and the chill east wind that followed the rain. By the time we walked up to the Bogdens' cottage, we must have looked a sight.

We went into the house, familiar to me from childhood, and suddenly it was unfamiliar. A Russian icon was hanging on the matched-board wall at the foot of the stairs, a fur rug lay on the hall floor, and in the air was a curious dry fragrance. We walked into the living-room, where a woman with beautifully arranged brown hair was crouching before the fire holding the fire shovel out over the flames.

"Uh — Maman," Carola said. "This is Lucy Eliot." Without rising, Mrs. Bogden turned toward us and smiled. "How'd you do," she said in the same sort of international-British accent Giles had. "So

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nice . . . Trying to take the awful damp out of the air, darlings, by burning a bit of me perfume. An old London trick—dare we try for some tea? Life is so difficult," she added, making a face in the direction of the kitchen door.

Perhaps I make her sound vapid. She was not. She was intuitive, and had a gift for understanding, or if not understanding for a kind of sympathy; putting herself wholly in one's place and surrounding herself with an indignant loyalty that became, for me, like an oasis in the desert.

After the first of the times I was invited up to Mrs. Bogden's bedroom I was never again to feel alone in my aspirations, my longing, and my pain. "But, of course, my darling," she had said earnestly, bending the gaze of her intelligent eyes upon me. "Of course you must find a way to attract Giles! I know so exactly your feeling. It must all have been too frustrating. We must arrange something."

We would often sit in that bedroom to which she had brought, from the other world, a touch of richness, a sense of luxury. The chairs we sat in were low, square, covered in pale satin, without arms; one sank into them. On one table stood Mrs. Bogden's perfume bottles—square, round, tapering, or chunky. On the other were placed signed photographs of her friends abroad.

Violet Rutland was, I learned, the signature of a duchess. There were pictures of Carol and Madame Lupescu; of Leopold of Belgium; of Otto of Hapsburg; and one signed Edward P. These two tables were, to me, like altars to the new god I worshipped.

"But, of course, you must visit his mother next summer," Mrs. Bogden would agree. "We must make you utterly enchanting for her. I used to know Marna slightly when she was Wall. I know she'd adore you, with your pretty eyes and divine skin. We must arrange something that will make a little more, p'raps, of your looks."

Her eyes would move—not in judgment, I felt, but in compassion—over me, and then across the room that she had made so cosy to the window. They would rest briefly on the scene outside—the roofs of the Sturgis cottage next door, the bare rocks of Clam Point in the sunshine, and, beyond, the cold blue sea. Her eyes would return to me. "This fall, p'raps, we must run over to New York? Stay at the angel

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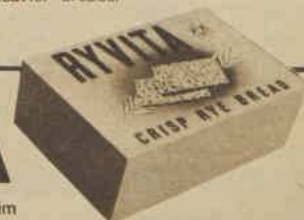
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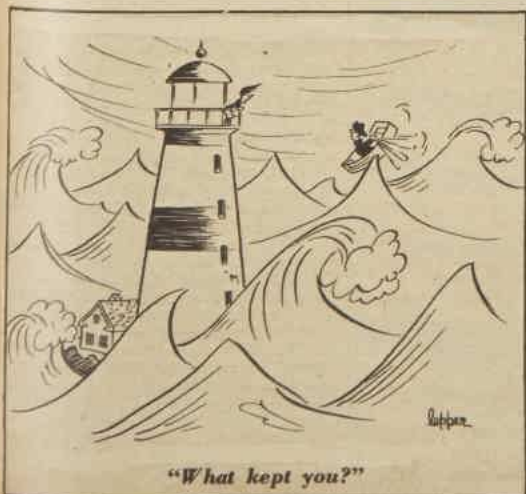
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"What kept you?"

Carlyle, don't you think? And have a bit of fun in the shops?"

"Oh, yes!" I would reply. Hope had been born again in my heart and trust where there had been despair. It was Mrs. Bogden who had saved me.

I realise now, thirty years later, that with the egotism of youth I never tried to turn the talk to any other subject but me. Possibly I would not have thought myself worthy to bring up such a sacred topic as Mrs. Bogden herself. Certainly, in those days, I believed her to be invulnerable.

Though I never thought consciously about it at all, unconsciously I must simply have assumed that anyone so wonderful as she must be happy. Her philosophy, as it reached me in its application to my problems, was one of happiness. "But, darling, I know so well!" she

## Continuing . . . RICH PEOPLE

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often cried. "Life is so difficult, and all one wants is to have f-u-n, isn't it?"

It occurs to me now that she always put these beliefs of hers in the form of questions, as on the morning when we sat together on the dock in the dissolving mists and, to something I must have said about how unhappy I had been before I met Giles and her, she said, "The way to be happy is to be always in love, isn't it?"

I remember, as well, how she would get to her feet after one of our sessions and walk away from the chair or weathered board step, singing; tall, exquisitely thin, dressed with quite another sort of simplicity from our Boston simplicity — the

simplicity of perfection. I think of her in that tweed skirt and sweater, with a rope of chunky beads on her feet shoes made for her at Hellstern's in Paris, and sheer lisle stockings "for the country," with openwork clocks running up the ankles.

Her brown hair made a delightful shape, her large eyes were clear and lively, her mouth was painted red. "Love—may—come—to—anyone!" she sang as she walked away. "The best—things in life—are free . . ."

Needless to say, my infatuation did not pass without comment from my family. For example, at supper

out on the screened porch, one stormy evening when the candles flickered and guttered in their blue-and-white china candlesticks, Betsey said, "How's your crush, Lucy? Taught you how to lacquer your fingernails to look like polished claws yet?"

I flushed. "That's disgusting!" I said. "You always take the most ignorant, stupid Boston attitude to Mrs. Bogden. She's just above your comprehension, that's all."

"You can have her," Betsey said. "Joe Worthington says she was known all over Europe as an adventuress."

"It's a lie!" I cried. I threw my napkin down on the table beside my plate. "She's wonderful, and beau-

tiful and understanding and kind. Which is more than—more than—" But I could never express myself with the violence of the words that spoke in my heart.

"Lucy! . . . Betsey!" Mother was like a moderator, calling the meeting to order. "Control yourselves, Betsey, even if a person in our midst seems neither what we should call wise nor distinguished, that is no excuse for repeating defamatory tales. Both of you! Be still!"

We sat, after our family custom of calling for silence to put an end to discord, while the salt air of evening slapped the backs of our necks and our bare arms; we saw the light on Badger's Island flash, at regular intervals, through the dusk. Mother, at the head of the table, sat erect as ever, Father sat at the other end, his long back hunched over, crumpling a roll between his fingers.

Betsey had turned her gaze away from me on to her plate. Suddenly she cried, "Mother! How can you be so unfair? Mrs. Bogden is just the sort of person you disapprove of most, and yet you won't let me say anything against her!"

"You may express your disapproval if you like," Mother said. "Only you're not to condemn anyone. Or spread scandal. And if you should ever find me taking an uncharitable attitude toward anyone, I hope very much that you will call my attention to it."

"I don't think Mrs. Bogden is worthy of charity," Betsey said. "She's a hard-boiled baby, if you ask me. You don't imagine she gives you all this famous understanding for your own sweet sake, do you, Lucy? She's simply trying to get to know us."

"Mother! Do I have to listen?"

"Betsey, you're displaying an unwarranted vanity, it seems to me. The person in question is ordinary, but she may have sincere affection for Lucy. My hope is that Lucy is not so in need of affection that she will settle for that brand of it for very long. But you are not to malign the person."

"Mother!" Betsey said, disgusted, "why must you always be so God-like?"

MOTHER smiled and shook her sandy head. Then, I remember, she expressed one of her most characteristic ideas—the sort of idea, I suspect, upon which she meditated at the summits of these mountains she was always ascending.

"None of us need to worry about being too much like God," she said. "But if you're talking about charity, it has always seemed to me that God is charitable not because people are in any way worthy of it but because if he wasn't he wouldn't be God."

It was in August—an unusually hot day—when the letter from Giles came in the morning mail. I read it and then hurried over to Mrs. Bogden's house.

She was sitting on the grass of the front lawn—none of our nineteenth-century cottages had modern terraces—on a big plaid steamer rug doing her toenails in the sunshine. I knelt down on the rug beside her, sank back on my heels, and held my tongue while she finished the infinitely careful application of varnish. Against the black knitted one-piece swimsuit she wore, Mrs. Bogden's legs and arms were beautifully brown and smooth.

At length she put the brush back into the bottle of polish, twisted its cork tight, and smiled at me. "What troubles you, my sweet?" she said.

I thrust the letter at her and at the same moment divulged its contents in a burst. "It's Giles! He wants to come here! He had some terrible row with his mother's husband. I think the Duke knocked him down. And he left and wrote this from London. He wants to come and stay with us before college opens, and what shall I do?"

Mrs. Bogden gazed at me earnestly, took the letter from my hand, and read it. She ran the ball of her thumb absently over the address at the top of the first page and put the letter slowly back into its envelope.

"What a beast Falchester is," she remarked. "The boy really is in a jam, poor child. Life is so difficult, isn't it? I think it'd be good for him to come here. There are times when one does need utter, utter rest."

"But he can't stay at our house!" I cried. "Freezing to death at meals out on that horrible porch? With Betsey always snooping around? And Mother preaching at us all the time?" I swallowed hard. It was the first time

Teeth clean, breath fresh

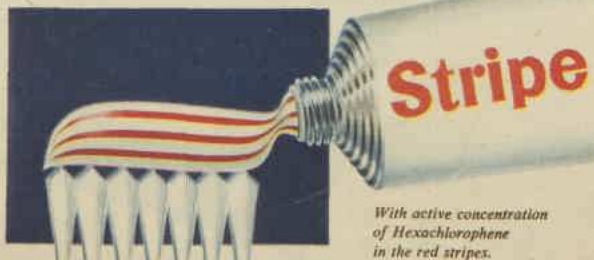
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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — October 25, 1961

from page 94

I had ever criticised Mother outside the family and my words sounded profane to me. I hurried past them. "Giles has never seen anything so absolutely awful as the way we live! He won't know what to make of it. He'll never want to see me again."

My idol smiled. "I'll put him up," she said, and as she spoke it was as if honey and bliss were dropping from her lips. "I'd love to have the poor child. I'll give a little party for one of the nights he's here. Something a little amusing, p'raps? And plan an evening at the Magnolia Casino? Take lunch to Queen's Island, and a bit of champagne? And when there's nothing more diverting, dine down at the fisherman's dive in Clam Depot, just for fun, don't you think?"

"Oh, yes," I breathed, once more resurrected. "That would be wonderful."

We come now, in this string of old memories, to a scene which my mind always tends to avoid but which I force myself to face. We are all on the beach at Clam Harbor. I am sitting on a huge emerald-green Turkish towel, beside Mrs. Bogden, who has on one of her French swimsuits; pale blue, this time, against her radiant skin. I suppose I myself must have been wearing some dreadful old-fashioned suit. We are both looking up at my mother, who stands on the sand just at the rim of the emerald towel.

SHE is speaking about our plans for Giles' visit. She wears that baggy old grey bathing-dress with its rows of rust-stained white braid; her hair is inadequately tucked under a grey rubber cap. She must have paused to speak to us on her way down to the water's edge; perhaps I even called to her. Plain, austere, unmodified in any way by fashion, her appearance is simply overpowering.

"I don't feel that it is suitable," she is saying. "Since you say Mrs. Bogden has never seen Giles. It is not as if he were already her friend. He is a friend of ours. We have, Lucy, guest-rooms and to spare. If he's asked to stay with us here before college opens, do by all means tell him to come. But he must stay at our house and fall in with our normal occupations and amusements as any visitor might."

I realised that there was nothing more to be said. But Mrs. Bogden didn't. She said, "Simply, dear Mrs. Eliot, I've so much time on my hands, as I'm sure you've not. It would give me enormous pleasure to arrange little amusements for the children — something to accustom them to gaiety."

"Lucy," Mother said, "is accustomed to simplicity."

"But don't you feel," Mrs. Bogden insisted, "that when one is young and, so to speak, on the verge of the great world one needs the little helping nudge, the outstretched hand? In short, something a little different from this rather — simple — life? Life is so difficult, actually." But Mrs. Bogden had made a fatal error.

"Very," my mother said. "And so there can be no question of having someone who is coming to pay us a visit staying with neighbors. However kind their intentions," she added politely.

Above the burning yellow beach that ran for miles around the curve of Clam Harbor into Graniteport and so out again to Badger's Point, the sun seemed suddenly put out. Within a private night I got to my feet, shaking all over.

"Then I'll tell him not to come!" I cried, stone-blind, to the people still out in the sunshine. "I don't want him here! I won't have him come that way!"

There is no record in my memory of any answer to my words. That is the scene's end. But I remember well what came of it. I wrote to Giles that we were going to be driving around in the White Mountains after the middle of August, so we could not have him to stay beside the sea; but that I looked forward to seeing him at Beacon Street after college began.

Nobody told me, or forbade me, to do this, or advised me how to go about doing it. It was my solution to my own problem, like a lid shutting on a particular time in my life.

I never saw Giles again. He never returned to Harvard but stayed in England. A year or two later, after I had already moved to Arizona, I read in a Los Angeles paper that he had been married to a Lady Honor Wilkes; a cousin of his, the paper said. In the news photo she had one of those sharply chiselled British faces with short fair hair parted on the side. I have no idea whether they are still married.

Today I know nothing of the world

in which people like that live—nothing; I left even the world of Boston when I came out here. I have only been back for Father's funeral. Every winter, of course. Mother pays me a visit on her way to stay with Betsey and the grandchildren in Seattle; it is odd how both Betsey and I have moved to the corners of the country farthest away from Boston. But distances don't worry Mother. She travels by jet and arrives quite serene. She is amazing.

She it was, for example, who, after that year of my hopeless struggle to keep going, ending with my flunking my freshman exams at Radcliffe, found me this job of mine, to which — although I don't mean to sound

boastful—everyone agrees I am so exactly suited.

I have moved up over the years, and, in spite of not possessing a degree, to being assistant director of this school for delicate children—children who are sent to us from all over the world — from Japan and Antibes and London, from New York and Middleburg.

They are places, often, that are healthy enough in themselves; there has been only one lack in these children's fortunate lives to have made their eyes hollow and their coughs hacking.

The school is lodged in what was

once a hospital, in the desert outside Tucson—a series of adobe blocks, constructed around small patios, each with a fountain in the middle and a colonnade, off which open eight to twelve rooms. I live in the one named Saguaro, with seven of the children and two of the younger teachers.

In the daytime the sun is blazing and the children take carefully supervised sunbaths, spaced into their schedules so that they will get them before eleven, when the sun becomes dangerous. In the evening the sun sets behind Tucson and T Mountain. Night in Arizona has a large, a sterile quality—clear black air and stars like arc-lights.

It is then, after I have gone to

sleep, that I am sometimes awakened by coyotes out in the desert, like a band of mad nightmare phantasms howling and laughing, and cannot go back to sleep, but lie here and remember the years of my own youth, which was such a sheltered one and passed among people who loved me.

My wholesome background had, of course, everything to do with my being allowed to try out at this job, untrained for it as I was. It is an axiom of the work that if you have never known emotional security in your childhood you cannot possibly impart it to others. I am one of those lucky ones who are able to say, My mother loved me, always, always.

Mother produced the opportunity, in fact, that time when I was at my lowest ebb, just the way she always did produce whatever was needful—

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# THE STARS

By EVE HILLIARD: Week starting Oct. 23



## ARIES

MAR. 21-APR. 20

\* Lucky number this week, 3.  
\* Gambling colors, violet, green.  
\* Lucky days, Monday, Friday.



## TAURUS

APR. 21-MAY 20

\* Lucky number this week, 7.  
\* Gambling colors, Tuesday, Sunday.  
\* Lucky days, Tuesday, Sunday.



## GEMINI

MAY 21-JUNE 21

\* Lucky number this week, 7.  
\* Gambling colors, tricolors.  
\* Lucky days, Monday, Sat.



## CANCER

JUNE 22-JULY 22

\* Lucky number this week, 5.  
\* Gambling colors, green, gold.  
\* Lucky days, Wednesday, Fri.



## LEO

JULY 23-AUG. 22

\* Lucky number this week, 6.  
\* Gambling colors, red, navy.  
\* Lucky days, Wed., Saturday.



## VIRGO

AUG. 23-SEPT. 23

\* Lucky number this week, 9.  
\* Gambling colors, red, navy.  
\* Lucky days, Monday, Sunday.



## LIBRA

SEPT. 24-OCT. 23

\* Lucky number this week, 6.  
\* Gambling colors, navy, white.  
\* Lucky days, Tuesday, Friday.



## SCORPIO

OCT. 24-NOV. 23

\* Lucky number this week, 7.  
\* Gambling colors, silver, gold.  
\* Lucky days, Friday, Saturday.



## SAGITTARIUS

NOV. 23-DEC. 20

\* Lucky number this week, 9.  
\* Gambling colors, rose, blue.  
\* Lucky days, Wed., Thursday.



## CAPRICORN

DEC. 21-JAN. 19

\* Lucky number this week, 1.  
\* Gambling colors, yellow, grey.  
\* Lucky days, Thursday, Sun.



## AQUARIUS

JAN. 20-FEB. 19

\* Lucky number this week, 8.  
\* Gambling colors, black, white.  
\* Lucky days, Thursday, Sat.



## PISCES

FEB. 20-MAR. 20

\* Lucky number this week, 4.  
\* Gambling colors, brown.  
\* Lucky days, Wednesday, Sun.

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a feature of interest only, without accepting any responsibility whatever for the statements contained in it.]

## Continuing... RICH PEOPLE

from page 95

as though out of the air; as though by the Indian rope trick. She arranged for my interview with the then director, Miss Alden, who was in the East, through one of her myriad associations with worthwhile people in philanthropy, social betterment, and child welfare.

She saved me, at a time when Giles had disappeared for ever from my life, and when I was ashamed to see Mrs. Bogden any more—embarrassed to; as if, by bungling the Giles business, I had let her down too badly. I was turned back on, reduced to, my own dreary, unappealing, unrewarding, lone self. Even then I realised I was being saved from something, and that it was Mother who was saving me, after all, not Mrs. Bogden.

Sometimes in the early days I used to feel that, by working at this job, I was helping the little boy whom Giles once was—the unloved, the forgotten, the suffering child of this century.

It hadn't taken me long to realise, once it was too late, that Giles would have loved the life in our Clam Harbor house. It would have been the very life he had always been starved for. Any rebellion I'd ever felt toward it seemed to expire as though with a little sigh of relief as soon as I was settled in Arizona.

It had been Mrs. Bogden, it would appear, not me, who was building up a head of steam against Boston in the course of those long tete-a-tetes of ours. She never breathed a word to me about what must have been her rising fury, but less than three years after the summer of which I have been writing she kicked over the traces, as people put it in the letters I got from Boston. Flew the coop. Bolted.

She divorced Carola's father and married a Honolulu Hutchinson—immensely rich; as, indeed, Mr. Bogden had been. But, I realise now, Mrs. Bogden could not possibly have understood, when she married

Mr. Bogden in London, about Bostonians and their attitudes to money.

For them it is not something to lavish, or even to spend. It is something to nurture, like a plant. It is a sacred trust. In any case, it is nothing with which to have, as Mrs. Bogden would have said, f-u-n. I used to have a vision of how she must have looked as she boarded the Boston section of the Twentieth Century, Renobound. I saw her close the door of the compartment behind her, pull the little hat off her brown hair, take a handful of bills from her Hermes purse and throw them up into the air, stretch her arms out, and throw back her lovely head.

BUT I had never actually seen Mrs. Bogden since I left Boston until I went to San Francisco last week to meet the boat the Aylesworth child was sent to us by from Hawaii. The Aylesworth child is typical of our pupils—stiff with tension from the violent emotions rich parents seem to spill around them like largesse: desire and hate and jealousy and malice and anger and more desire.

If they could only see, if they could just grasp, that their conflicts are all their children have to use as nourishment! What can a child know of feeling but what it feels?

The Aylesworth child was sent to us alone, which again is typical. The reasoning would be: Nothing could possibly happen to her on that nice, safe ship; if she's sick the stewardess can look after her, can't she? And, besides, the child's not a baby, she's eight... Not a baby, just a child who has begun obscurely to realise that it is facing life—life—with absolutely nothing to face it with. We here have come to feel that unloved children are often living out their parents'

conflicts in a sort of pathetic attempt to offer some little solution. At school we rage against such parents.

I had gone on board to fetch her and was walking up the promenade deck toward her stateroom—the Aylesworths would never spare expense, of course—when suddenly I saw Mrs. Bogden. She was coming along the deck very slowly, on the arm of, I suppose, her husband. I've said already that I know nothing of the world in which rich people navigate; nowadays I know no world except the world of sick children; so it's possible that many rich people look the way this couple did and that if I were more used to them I wouldn't have felt so shocked.

But the ageing couple were frightening to me. They came toward me, not seeing me—I am not a person anyone notices—he in white trousers with a pencil stripe and navy blue blazer, she in a cream-white knitted costume and a white broad-brimmed straw hat.

Rich they looked; rich, irritated, fussy, with eyes as bright as jewels; cynical, bored, unhappy. But it wasn't any of all that which shocked me, for I have often enough read such descriptions of worldly people in the pages of novels. What I never read about in any book, what gives me the knot in the pit of my stomach, was the look in Mrs. Bogden's face; the look far behind it.

I'd thought for a moment of going up to her, holding out my hand, and saying, "Mrs. Bogden, it's Lucy Eliot." But the look in the still-beautiful, pleasure-loving powdered old face stopped me while I peered, hesitating.

The look I am talking about was a double look, really; it was two things at once. Part of it was fear, under the cream foundation—fear like a smart whip to brighten up the tired eyes; and part of it was the even deeper-hidden thing the

real was of death, looking at me, right there out of her face. I don't know what manner of death. Just death.

I was too shaken to do anything but hurry on along the deck. But last night, back in Arizona again, I woke in the middle of the night and heard the coyotes howling and laughing crazily out in the sterile desert; and once more, as so many, many times before, my mind went back to Clam Harbor and the days when I was young.

Once more I seemed to be sitting on the silvery splintered boards of the old dock in the morning cool, talking to Mrs. Bogden. Her face is turned away toward the sea, but—lying in the western darkness—I could hear her voice asking me, as I have so often heard her ask, "The way to be happy is always to be in love, isn't it? Isn't it?" She turns her lovely face toward me, and this time her face is full of death.

Suddenly, for the first time, I realised what it was I should have answered her. Within my narrow schoolmistress' bed I felt my whole body strain as I imagined crying out, "No! No, it isn't! Feel what you ought to feel! Practise unity with all creation! Give yourself to the ocean!"

Because Mother was right, of course—about Mrs. Bogden as about everything else. Today, at the age of eighty-three, my mother's face has no death in it. Her face is filled with that life she has believed in all along; which always has existed and ever shall exist.

For a while I lay there, awake in Arizona, thinking with pride and absolute acceptance of my wonderful mother, but then—such is the unregenerate human ego—I had to turn my face to the pillow and begin to cry.

"What about me?" I kept blubbering as I squeezed the pillow around my head so that the children should not hear me and smelled the curious scent that tears always have. "What about all those years? Where is my life?"

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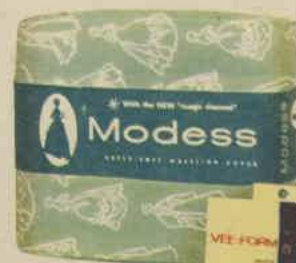


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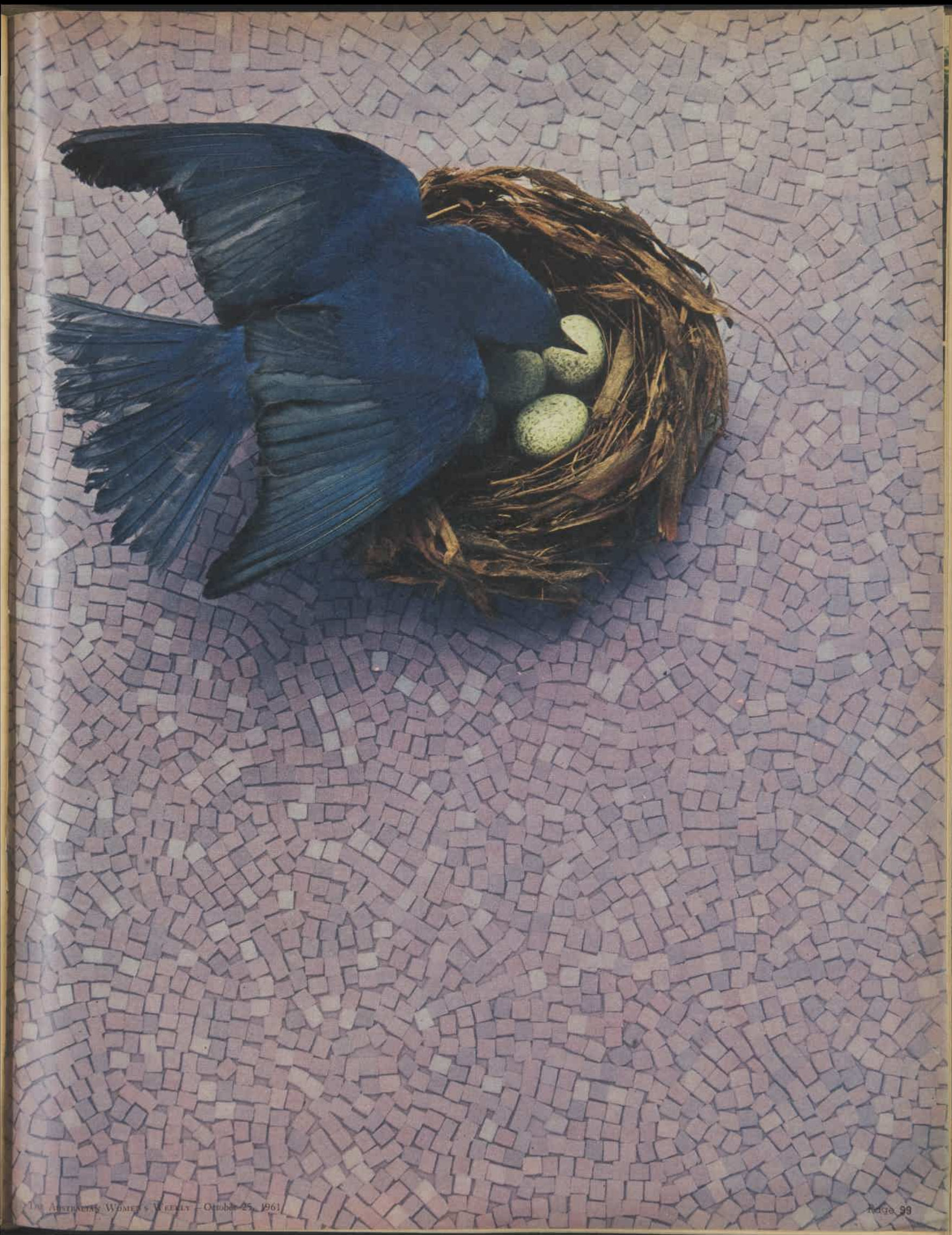
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staring at the girl, blinking at her through his glasses; there was no lust in his face, but only something like a dreaming hunger. He had never had a girl of his own, and in port he had always been shy of the girls we had met. The girl gazed back at him for a moment, then lowered her eyes.

"I shall get the tickets," she said in a soft voice, and went away.

Sparks stared after her; then a voice, high and harsh, said, "Watch out, Gerhardt. The Englishman wants your girl."

I leaned forward and looked past the big German. The two men on the other side of him were both young. The one who had spoken was no older than Sparks — a good-looking, arrogant boy who had Hitler Youth written all over him.

"Don't start any wars in here, Hun," I said, feeling Sparks move restlessly beside me. "The owner wouldn't like it. Neither would I. And the chances are when it was over neither would you."



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## Continuing . . . FRIENDLY ENEMIES

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The young German sneered, but it was Gerhardt, the big man, who answered: "Forgive him, my friend. This is Kroll's first tour of duty and he is eager to prove himself."

The youngster said something angrily in German, but Gerhardt only smiled and shook his massive head. "He asks me why I am on your side. But I am like Ruiz — neutral. Am I not neutral, Ruiz?"

Ruiz shrugged. "You don't fire your torpedoes in my bar. That is neutral enough for me."

"You're a U-boat man?" I said.

"Don't despise me," said Gerhardt.

"Why do you belittle yourself?" Kroll snapped. "In all the war, our U-boats have been the most successful. And you have the highest score of all."

"I am not belittling myself."

I am just too tired tonight to be proud," Gerhardt sipped his beer, then looked at me. "The bottom of the ocean is no place for any man. Three years now I have been looking at the world through a periscope. It narrows one's breadth of vision. One loses sight of the reason for the war."

"Did you Germans ever need a reason?" Sparks said suddenly, and beyond Gerhardt I saw Kroll and the other German stand up. The other men in the bar stopped talking. There was no longer the babel of English, German, Portuguese, Dutch, only the silence of tense expectancy. Even in war men can't resist the lure of a personal fight.

I stood up, too, and Sparks slid off his stool. Only Gerhardt remained seated. He looked at the reflection of all four of us in the bar mirror, then abruptly he banged his glass on the counter. "Ruiz, another beer! Five beers!"

"I am not going to drink with them," Kroll almost shouted, and the man beside him nodded his head vigorously.

"You know what you can do with your beer," said Sparks. Gerhardt looked at me, seemingly unmoved by the electric atmosphere surrounding him.

"And you, my friend? Do I order one or two beers?" I realised he was even more tired of the war than I was, that the peace of this bar was something that he needed to keep himself alive. "Make it two beers."

Behind me I heard Sparks curse in disgust, and when I turned round he had gone. I hesitated, then looked at Gerhardt, who nodded understandingly. "Save my beer," I said, and went out of the bar after Sparks.

## RIVETS



But he had disappeared; even in the towns the African night can swallow a man in the blink of an eye. I walked up the Avenida de Don Luis I, looking in the bars, scrutinising the crowds sitting at the tables on the pavements. The ticket sellers came at me, trying to sell me a fortune, but all I wanted was for them to tell me where my friend had gone. They shrugged, not understanding me, and thrust their tickets closer to my face; poverty-stricken, fortune to them was the commission on their tickets, and I was an instrument of fortune.

I bought five tickets, not wanting fortune but only unable to withstand the look on the faces of the ticket sellers, and went on searching for Sparks. Then I had walked right round the block and come back to Ruiz, and there was Sparks sitting at the counter eating piri-piri chicken with Gerhardt. Kroll and the other young German had left.

Sparks blinked at me sheepishly and stammered a little. "I—I had second thoughts, Bluey. You were only being neutral and that was what I was claiming to be. It was just that that other chap got under my skin — you know."

Gerhardt gestured at the plate in front of him. "I knew you would be back, so I have ordered a piri-piri chicken for you. Ruiz makes the best on

the whole coast. All the time I am on the bottom of the Indian Ocean I dream of piri-piri chicken."

"You must be a connoisseur of fish, too," I said.

"I hate fish," he said, burying his face in the chicken.

I slid on to the stool next to Gerhardt's. He sat there between us, napkin round his neck, tearing at his chicken with both hands, the only real way to enjoy it, winking at us and including us in his enjoyment of his sojourn ashore. I picked up the chicken that had been set before me by Ruiz, and buried my face in its sharp hot succulence. I felt ashamed of the glance that I stole along the bar to make sure that there was no one else from our ship in here. Dining with the enemy was a social custom I had not yet become accustomed to.

Then Isabella came past and Gerhardt said, "The lottery tickets, lieblich. Have you got them?"

She stopped, holding the foaming glasses as gracefully as if they were posies of spring flowers. "We have only one left. I shall have to send out for another for our English friend."

"No, no," said Gerhardt, waving a hand, flicking Sparks with gravity. "We shall share this one."

"You'd better take it on your own," said Sparks, his chin dripping with gravy. His glasses fogged with steam from his perspiring face, he looked younger and more vulnerable than ever, a boy too young for war. "I never was lucky."

"All the more reason to share my luck," Gerhardt said. "What shall we call the syndicate, Isabella?"

Isabella looked at both men, then smiled shyly. "Why not call it the Friendly Enemies?"

Gerhardt smiled at her, and it was as if Sparks and I

said he was on the Quinton Lady, and that was all I needed to know. I have had you in my periscope sights four times in the past year. I let you go for something bigger."

I tried to relax, but it was difficult. "Thanks," I said, and couldn't hide the sarcasm in my voice.

"I am glad he let you go," Isabella said abruptly, no longer the shy young girl but a woman who hated war. "I do not like it when I hear that ships have been sunk off this coast. I know that Karl has done it."

AND now I knew who Gerhardt was. "You've got a nerve sitting here with us, Gerhardt. The Admiralty would pitch me and Sparks into gaol for life if they knew."

"You mean the rabbits sitting down with the wolf?" He shook his big head slowly, looking at Isabella. "I only do my job. I am told I have more ships to my credit than any other U-boat commander. I never keep the score myself. You will find that it is the amateurs of war who keep scores. I am a professional."

"Are you a Nazi?" Sparks said.

"I am a German naval officer," said Gerhardt, still looking only at Isabella. "And my father was before me."

"Was?" I said.

"He was killed in the last war."

"Did he believe in the Kaiser?"

"He believed in doing his job."

The piri-piri chicken had suddenly lost its taste, and so had the night. I stood up, throwing some money on the counter. "For my dinner."

Sparks had also risen, throwing money on the counter. "For my dinner, too. And for my share of the ticket."

"We can tear up the ticket," Gerhardt said.

"No," said Sparks. "It would be sort of funny if it was a



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To page 101

the radio room and stood beside me on the bridge.

"Do you think he has taken her out?" he said. "You think he might be out there waiting for us?"

"I think he meant it when he said he wouldn't follow us. I hope so. Otherwise we've had a long wait."

"You know, I liked him," Sparks said. "I liked his girl, too."

"If she was his girl. Something was holding her back. I wonder how a girl from a neutral country feels about loving a man whose job is war?"

Then the Old Man came stumbling across the bridge, sniffing the air as he always did when we left port, as if he had been holding his breath all the time we had been ashore.

"What are you two muttering about? You got any secrets?"

"No," I said, looking back across the shimmering water to the town turning from grey to white under the brightening day. "We were discussing a mutual friend, skipper."

## Continuing . . . FRIENDLY ENEMIES

"One of these Portuguese women?"

I almost said, "No, a German submarine officer." But the Old Man was the type who drew a line through the world, dividing it into Englishmen and foreigners, black and white, friends and enemies. "No, skipper. Just another seaman."

He sniffed the air again and turned back toward the wheelhouse. "All right, if you've finished gossiping, how about some work, eh?"

We cleared the approaches and turned north for Zanzibar, our next port. The sun climbed higher, bleaching the sky, and we could feel the heat coming out from the land, a thin dark shape under the haze on our port side. I went aft, careful not to touch any of the burning metal, and shouted for the Chinese quartermaster. He stepped out of the door leading to the crew's quarters, his fat,

from page 100

round face shining with the sweat but cheerful and smiling as always. He had the Chinese secret of keeping to himself whatever griefs had assailed him.

"Wang, bring the—"

I shall never remember what it was I wanted him to bring me. At that moment he and the whole stern of the ship seemed to fall right out of my sight. I was lying on my back, staring straight up into the blinding sun; floating on air that seemed to be burning the clothes off me; then I hit the deck with a thump that almost shook the bones out of me, and a black cloud came over me and I smelled the arid dust of the explosion.

Then the roar punched my ears, as like a physical blow as the explosion itself, and quickly after it I heard the long single scream, as if all the griefs Wang had so long kept to himself had at last burst out of him. I never saw him again.

I rolled over, on the deck, somehow avoiding the wreckage falling about me, and scrambled to my feet just as the second torpedo hit us amidships. The ship shuddered and lurched to one side and I knew even then that we were doomed. There was another explosion somewhere inside the ship, and then there were shouts and screams and a bell began to clang, like a warning that knew it had come too late. I turned and began to make my way forward.

**W**E were already listing, and the cargo on deck was beginning to move. I saw a Chinese deckhand make a desperate bid to get past an avalanche of cases; I turned my head away, not wanting to see him die in that way but unable to help him. The bell was ringing, but it was faint now against the roaring coming from below-decks; there was another explosion and the top blew off one of the holds, releasing a belch of smoke like that of a small volcano. The sun was gone now behind an agitated canopy of dark smoke; but the heat was twice as intense now. I stumbled, put out my hand to steady myself, and screamed aloud with the pain as the hot metal bit against it.

A deckhand ran past me, holding both hands to his face, and went straight over the side as if he were jumping down on to a safe high wharf alongside.

### SYLLABIC PUZZLE SOLUTION

(from page 91)

**SOLUTION:** 1, Armstrong; 2, raffia; 3, object; 4, lavish; 5, legislature; 6, inventor; 7, narcissus; 8, German; 9, silo; 10, totem; 11, Oslo; 12, nucleus; 13, Euripides.

**PROVERB:** A ROLLING STONE GATHERS NO MOSS.

### SIMPLE CROSSWORD SOLUTION

(from page 86)

P	E	R	S	I	S	T	E	N	C	E
A	T	O	P	E	R					D
L	R	O	T	A	T	E	S			I
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C	A	N	E			T	I	T	O	
E	P	O	D	E		E	S	T	E	R
M	O	L	E	S		L				L
P	O	L	E	S		L	I	V	I	D
E	R	O	D	E		S	N	E	E	R
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I ran on up to the bridge. The second torpedo had hit immediately below it. The wheelhouse had been demolished. Miraculously the wheel itself stuck up out of the wreckage, holding up the body of the dead helmsman; it was like a last ironic reminder that we were dead on course for doom.

I clambered over the wreckage, looking for the Old Man, and found him on the far side of the bridge: dead, his head flung back as if for a last gasp of the sea air he had loved so much.

Then I heard the moaning and turned back toward the radio shack. The door and one wall had been blown in and Sparks was buried under the wreckage. It took me ten minutes to get him out and all the time I could feel the ship listing further and further under my feet. I hadn't seen any of the other officers, but I didn't stop to think about them. If they weren't dead, then I knew they were good enough officers to be doing their job. The ship was too far gone to do anything about trying to save her. The officers now had to look after themselves and the crew. I had to look after Sparks.

He was only semiconscious when I at last got to him.

"Looks like you bought into the wrong syndicate," I said, but he gave no sign that he had heard me. His eyes were closed, his glasses hanging smashed from one ear, and there was an ugly gaping wound in his forehead.

He moaned in agony as I picked him up, but pain was preferable to death. If I stopped to be tender and considerate with him, we should never get off the ship. Fire was raging astern, flames leaping out of the holds like red death-rays, and small explosions were still going on below.

I hung Sparks across my shoulder and slowly and with difficulty began to make my way forward. I knew now that none of the boats had been or could be launched. But there was a Carley float up forward and I headed for that.

I kept stumbling and sliding on the steeply listing deck, but somehow I managed to keep a grip on Sparks. Smoke now obliterated almost everything, and it was like trying to find your way through thick choking darkness. We passed the forward hold and a shark's-head of flame leapt out at us; I shied away from it, lost my footing, and went sliding down to crash against the bulwark. I cried out with pain and shock, but there was no sound from Sparks. I didn't know whether he was dead or just unconscious, but I couldn't stop to find out.

Then we had reached the spot where I knew the Carley float must be.

I put Sparks down, feeling my burn the deck against my bare hands as I did so. Sparks would be burnt, but I had to comfort myself with the thought that he had got beyond the measure of pain. I turned away to search in the blackness of the smoke for the float.

It took me longer to find the float than it took me to release it. I heard it slide down the deck and I slid after it. I felt it crash against the bulwark, then I was upending it and it had gone over the side. I heard it splash into the water, and I leaned there on the bulwark wanting to go after it, coughing the smoke up out of my lungs, listening to the treacherous voice that said it would be useless going back for Sparks.

Then I heard a cry, not from  
To page 102



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Sparks but from some other poor creature who had enough faith in his fellow men to call out for help, and I turned and went back for Sparks.

I crawled up the deck on hands and knees, biting on the screams of pain in my mouth as the hot steel of the deck tried to burn the skin from me; then I had found Sparks, his clothes beginning to smoulder, had hung him across my shoulder again, and we were sliding down toward the side. The smoke swung away for a moment, caught by some truant gust of breeze, and as I stood up I saw the float bobbing on the water below us. I pushed Sparks overboard, said a quick prayer, and went over after him.

He was still unconscious when I finally got him on to the float. There were six other men, all Chinese, holding on to the float now, and without

their help I should never have been able to lift Sparks out of the water. Between us we pushed him on to the float, then, towing and pushing the float, we swam out and away from the sinking Quinton Lady.

We moved out from beneath the pall of smoke into the bright, pitiless sunlight that was never touched by the affairs of men, that blazed day after day above the batreds and treacheries and deaths of men like me and the Chinese and Sparks and the submariners who had fired the torpedoes. I raised myself out of the water, holding my face close to Sparks', and spoke to him. But he gave no answer, just lay there staring sightlessly at the sun, his glasses gone, looking as young as he had ever

## Continuing . . . FRIENDLY ENEMIES

from page 101

looked, but no longer vulnerable. He was safe in the neutrality of death.

I heard one of the Chinese mutter something, and I turned my head. Out on the Quinton Lady's port bow a dark conning tower was slipping down into the sparkling sea. I swore aloud, incoherently, and raised my dripping fist out of the water and shook it.

"I'll kill you, Gerhardt," I screamed. "Some day I'll find you and kill you!"

And now here he was rising from the stool at the bar counter, hand outstretched, welcome written all over his big square face. I was non-

plussed for a moment, like all men who find hatred met with friendship, and I backed up, looking for more treachery.

"Keep away, Gerhardt." I flicked a glance at the girl. "And tell her to get out of here." This is something she shouldn't see.

He stopped, his head thrust forward, peering at me as if he had perhaps mistaken me for someone else. "What is it, Bluey? What is wrong with you?"

"Tell her to go." I was stalling for time as much as anything else. When I had come into the bar I had not been expecting to see Gerhardt; indeed, I had never really expected to see him again. Twice since the war I had been to his home port of Ham-

burg, and even there I had made no attempt to trace him.

I hated him and I had sworn to kill him, but the years of peace had dulled the urge and the skill.

Now that I was faced with the opportunity I didn't know how to go about it.

Gerhardt stared at me for a moment, then he said something in Portuguese to the girl. I saw her move slightly away into the shadows, her pale, frightened face the last of her to be seen; then the bar was empty but for Gerhardt and myself and our unrecognisable reflections in the cracked mirror of the bar. Outside on the street a car went roaring by with open exhaust; then the quietness came back and I heard the tapping of a stick in the front doorway. I turned my head, edging away from Gerhardt.

A blind man stood there, a long roll of tickets hanging from her hand like a wreath. "That's what's wrong with me, Gerhardt," I said, and gestured at the tickets. "People who buy shares in a lottery should never cheat on their partners."

Gerhardt shook his head, still puzzled. "I never cheated you, Bluey. You didn't have a share in the ticket."

"What about Sparks? Didn't you cheat him? You said you wouldn't follow us out of the harbor! He trusted you, Gerhardt, and you killed him!"

I launched myself across the room at him. He flung up an arm, bracing himself, but my weight was too much for him. We went down with a crash, splintering a table, and my hands sought his throat; they found it and began to squeeze.

THEN something exploded in the back of my head. I felt my fingers relax on his throat, and I knew in a single flash of clarity before my mind went dead that I had lost him, that I should never kill him now, and that Sparks would go unrevenged. It seemed that I was weeping with rage and frustration as I fell forward on him, unconscious and useless.

I don't know how long I was out. I came up out of the blackness, and a faintly familiar face was swimming above me. I stood up slowly, leaning against the counter and looked around me.

I saw Gerhardt, the red marks where my hands had been still showing on his throat. Beside him was a grey-haired man, a black patch now covering his dead eye. Ruiz, older, bent a little, losing the battle to the years. Then I saw Isabella, plumper, her hair touched with a grey wing, and beside her the young girl, who was Isabella twenty or more years ago.

Ruiz said in the same dry voice that hadn't changed, that he would take with him to the grave: "We know why you came back, Bluey. But you were wrong. Karl didn't sink your ship."

"His was the only sub in the harbor that day."

"But I didn't sink you!" Gerhardt put out a pleading hand. "I didn't go out that morning. Kroll took it out; he wanted to be a hero, he wanted to start his own score! I stayed behind—I haven't been out of Lourenco Marques since that night we met here in this bar."

"He chose internment," said Isabella. "He was tired of the war. And so was I. I wanted him to stay here. I wanted him to marry me." She turned to the girl beside her. "This is our daughter Maria."

"We heard about the sinking," Gerhardt said. "We heard some of you had been picked up and taken on to Zanzibar. I wanted to write to you but whom could I write to? All I had of your names was Bluey and Sparks. No surnames, and your ship was at the bottom of the ocean. I never cheated you, Bluey. Nor Sparks, God rest his soul."

The pain was going from my head, and with it the cloudiness. I tried to smile, embarrassed at how close I had come to killing Gerhardt. "Did the ticket ever win a prize?"

"A small one," Gerhardt said. "Enough to buy a good feast all round, that was all. We owe you Sparks' share."

"I'll take it. Piri-piri chicken," I said, then looked around a little apprehensively. "That is, if I'm welcome?"

Isabella smiled, sending her daughter off to prepare the chicken. "You are always welcome, Bluey. And I am sorry I had to hit you."

"It was a fair whack." I felt the back of my head. "What did you hit me with?"

She lifted the heavy wine bottle, the cluster of flags still stuck in its neck. "The United Nations," she said.

(Copyright)

## Sox in all the party colors children love...

...AND THEY WEAR AND WEAR AND WEAR!



Bright as candles on a birthday cake . . .  
New colors . . . true colors that stay bright all the long life of these comfy stretch sox.  
Choose colors bright or dazzling white . . .  
Zealons are best for school or play.

# HOLEPROOF

## S-T-R-E-T-C-H ZEALON SOX



**Wear tested:** Constant testing on wear-test machines and on active young feet proves the durability of these Holeproof Zealons that never need darning, and . . . there's a written six months' guarantee with every pair.



**Fit tested:** Roomy Zealons grow with the child and they hug young feet in perfect fit. Not too tight, not too loose. Look for the exclusive heel pocket, knitted-to-fit with extra reinforcing to prevent wear at the heel.



**Wash tested:** Holeproof Zealons are guaranteed shrinkproof and they're colorfast. Actual wash tests in our own laboratories keep a constant quality check. Zealons are priced from

4<sup>11</sup>

HOLEPROOF STRETCH ZEALONS ARE TRIPLE-TESTED FOR PROVEN QUALITY

# MANDRAKE THE MAGICIAN

MANDRAKE has called on Magnon, Emperor of a million planets, by means of an interplanetary alarm, to discuss with him the disappearance of a star. Magnon appears as a tri-dimensional projection. NOW READ ON . . .



IN THE PALACE OF MAGNON, IN THE CENTRAL GALAXY—TRILLIONS OF MILES FROM EARTH—



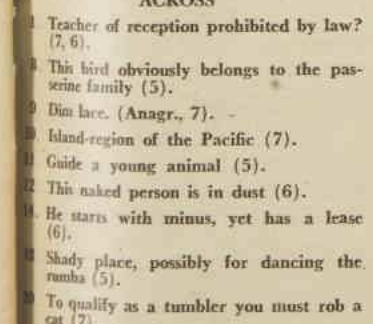
YOUR TRI-DIMENSIONAL IMAGE IS ON EARTH BY NOW, HISSNESS.



YES, I CAN SEE THEM QUITE CLEARLY. CAN'T HEAR TOO WELL. SHARPEN UP THE SOUND—



THIS PROJECTION—MUST TRAVEL—FASTER THAN LIGHT! YOU ARE MANY THOUSAND YEARS AWAY!



YES, SOMETHING WE CALL SPACE-WARP. YOUR PLANET WON'T DISCOVER IT FOR A THOUSAND YEARS.



YOU LOOK SO REAL AND SOLID—I MUST TOUCH—OH—THERE'S NOTHING THERE—

JUST A PICTURE OF US, NARPA. TRI-DIMENSIONAL PROJECTION. WHY DID YOU CALL, MANDRAKE?

AT THE SAME TIME—ON EARTH—



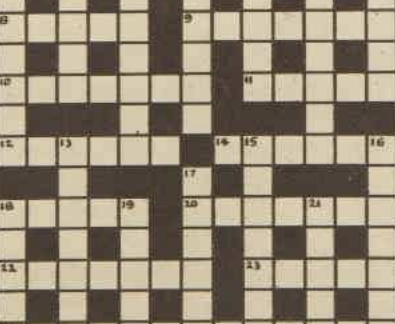
I'M NOT REALLY HERE, MANDRAKE. YOU'RE SEEING A TRI-DIMENSIONAL PROJECTION OF US—SOMETHING LIKE YOUR TV—



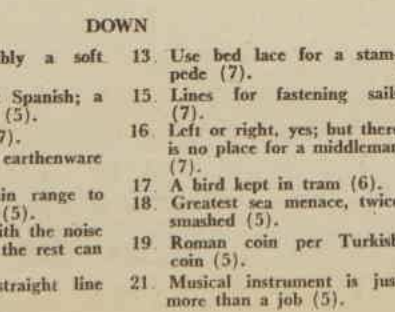
I BROUGHT MANDRAKE—YOU HAVEN'T SEEN HER SINCE SHE WAS A BABY—



SUCH A LOVELY BIG GIRL! IT'S SO HARD TO BELIEVE WE'RE SEEING A PICTURE—NOT REALLY YOU!



I HATED TO BOTHER YOU, SIRE. A MAN WITH A MILLION PLANETS MUST BE BUSY—BUT AN ASTRONOMER HERE TOLD US OF A STAR THAT JUST DISAPPEARED—FOR NO KNOWN REASON—



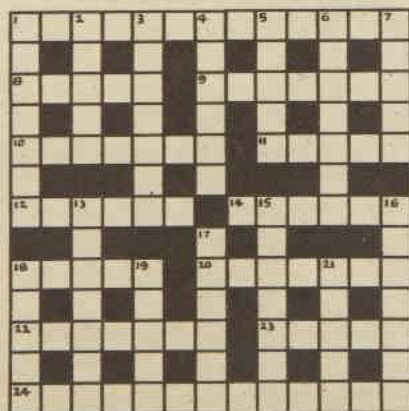
DISAPPEARED?

CONTINUED

## THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD

### ACROSS

- Teacher of reception prohibited by law? (7, 6).
- This bird obviously belongs to the parrot family (5).
- Dia lacc. (Anagr., 7).
- Island-region of the Pacific (7).
- Guide a young animal (5).
- This naked person is in dust (6).
- He starts with minus, yet has a lease (6).
- Shady place, possibly for dancing the rumba (5).
- To qualify as a tumbler you must rob a cat (7).
- The back of the head I put at the end (7).
- Such word can be used at the moment (5).
- The place for the ant's proboscis (3, 10).



Solution will be published next week.

### DOWN

- Garland, possibly a soft one (7).
- Senor, but not Spanish; a Norwegian one (5).
- Batting time (7).
- Large Indian earthenware water jar (6).
- Send a mountain range to South America (5).
- Tags starting with the noise of a clock and the rest can be set (7).
- Guide for a straight line (5).
- Use bed lace for a stampee (7).
- Lines for fastening sails (7).
- Left or right, yes; but there is no place for a middleman (7).
- A bird kept in tram (6).
- Greatest sea menace, twice smashed (5).
- Roman coin per Turkish coin (5).
- Musical instrument is just more than a job (5).

# Fashion PATTERNS

Fashion Patterns and Needlework Notions may be obtained from Fashion Patterns Pty. Ltd., 645 Harris Street, Ultimo, Sydney. Postal address, Fashion Patterns, Box 4069, G.P.O., Sydney. New Zealand readers should address orders to Box 6348, Wellington. No C.O.D. orders accepted.

F7377.—Simple summer frock with box-pleated skirt. Sizes 30 to 38in. bust. Requires 3½ yds. 36in. material. Price 4/9.

F7379.—Elegant two-piece ensemble with waist tie. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 4 1-3rd yds. 36in. material. Price 4/9.

F7427.—Two-piece outfit with straight skirt and double row of buttons on bodice. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 3½ yds. 36in. material. Price 4/6.

F7429.—Playsuit with shirt-style top and long sleeves. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 3 yds. 36in. material. Price 4/-.



F5333.—Sunfrock and cropped jacket. Sizes 38 to 44in. bust. Requires 4½ yds. 36in. material and guipure lace or flower trim. Price 3/9.

F7428.—Attractive frock for the mother-to-be has wide cowl neckline. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 4½ yds. 36in. material. Price 4/9.

## NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS

No. 557.—PLAYSUIT WITH OVERSKIRT  
Available cut out ready to make. The playsuit is in white poplin and the overskirt is a pretty border-printed cotton in shades of royal-blue, red, green, or chocolate, all with white. Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, 37/6; 36 and 38in. bust, 39/11. Postage 3/- extra.

No. 556.—POT-HOLDERS  
Ideal gift suggestions for Christmas, these are available ready to use, each embroidered with a different motif. They are available in velvet in assorted colors. Price is 3/9 each, plus 5d. postage, or set of three for 9/9, plus 11d. postage.

No. 555.—MUI-MUI  
Cut out in pique cotton, ready to sew. Colors include navy, red, turquoise, pink, olive, and pale blue, all with white. White bobble braid is included. Sizes 22 and 34in. bust, 24/6; 36 and 38in. bust, 26/6. Postage 2/6 extra.



Needlework Notions are available for six weeks from date of publication. No C.O.D. orders accepted.

*Often buttered,  
never bettered*



*Only*  
**Arnott's**  
*make*  
**Sao (REGD.) Biscuits**

*There is no Substitute for Quality*

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY Presents

October 25, 1961

# Teenagers'

## WEEKLY

Supplement to The Australian Women's Weekly

Not to be sold separately

**COL JOYE**

**HARD LABOR  
ON THE  
ROCK "PILE"  
—page 3**



# LETTERS

## Beware of these phone-ys

I'D like to warn you about a cruel joke which was played on me and which seems to be gaining popularity rapidly. It started when I was introduced to a boy over the phone.

He had a sincere voice and I fell for him, lock, stock, and barrel. From what my "friends" told me, he was "the greatest" and he was crazy about me. They gave me a vivid picture of a tall, handsome hero, and when he started writing romantic letters to me I fell head over heels in love with him.

This went on for 14 weeks, when I noticed that a lot of the kids at school were whispering behind my back. I pestered everybody trying to find out the secret, and finally one girl told me. I got real mad. You see, this handsome hero I was so crazy about didn't even exist. It had been one of my so-called "girl-friends" on the phone, putting on a voice. She had told nearly everybody I know about it, except the one true friend I have got. Even one of the teachers at school had been in on it and helped them to do it. Now they have all started to tease me, to make things worse.

This story must be rather amusing when you look at it from their point of view, but believe me it isn't when you're on the receiving end. Please don't think your friends wouldn't do this to you because that was what I thought. — "Once Bitten," Vic.

There are no holds barred in this forum, and we pay £1/1/- for every letter used. Contributions of short stories and articles are also invited, but only those accompanied by stamped, addressed envelopes will be returned. Send them to Box 7052WW, G.P.O., Sydney.

## OUR PIN-UP

Col Joye, on the cover, is probably Australia's busiest and most popular singing star. Col, who has taken in as much as £2000 a week on tour, is also the highest paid of the teenage entertainers. See how he's helped others, in "The Rocky Road to Stardom," on page 3.

## Trial, error

SO many of us today are judge and jury to people before we have even spoken to them and also from harsh gossip passed on from others. Recently I have begun to know and like at least six people... I had tried and convicted these people before as being unpleasant, hard to get on with, and swelled-headed. — "Smiler," N.S.W.

## A lack, alas

I HAVE just returned from a six months' overseas trip and I am flabbergasted at the lack of initiative in Australian teenagers.

Most take for granted the benefits of this country, their education, and their opportunities; and when they leave school they think their education is complete.

In Europe most teenagers belong to clubs which discuss world affairs, writing, public speaking, sculpture, or jazz, or they do courses at technical colleges at night instead of all listening to the top one hundred and talking about the opposite sex and where the waves are best. They're INTERESTING!! — "Marco Polo," Adelaide.

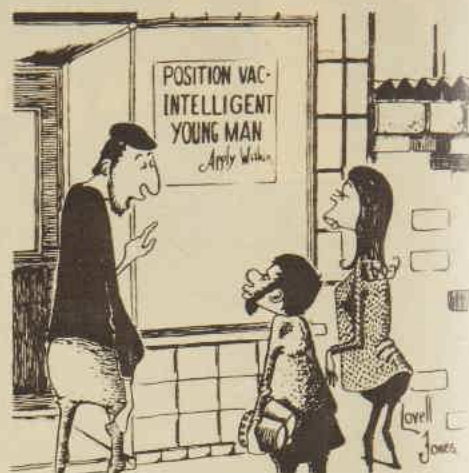
## Talking points

ONE day, just for interest's sake, I noted down the variety of subjects my girlfriends talked about. Here is the list: Inspectors, coming matriculation exams, TV programmes, being expelled, libraries, different types of ice-creams, films, smoking, mushrooms, cutting up animals, alcohol, and lung cancer. — "Green Eyes," Caulfield, Vic.

## Smart Solomon

WHEN Solomon chose of all attributes to have an understanding heart he was showing even greater wisdom than most people think. Just imagine how different the world would be if everyone could feel and act in an understanding way toward each other. In fact, nearly everything wrong with this world today could be overcome with simple understanding. — Brenda Morris, Greenacre, N.S.W.

## BEATNIK



"Flattery is going to get them, like, nowhere, man."

## Forgive, forget

EVERY week at least three television shows are devoted to wartime. Why don't we let the past sleep? Many people want to forget these mistakes where millions of people lost their lives, were maimed or crippled. If we want to find out about it there are enough books at the library. These shows should be cut out. — "Anti-War," Misboon North, Vic.

## Watch the birdie

IF you want to do something to fill in time, try bird-watching. You can walk through bush a long way and you will find many strange and different birds. You can look at birds and see what they do; look at their colors; listen to the sounds they make. Then see if you can guess what their names are. — Peter Evans, Russelton, W.A.

## Next week

THE shortest distance between two points might be a straight line — but when you're travelling overseas a devious, broken route is much more fun. Next week a staff reporter tells how to travel from here to there — via everywhere. ALSO there are patterns to buy with which you can sew smart summer clothes. We continue our art series... AND Patsy Ann Noble is our pin-up on the cover. On another page in the same issue Patsy gives you her favorite recipe, and "Listen Here" again keeps you up to date with the latest discs and the people who make them.

## THE GOSPEL, ACCORDING TO YOU

THERE is no scientific proof of God, neither is there any proof of love, courage, and beauty — but these exist. Our main proof of these is from our own experience, which can also point to the existence of a kind, loving God. Our science of evolution explains how the world was created and the Bible tells us Who created it and why. — Dianna Weston, Kogarah, N.S.W.

THERE must be a God. Perhaps not a God as such, but a "something." It is impossible for a human to believe that we just "die," as it is to believe that we just "appeared." We call this Creator, this Divine Judge, by the name of God, and we have woven stories and supposed "miracles" around this name to solve all the mysteries we cannot understand. I believe, however, that, though religion, the Bible, churches, and priests are built by man, there IS a God, a "something" behind it all. — "Realist," Fremantle, W.A.

● Having listened to scientists talk of evolution and ministers speak of God and Creation, "Mixed Up," from Muradup, W.A., asked other teenagers whether they believed in God. Most answered emphatically "yes," many were philosophical, others cynical:

YOUR problem is one that is baffling not only our generation but the older generation as well. In this day and age where science plays an important role in our everyday lives it is hard to ignore such arguments concerning evolution. With the world going through such a difficult period at present it is vital that we believe in God and that we have someone to turn to and in whom we can put our trust. I do not understand evolution, but I do understand and believe these simply written words: "In the beginning God created the heaven and the earth." (The Book of Genesis.) — "Believer," N.S.W.

STOP! Drop whatever you are doing and take a look around you. What do you notice? You notice plenty. Plenty of things around you that didn't just happen without some inspiration or will. Somehow the world must have been made, and unless you believe in fairies and hobgoblins you will probably find that there was some kind of spirit behind it all. The question now is, "What is this spirit?" You will find your answer if you read your Bible. After you have finished you may still be spinning around in circles. But if you do some hard thinking you will find that there is a God. — Carol Hines, St. Armand, Vic.

THE more science reveals to us of the complexities of nature the more obvious it becomes that there must be a Greater Mind. The existence of God does not contradict evolution. If you believe that earth evolved from a mass of atoms, you must realise that Someone had to make the first atom. If you believe that man developed from the ape, you must concede that at some stage man received a soul. For obviously we are more than a highly intelligent ape. — Sam Barker, Northcote, Vic.

I ATTEND church regularly to try and gain an understanding of religion, but I cannot comprehend it. I cannot bring myself to believe the many fantastic stories in the Bible, nor can I understand why a God, supposed to know our every thought, allows so much unhappiness. I do not believe there is a God. — "Another Crazy Mixed-up Kid," Vaucluse, N.S.W.

**How to get glamour hairsets for 4d.**

1. Get concentrated Curlypet at your nearest Chemist's.
2. Dissolve your Curlypet in a pint of warm water. This gives you fifteen hairsets.
3. Comb Curlypet quickset through your hair. Set in your chosen style. Curls and waves stay softly set. Your hair comes vibrantly alive, subtly fringed, its beautiful best. Remember! YOU CAN'T BUY A BETTER HAIRSET THAN CURLYPET... AT ANY PRICE!

**15 sets for 4/10**

So — Quickset with Curlypet!

**Curlypet**

● Here is another article in our series on the great art periods during the past 1000 years. The series is written by well-known Australian artist Douglas Watson. Cut out and keep the articles.

## Continuing ART through the ages

NOTRE DAME de la Belle-Verriere (Our Lady of the Beautiful Stained-glass Window), Chartres Cathedral, France.



### ● 3. GOTHIC ART. (12th-15th centuries): Rich color.

THE stained-glass window pictured here is in Chartres Cathedral, in France. It is an example of Gothic art, the art which flourished in Western Europe from the 12th to the 15th centuries.

By the 13th century the centre of artistic activities in Christian Europe had moved from Rome to Paris.

Architects built magnificent cathedrals and artists decorated them with picture windows of stained glass and sculptured figures ornamenting their columns.

Distinctive features of Gothic architecture were the high, pointed arches and towering spires of the cathedrals.

The stained-glass windows were made from small pieces of colored glass cut to shape, then fitted in lead frames like a jigsaw puzzle.

The subjects were usually human figures illustrating stories from the Bible or other historical characters.

Beautiful tapestries were made during this time, too. They were intricately designed and were worked in wonderfully rich colors.

The English people were quick to absorb these new styles of architecture and art and, next to France, some of its finest examples are to be seen in England.

The name Gothic was given to the work of the period later by 16th-century Italian critics, who compared it unfavorably with that of the Renaissance.

These critics used the word scornfully, claiming that the style stemmed from the barbarian Goths, the Teutonic people who had overrun Europe centuries earlier.

Later this art and architecture came to be greatly admired, but the word "Gothic" remained as a term to classify it.

Next Week: Early Renaissance

● Young Australian singers have come a long way since 1957, when an unknown youthful warbler named Johnny O'Keefe released a record.

## It's a winding, Rocky road to stardom

By  
PENNY  
FORD

CARRYING the Bill Haley pioneer rock number, "You Hit the Wrong Note, Billygoat," O'Keefe's disc sold the then-fabulous number of more than 4000 copies.

"In those days it was not so hard for a talented singer to climb the ladder of success with records. But, with the coming of television, the prospects of easy success have changed.

"There are many more openings for recording stars," said Roy Atkinson, public-relations officer for Festival Records. "But the standard and quality of the singers have risen enormously. The business is getting a lot tougher."

Each month Festival receives more than 50 tapes from hopeful young singers. Each one is heard, but only four or five are good enough to be followed up.

"A tape should have two numbers, a hit-parader and an evergreen. A piano accompaniment is enough," Mr. Atkinson said.

I asked Brian Henderson, the popular and charming compere of the television show "Bandstand," what he considered are

the necessary qualities for young would-be TV and radio stars.

He agreed with Mr. Atkinson. "The scene definitely has changed during the past five years," he said.

"I'd say they'd need some musical knowledge, the ability to move—dancing classes never go amiss—plus personality or looks, preferably both.

"They'd have to be able to follow an arrangement, and have had some experience."

### Talent scouts

An audition is the real test. "We had 500 auditions at the end of 1960," Brian said. "But we got only one person who was worth following up, and he came to nothing in the end."

Mr. Hal Saunders, who is in charge of all Festival local recording, told me about the record side of the local teenage entertainment business.

"Records are essential to make a name for a young singer," he said.

"It is hard to get on television as a complete unknown, but once you've made a record you are more likely to get offers for television shows.

"But we have people watch-

ing every television programme, on the lookout for new talent," he added.

Mr. Saunders pointed out that another way to get on in show business, of course, is to become a protégé of an established star. "People like Col Joye are so big in the business that they can afford to boost other young singers," he said.

"Col, for instance, has helped Judy Stone to make a name.

"And Johnny O'Keefe has done a lot to boost Warren Carr with his record. Warren is pianist in Johnny's group."

Well, let's suppose you've followed all the advice so far. You've submitted a tape, made a record, and possibly appeared on television. Maybe you have a gimmick—say, gargling your throat while singing. What then?

You'll be making some money, but not nearly enough to live on, yet. "It's very difficult," Mr. Saunders said. "You can't make a living in show business without records, and you can't make a living with records alone."

An artist usually averages about 6d. a record, if he's receiving royalties. This means that to make £1000, you would have to sell 40,000 records. That's a pile of discs to unload.

Of course, Col Joye's "Oh Yeah, Uh Huh," sold about 75,000 copies, making it worth (to Col) about £2000.

"Sales of records are lower now than they were a couple of years ago," said Mr. Atkinson. "That's because there are now 40 records on the hit parades instead of eight as there were earlier."

### Tours thrill

Then there is the pay for television appearances. These would be infrequent at first, and could pay anything from £10 to £30 a time, depending on both the show and the status of the artist. But this is not steady income, not nearly enough to live on, and it's wise to have another job until you are really established.

Mr. Atkinson said: "There's a wonderful thrill in making

personal-appearance tours. Most artists have managers who arrange groups to tour country areas."

All this could add up, eventually, to big money. Col Joye is the highest-paid recording artist in the business. Mr. Saunders, cautious, quoted his earnings at around £400 to £500 a week.

"But Col would probably be making twice as much as the next highest-paid artist of his type in Australia," he added.

So that's the life of a rock-'n'-roller—the thrills, ups and downs, and, of course, continual hard work.

And what about their future? Is there enough in rock-'n'-roll to justify a young person making a career in it? What happens when they get older?

Mr. Saunders told me: "Take Lucky Starr as an example. He is having lessons in dancing, diction, and deportment to fit himself for stage roles. He is developing right away from just rock-'n'-roll to become an all-round entertainer. Col Joye is doing the same."

● Danielle Hore carefully snipped round the shape she'd just drawn on the piece of cardboard. Done!

One more front panel of the new girdle would soon go into mass-production.

Danielle felt pleased. Cutting out the cardboard shape was only a tiny facet in the complicated pattern of becoming a designer of foundation garments, but it was a worthwhile one.

Worth while to know that, at only 15, you play a positive part in creating trim hip and other lines for women all over Australia.

From the very first week at work in the Sydney factory, which was ten months ago, Danielle had had this worthwhile feeling—even when she had just been sorting suspenders and shoulder-straps and hooks and eyes which were to go on the various samples.

### Travel chance

And she supposed this feeling would persist through the training right up to the top.

The top? To Danielle that means being like Miss Desolie Richardson, her boss.

Miss Richardson, who is the executive designer for the large firm, smilingly outlined Danielle's prospects should she stick conscientiously to her training and show sparks of real creative ability.

The girl could have trips overseas, fashion promotions, top-level conferences, high earning capacity, a staff to control—and some sleepless nights wondering if a new strapless bra will be popular.

"Unlike ordinary fashion-designing," continued Miss Richardson, "foundations have to be essentially practical and exact. The job's rather like accountancy and engineering—with a dash of fashion thrown



## ...as a girdle designer!

TEENAGE foundation garment designer, Danielle Hore, at work, cutting a cardboard pattern for a girdle panel.

A  
15-year-old  
tells CAROL  
TATTERSFIELD

in. The main thing, with such specialised training, is to start young."

As Danielle had a good pass in her Intermediate Certificate from Maroubra Junction Home Science School, Sydney, but was only 14 at the end of the school year, she had to get a special exemption from the Education Board in order to start work.

But as Danielle set off to apply for her first job she hadn't the faintest idea she'd become a designer of bras and girdles.

She answered the factory's advertisement for a punch-card

operator. But as the job had already been filled the personnel manager told her about all the other careers offered in foundation-garment business.

Danielle could hardly believe there were so many and she willingly fell in with the recommendation to become a "design trainee," which was the logical job for a girl with an Intermediate Certificate, practical ability with sewing and mathematical problems, and her general alertness and adaptability.

### Study needed

Alertness is the important qualification at this stage. For as she does the small routine jobs round the design office for her £6/10/- a week, the more she absorbs about the "feel" of the job, the better foundation it will be for her career. But it's mainly up to her how much she does learn.

Later there'll be more specialised training, including a two-

year night-school course on textile construction at a technical college and a year or two actually making the garments in the manufacturing department.

Then, if she makes the progress Miss Richardson expects, she'll move on to the buying department, where she'll put into practice all she has learnt about fabrics and textiles.

An exciting fillip to the routine could be business trips interstate to see the work of other manufacturing branches of the trade.

And another aspect that Danielle is anticipating would be going round the city stores to see how the garments are sold and chatting to customers.

For, although most of Danielle's work will be done in the technical atmosphere of the office, she must be aware of the "consumer's" angle.

That's why she'll want to "follow in the footsteps of the other designers," as she put it, and take an anatomy course at university.

"You have to know about all the muscles and the figure you're trying to design for," she said.

By the time she has worked through all this training Danielle will probably be about

22. She'll be what Miss Richardson calls a "productive worker" of the design staff and earning about £20 a week.

Where she goes from there will depend on her own creative ability, industry, and sense of business.

### Wears her work

In industry and business sense, Danielle's already quite developed. As there is no special award wage for her job, rises come on merit and in 10 months she has had a £1 increase.

Her weekly £6/10/- gross is systematically budgeted—£2 for her mother for food and board, £1 for her credit account at a city store for clothes, and the rest she spends and banks when she can.

Lunches in the factory cafeteria are a help in saving. Danielle likes the companionship there, too.

And, of course, she can save on her bra and girdle expenses. These are sold to employees at the factory price.

Not that she'd ever be a very difficult customer for the garments she'll design. "I'm only XXSSW," she said. "That's the smallest."



DANIELLE watches fellow-trainee Diane Harding machining bras in the factory at which both work in Sydney.

By ERICA DURHAM

# THE P.E.N. FRIENDS...

● "You CAN'T compare T. S. Eliot with Fry!" . . . "In my opinion atheism is an impossibility." . . . "You mean to say that you don't appreciate modern art?"

THIS babel of voices and opinions hit me as I walked through the door of a Vaucluse, Sydney, house—and I wondered if I had come to the right place.

I'd been asked to a workshop meeting of the Sydney Junior P.E.N. and I just couldn't see a hammer anywhere, only young people draped over chairs, sofas, and on the floor.

As I hovered nervously on the doorstep a young man in a jumper, spectacles, and rather a lot of hair came forward and introduced himself as Robert Murray, president of the club.

Luckily, before I asked where the workshop was Robert explained to me that a workshop meeting was one where all P.E.N. members read and discussed each other's writing.

## Only branch

P.E.N. stands for Poets, Essayists, and Novelists. It's an international club formed to enable writers to get together and discuss their work. There are branches all over the world and Sydney has the only junior branch in the world, Sydney Junior P.E.N.

Robert ushered me to a seat, introduced me to the two vice-presidents, Sally Hart and Richard Walcott, and proceeded to bring the meeting to order.

Bang! went Robert's gavel. "Quiet!" he commanded; and gradually the noise subsided to a low mumbling and, finally, to silence.

Robert is 20, Sally 21, and Richard 26. Many other club members are teenagers.

Robert, flanked by his two secretaries, who were busily writing in notebooks (later I found that they were not taking notes; one was writing a poem, the other doodling), quickly dispersed with the official business of apologies from absent members, officers' reports, and a short discussion

on whether the subject "That Australian Material Is Not Acceptable to the General Public" was suitable for the next debate. They decided it was.

At Robert's question "Who's brought something to read?" several moved toward little bundles by their sides, some blushed violently, and some just sat.

No one seemed madly keen to "go first," so Robert read a poem he had written "at about four o'clock one morning":

*Daylight, night approaches fast upon*

*The brim; Moon shines where lately Sun shone.*

*Not blue-black, black-blue, dappled yet,*

*Yet the fire beyond the serried sky has set.*

*Camera-shutter quick, fade out, fade by,*

*Darkened light floods out the mortal sky.*

*Daylight light and darkness fight, for*

*All the earth's remaining twenty-four;*

*Dusk-dawn, dawn-dusk, renew, Hangs in the balance for a*

*click or two.*

*Hours of day, night, darkness, light,*

*Both full, complete, sight, no sight,*

*By day the world, by night the bear and pan,*

*But why must this dappled conflict end in man?*

When he finished a voice spoke up, "It's very Gerard Manley Hopkins, isn't it? I mean, you've even used 'dappled'." Another: "Well, Robert, I like it, but it isn't really you."

And, "I think it's too contrived to read naturally. Besides, I think that the time of day you're talking about lasts longer than, what was it you said?"

"Camera-shutter quick."

Then, "I like it, Robert, especially the last line."

With everyone dissecting his poem, Robert seemed not in the least perturbed. In fact, though nobody pulled any punches, nobody was offended.



SYDNEY Junior P. E. N. (Poets, Essayists, and Novelists) club president Robert Murray reads one of his poems to members at a recent workshop meeting.

Some other poems besides Robert's were read and it was the same with all of them. Each was examined, and if the imagery was not successful they found out why, if the meaning was not clear they found out why, if the construction was not satisfactory they found out why, and even if there was something that appealed to them they found out the reason for that, too.

## They're readers, writers

Bruce Dell, the treasurer, read an amusing essay, the only prose piece for the evening, but this was treated just as seriously as the poems had been. In fact, although everyone laughed and argued and almost fought, I could tell they took the whole business very seriously.

Nobody else had anything to read, so Robert declared the meeting over and supper appeared. While they were unable to talk I asked Robert and his friends about this unusual club and its members.

It is not surprising that Robert has literary ambitions, for his mother writes romantic novels under the name of May-sie Greig, and his father, the late Max Murray, was a well-known writer of detective stories.

He explained that ever since 1952, when he attended an International P.E.N. Conference at Nice, France, with his mother, he had wanted to form a junior branch of the club, but that until recently he had been too young, "and, anyway, we never lived in the one country long enough for me to do anything definite."

However, when they finally settled in Australia and Robert's mother had re-formed the Sydney P.E.N. in 1957, Robert and some of his friends, including Sally Hart, Dymphna Rees (who was awarded a Henry Lawson Poetry Prize for undergraduates), Richard Hood, Richard Wales, and Bruce Dell—all in their early 20s now—started campaigning for a junior branch.

In November, 1960, the first official meeting of the Sydney Junior P.E.N. was held. "We had a membership of 11 then," said Bruce Dell, "and now we have 43, with more people joining all the time, which is just what we want."

I asked if all the meetings were held at Robert's place. "Oh, no," he replied, "we all take it in turns. The next one, a debate, is to be at Sally Hart's. That's just next door, but we meet all over Sydney. It means we often have miles to travel, but we always arrange lifts, so it doesn't matter."

"Not all our meetings are workshop meetings," Sally told me. "At a workshop meeting you can read anything: poetry, prose, a play—whatever you like. But occasionally we have 'poetry only' or 'prose only' meetings, and, of course, debates. Oh, and in future we're thinking of all reading a well-known work beforehand and discussing it at a meeting."

"But you don't HAVE to have something to read!" broke in social secretary Anne Cheesbrough. "We think that just listening to other people's efforts will eventually stimulate our creative talents and we don't mind how long it takes."

"Of course, none of us are 'professionals,'" said Richard

Hood. "To join P.E.N. proper, or Senior P.E.N. as we call it, you have to have published a novel, collection of short stories or poems, or had a play produced. But we all just like writing and talking about it, and we feel that having others discuss what we have written improves our standard."

"Also," said Robert, "one of our rules is that once a person qualifies for Senior P.E.N. he is disqualified from Junior P.E.N."

"What about Geoff Lehmann?" asked Susan Jeffrey, one of the secretaries.

## Not beatniks

They explained to me that Geoff had been editor of ARNA, the 1961 annual magazine for the Sydney University Arts Faculty. "He has had poems published," said Robert, "but only singly, not a collection."

I asked if there was any age limit placed on members. "Well, there's no minimum limit. We did have a maximum of 26 but have since raised that to 29. However, most of us are much younger than that, about 17 to 19."

They could think of nothing else to tell me except, "For goodness' sake make it clear that we're not beatniks!" So I left, promising to bring my £1 joining fee to the next meeting (yes, they've another new member), and as I walked out the door I heard the voices rising behind me:

"I still say that Eliot is more emotional than Fry" . . . "Well, for the sake of argument we'll say that God doesn't exist" . . . "I think if you saw Modigliani's painting you'd change your mind about modern art" . . .



# Young party dresses

● The school year is gradually drawing to a close—which means, of course, that end-of-term parties aren't so far off. These dresses would be just right for the celebrations.

SHADOW-PRINTED French cotton, left, has Givenchy bows above the tiny slits at the side of the skirt and other cotton has a pure silk taffeta sash low over the hips.

Dresses designed and made by Givenchy

FLOWERS in muted colors on a pale background give a soft, feminine charm to this simple bell-skirted cotton dress.



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DANCE DRESS of boldly spotted organdie has one large tuck on the skirt and a tailored fixed black velvet ribbon tie. You'd really "put on dog" in this!



Supplement to The Australian Women's Weekly

© 1966 AM YOUNG



DREAMY long dress at right is of embroidered Swiss pure silk organza. The short one is of organdie, with lace flounces on the bodice, a taffeta sash.



Louise  
Hunter

Here's

your answer

### Shyness fades

"I AM a 17-year-old average Australian boy. I have been told I am fairly good-looking and know some girls like me. But I have an inferiority complex. I am madly in love with one of my classmates at school. She is 16, and very pretty. I took her to a dance once, but when I took her home I was too shy to kiss her good-night. Now she is going out regularly with my best friend, who is younger than I. He, unlike me, is not shy. Could you please help me in any way, so that I may lose my shyness?"

"Heart-broken," Vic.

Shyness is a curse, but one you generally grow out of. I don't think it caused the trouble between you and your pretty schoolmate. Girls don't always want to be kissed on a first date, they only want to know the boy would like to kiss them, and I'll bet she knew that about you. Girls can feel this in the air, and it heightens the anticipation of the next date for them.

Your trouble was not shyness, it was that you didn't ask for another date, and that you have opportunist friend. I wouldn't call this best friend of yours very best. Why not compete with him?

Don't worry about your shyness, worry about your tactics.

### He never did

"I AM nearly 14 and I am deeply in love with a boy who is 15. At a dance recently I was given the impression that he does not love me any more. Could you please tell me how to find out if he still loves me?"

"Sandy," Vic.

He never loved you. You are still too young to inflame any boy.

### Sorry, but no

"AS I was looking through 'Here's Your Answer' in a back copy I read of a girl called 'Shy,' of S.A., who wrote that she would like to meet some boys. I, too, am doing my leaving and am embarrassed when talking to girls. I was wondering if you could possibly let me have her address, as I would like to write to her. As I know that you usually do not do this, do you think that you could write to her and ask her if she was interested to write to me?"

L.C., S.A.

Sorry, but I can do neither. The Australian Women's Weekly has a very strict rule that names and addresses of people who write to "Here's Your Answer" are never divulged to anyone, nor would we ever do as you suggest.

I am sure you will realise our position. While I do not doubt your good intentions, our rule is made to protect our readers from people without them who might try to capitalise on some of the lonely or troubled people who write to us by getting their names and addresses.

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### She likes you

"I AM a 16-year-old schoolboy and I am very fond of a girl of 14. Every time I ask her to go to the pictures with me she makes up some excuse such as her dress is down at the cleaners. Yet last week she invited me to her place for tea. I don't know whether she did this out of pity for me or not, as my mother is deceased and I live at home with my father. I can't dance and I cannot make conversation very easily. Should I keep asking her for a date or not?"

"Worried," Vic.

I'll tell you something. Your girl-friend is too young to go out on solo dates with boys and is forbidden to do so by her parents. She won't tell you this. To avoid doing so, she thinks up excuses like the drycleaning one.

The invitation to tea is a genuine one, there's no pity involved. She likes you, wants your friendship. Her parents have told her to ask you to tea so they may meet the boy who has asked their daughter to go out. All wise parents insist on this before giving permission for their daughter to go out with anyone, whatever her age. It is a necessary safeguard.

You should accept the invitation to tea. If you don't, it is useless to ask her for another date. If you do, you may be allowed to take her out on solo dates when she is older.

Do not worry about not being able to dance or make conversation. Boys of 16 are expected to have good manners, that is all. The social graces come later.

### Old story

"I AM very much in love with a girl who is two years older than I am.

I am 19. We have known each other for some time and she has told me many times of her fondness for me. I would like your answer, knowing it will be a straight one, as to whether or not this romance should continue."

"Unsure Man," N.S.W.

Why not? You love her, she loves you. I suppose what you're really asking me is, does the fact that she's older than you matter? Of course it doesn't. Those two years are neither here nor there, not worth thinking of.

### Young shaver

"WE are four very attractive girls who all catch the same bus to work. On the bus each morning we all try to sit near this cute bearded male who, in spite of our obvious interest, remains totally unaware of our existence. We have lost all interest in our regular boy-friends; they all seem so immature now. Our life is in a turmoil; we are quarrelling among ourselves continually over this man whom we can't get out of our minds. All our attempts have failed. Why won't he show any interest?"

"Four Frustrated Females," N.S.W.

He is not interested in any of you poor silly females. Leave him to enjoy his beard-alone. (I'm sure those poor immature boy-friends in whom you are no longer interested will take the first opportunity to point out that in very many cases a beard is a prime pointer to immaturity in a man.)

### Eternal quadrangle

"I HAVE known a very nice boy for eight months and I like him very much. I also have a very attractive girl-friend who likes my boy-friend's friend. The four of us have been out several times together and enjoyed ourselves immensely. Lately her boy-friend has been neglecting her and she told me if she couldn't have her boy-friend mine will do her. My girl-friend, being much more attractive than I, could win him easily. Could you please tell me what to do?"

"Afraid," Vic.

Get yourself a new girl-friend. Men-eaters like her are a social menace, especially to girls like you who don't fight back. Drop her, for if you don't, with your lie-down-and-die attitude, you will simply spend the rest of your "friendship" providing her with tethered prey.

## A WORD FROM DEBBIE



DON'T say I didn't tell you —here are some ideas that may take the headache out of the Christmas shopping for the girl you love the best.

What about a pretty hankie; a bottle of perfume; a box of sweets; a bottle of nail-polish; a special telephone call; a silver ribbon for her hair; a silk scarf; a medallion; a book of love poems; a dinner date; a pair of gloves; a 10/- record; an Austen novel; notepaper; eau-de-Cologne; one perfect red rose; a doll for the bed; a trip to the flicks; a treasure for her mantel-shelf; a shell bracelet; a pretty change purse; a paperweight; a mad card—or a mad beach-hat from a chainstore, hand-painted for her by you in nail-polish with things like, "Hands off, she's mine," "My heady steady," and other things.

Remember, it's the thought that makes the present valuable, not the price.

### Once bitten . . .

"A BOY left me with a broken heart eight months ago. I found a new boy-friend and I have been going out with him for four months. Two days ago my old boy-friend came back to me and he was sorry that he left me. He has promised not to leave me again. I find my love turning back to this boy and I have no more interest for this other boy."

G.F., W.A.

Can your heart stand another break?

### Love is gone

"I AM 17. My boy-friend loves another girl who I know to be deceitful and a flirt. In the small country district where I live there are very few boys. My boy-friend and I have been going steady for some time and I can find no explanation of his behaviour. I am too bashful even to speak to him now. Can you help me, please?"

"Jilted," N.S.W.

He no longer loves you, he loves the other girl. I can't help you, no one or nothing can, except time and a new boy.

It is hard lines in a district like the one you live in. Don't miss a single chance of going anywhere—you never know when a new boy may appear.

Although pen-names and initials are always used, letters will not be answered unless real name and address of sender is given as a guarantee of good faith. Private answers to problems cannot be given.

### KNOW YOUR ETIQUETTE

## PUDDINGS AND PHONES

• "We have had many family squabbles about the way to eat Christmas pudding. Could you set us right, please?"

THE traditional Christmas plum pudding is eaten with a dessertspoon and dessert-fork. The spoon is held in the right hand, the fork in the left. If you have threepences and sixpences in your pudding, please don't spit them from your mouth on to the plate. Lift the spoon right up to your mouth, put the silver in it, then transfer to the side of your plate. But don't be too formal. Finding the money in the pudding is an event, not an etiquette hazard. Plum pudding should be served on a central platter and cut into portions and served at the table accompanied by a bowl of hard sauce or brandy sauce.

• "How do we answer the office phone? Just give the number or the name of the firm?"

THE correct thing to do is to give the name of the firm and the telephone number. For instance: "Martin and Simpson, 123-456."

# STYLED FOR TEENS

By Carolyn Earle

● How will you look for a date? As pretty as possible, of course, from the top of your locks to the tip of your toes. And how will you wear those locks? That's a big question and depends on a lot of things — your hair and its length, you, your beau and his tastes, the occasion. Maybe it's a casual movie date; then you won't wear your hair as if you were going dancing. On the other hand, if you ARE bound for a dance, that's special and calls for a very special hairdo. Here's a quartet of date hairways—from sleekly simple to frankly fussy—for you to adapt to your own hair and your own particular date occasion.



STYLE for a special date turns top hair high, curves it over a bandeau of shiny ribbon, and adds a swirl of bangs.



WEAR wings if yours is a longish cut. In this party style hair falls long (14 inches), then wings out left and right.



SMOOTH, short styles go anywhere, anytime. This one has a short high part, a tiny bang, and cheek curves.



DELIGHTFUL ingenue look of wide, curving waves all over the head. Add a hair ornament for party-going.

# WRESTLE DO YOU GOOD!...

● I see that Kenneth McCaw, of Lane Cove, N.S.W., isn't just interested in a few girls—he's interested in 363,626!

BUT Mr. McCaw (I'd better stop calling him just Ken—he's a grandfather who's also a dignified member of the N.S.W. Legislative Assembly!) isn't an over-ambitious Casanova.

No, he just wants to help as many as possible of the hundreds of thousands (363,626 is the official figure) of N.S.W. girls between the ages of eight and 18—by providing new clubs for them.

Now normally this wouldn't interest me very greatly. But—Mr. McCaw has suggested that the clubs use as a blueprint the world-famous N.S.W. Police-Citizens Boys' Clubs.

And, as anyone who has ever heard a Police Boys' Club band knows, this is a different kettle (drum) of fish.

Without knocking Mr. McCaw's idea, I'd like to point out some of the pitfalls of basing girls' clubs on such boys' groups...

Let me tell you, if the feller factions' emphasis on certain activities was applied, brother! — look out for sister!

Imagine, for instance, if there were girls' club bands.

Belles blow their own trumpets enough already—without being told the score!

I don't mind marching girls (I always see them in step to the tune "Shanks for the Memory"), but bands, no thanks.

And what if the girls in the proposed clubs followed the same sports the boys already do?

Boxing, for example. The boys' clubs have produced several famous fisticuffs—Jimmy Carruthers and Tony Madigan, to name just (the old one-) two, but should there be girls resin to the occasion?

Of course, girls probably wouldn't take kindly to boxing; what lass would like to have her weight made public?

And if there were really Queens-berry rules, think of the variations — kid, suede, pigskin; elbow-length, opera style — girls would demand for boxing gloves.

Nor would the gymnastics the boys go in for be acceptable to girls. For such a sport would cause a lass to take a tumble to herself. And a girl never likes to recognise her vaults!

I know I've tried to prove that Police Boys' sports would be unsuitable (particularly in boys' eyes) for girls.

Wrestling, however, would be okay for Police Girls—there's one hold, you see, that shouldn't be barred.

For as that famous athlete Jim Khana (or was it Cal Isthénics?) once said:

"Kiss me, (half) Nelson!"

—Robin Adair

\* Beach belles and sand boys love **BOND'S**

# big, bold, beautiful **Dri-Glo** TOWELS



Buy Australian and your money comes back to you.

What a gay, glorious whirl of colour in the new range of Dri-Glo beach towels! Take "Carnival" for instance—an explosion of red and black stripes on a surf-white background . . . with dazzy whirligigs of lime, pink, blue. Note the towel our teenage twosome are sitting on, too—it's a vivid royal and white "Jumbo stripe" (one of a dozen sizzling colour combinations in this

top-favourite Dri-Glo towel). You'll see "Carnival" and "Jumbo" at your store, along with loads more "Dri-Glo" beach beauties, luxurious trousseau towels, thick and fluffy bath towels. In fact, there's a towel for every purpose (and every purse) in the big, beautiful Dri-Glo range . . . far and away the best value towels in Australia. Made by Bond's and that's the difference.



Rich sculptured beauty for your bathroom—a garden of daffodils on a soft white background.

B951

## THIRSTY **Dri-Glo** TOWELS

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Supplement to The Australian Women's Weekly—October 25, 1961

LISTEN HERE —with Kirsten Ward

# Delltones are in really deep water!

● Stroll past the clubhouse at Sydney's Bronte Beach one of these days — and you might well hear the mellow notes of The Delltones ringing out.

ROCK-'n-roll — really. The Delltones (from left), "Pee Wee" Wilson, Noel Widerberg, Brian Perkins, and Warren Lucas, rehearse on rocks at Sydney's Bronte.

THE clubhouse is the only place they have to practise—and it's easy for them to nick out for a dip in the booming surf, as they have all winter!

Noel's the only one who's really a keen winter water boy—but the others say they've had a few dips.

Not that they have much time for practice (or swims). They're busy from early morning till late night with recordings, personal appearances, TV, and tours.

They're working on a number of their own, too, for recording. "Pee Wee," the tall one with the deep voice, will sing a solo.

Early next year the group will tour New Zealand with Ella Fitzgerald.

"GEORGE," the De Kroo Brothers' little old car, is going like a beaut again, helped along by a new engine. It brought them from Perth to Sydney a few years ago, and for the past few months has been in the "sick bay." But there it was chugging down the street—a flash (well, perhaps not quite) of vivid pink, nicely set off by the clouds of charcoal-grey smoke!

**Local talent:** Judy Cannon has "That Funny Feeling" on Festival 45—and sings about it with "oomph," holding the tune well.

HAVEN'T heard of The Ramblers, but Wattle Records, with their first release in 12 months, have them singing the hit "Michael." The original was a bit monotonous, I

thought, but here the addition of a female voice lifts it.

**Pops:** Yet another Andy Stewart number — "Summer Road" (Top Rank 45). It's like the others—jolly and swinging—but, oh dear... let's put the kilt in mothballs for a while.

FOR pure rhythm you couldn't beat The Shadows (on Columbia 45) with "Kon Tiki."

FEW people would like all the hit pop tunes — on Ampar LP there's a selection of some that have sold "A Million Or More." It's worth looking at, and if you like the numbers, it'd be a good buy.

A BETTER idea is bringing out Paul Anka's "Million Sellers" on the smaller EP disc (Ampar) for those who like Paul's hits.



## WORTH HEARING

### BEETHOVEN: "Emperor" Concerto

A FAVORITE classic appears in an exciting new performance in a new release from R.C.A. The work is Beethoven's fifth and last piano concerto—the so-called "Emperor" Concerto—and the soloist is the sensational young American pianist Van Cliburn. He collaborates with conductor Fritz Reiner and the Chicago Symphony.

This concerto, which sets out in Beethoven's typically "heroic" style but takes in many passages of touching lyricism during its journey, was discussed here not long ago when it appeared in another version.

Van Cliburn's performance, besides being technically superb, has a brisk, youthful vivacity in the quick movements that is most fresh and appealing.

It is a performance well worth the attention of those making a first acquaintance with the work—as well as those who thought they were tired of it.

—Martin Long



**Scene:** Anywhere in the sun

**Cast:** Glamorous girl (in a Jantzen)  
Suntanned boy (in a Jantzen)

**Plot:** As long as there are  
smiles like this and Jantzens  
like this — pursuing males  
will always be at large.

**Costumes:** His: "COIN DOT" zip-fit brief  
cut boxer in imported American  
print. Coin pocket, smooth front,  
full nylon supporter. 30-36.  
59/11. Matching jacket 69/11.

Hers: "MARCIA" Bri-nylon Helanca,  
new maillot (skirtless) styling,  
low back, French Bra-cups for more  
figure control. Colours include new  
lilac, Gold, Olive. 32-36. 139/11.

**Credits:** Made in Australia by  
Jantzen (Australia) Ltd.



**Conclusion:**

**just wear a smile  
and a jantzen**

**£100 FOR A SNAPSHOT**

of a boy and girl together in Jantzen swimsuits or sunclothes. Send your  
photos to "Snapshot Competition" (Department D), Jantzen Aust. Ltd.,  
P.O. Box 21, Lidcombe, N.S.W., by November 20. The winner will be  
announced in the "Teenagers' Weekly" issue dated December 20.